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THE

Castles, Palaces, and Prisons

OF

MARY OF SCOTLAND.

BY CHARLES MACKIE, ESQ.

NEW EDITION,

With Additional Illustrations.

London.

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HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

QUEEN VICTORIA,

THIS WORK

IS, BY HER GRACIOUS PERMISSION,

AND WITH THE PROFOUNDEST VENERATION, MOST GRATEFULLY

Dedicated,

BY

HER MAJESTY'S MOST FAITHFUL SUBJECT, AND DUTIFUL SERVANT,

CHARLES MACKIE.

Introductory Notice.

NEW EDITION.

THE exalted and liberal patronage with which the Author of this National work has been honoured, has encouraged an expenditure to a much greater amount than was ever contemplated, in the ardent desire to render it in some degree worthy of the many honours conferred upon him, and that the work might ultimately find its way to general circulation.

The present impression, in addition to sundry improvements and emendations, contains engravings of "QUEEN MARY'S ROOM AND BED," and the "PICTURE GALLERY, HOLYROOD HOUSE" (A.D. 1745), purposely executed in anticipation of Her Majesty's early visit to the ancient palace of her ancestors.

The Author has much pleasure in embracing the opportunity thus afforded him of expressing his heartfelt gratitude to his illustrious patrons and friends, and also to the public press, for the highly favourable manner in which his description of the "CASTLES, PALACES, AND PRISONS OF MARY OF SCOTLAND" has been reviewed, and which has so essentially conduced to its increasing popularity.

CHARLES MACKIE.

London, July, 1850.

CONTENTS.

	Page
INTRODUCTION	vii
LINLITHGOW PALACE	1
STIRLING CASTLE AND PALACE	33
INCHMAHOME	87
HOLYROOD ABBEY AND PALACE	103
PALACE OF HOLYROOD HOUSE	141
CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE	205
EDINBURGH CASTLE	223
SEATON CASTLE AND PALACE	257
NIDDRY CASTLE	267
FALKLAND PALACE	269
BURNTISLAND CASTLE	281
DUNNOTTAR CASTLE	289
DUMBARTON CASTLE	295
HERMITAGE CASTLE	311
BORTHWICK CASTLE	327
BLACK CASTLE, OR CAKEMUIR CASTLE	337
DUNBAR CASTLE	343
LOCHLEVEN CASTLE	355
CROOKSTON CASTLE	371
DUNDRENNAN ABBEY	383
CARLISLE CASTLE	391
NAWORTH CASTLE	409
BOLTON CASTLE	411
TUTBURY CASTLE	419
SHEFFIELD CASTLE AND MANOR	437
HARDWICK MANOR—WINGFIELD MANOR—CHATSWORTH MANOR	453
FOTHERINGHAY CASTLE	457
APPENDIX	477

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frontispiece—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS DRESSED FOR HER EXECUTION, to face the Copperplate Title-page.

	Page
1. Linlithgow Palace, View of	1
2. View from the Battlements	1
3. Allegorical Letter, Arms of Linlithgow	3
4. Room in which Queen Mary was born	32
5. Fountain at the Cross of Linlithgow	32
6. Stirling Castle in 1745	33
7. Arms of Stirling	35
8. Spur found on the Field of Bannockburn	49
9. Cradle of King James VI. (originally at Alloa Tower)	62
10. Stirling Castle from the back walk	85
11. Priory of Inchmahome	87
12. Abbey and Palace of Holyrood House from the Calton-Hill road	103
13. Arms of Scotland, cut in Oak, in the Chapel	128
14. Interior of Abbey Church of Holyrood	139
15. Plan of Queen Mary's Tower, the scene of Rizzio's Assassination	158
16. Kirk of Field, the scene of Darnley's Murder, copied from the State Papers	164
17. Queen Mary's Bed at Holyrood	198
18. Craigmillar Castle	205
19. Edinburgh Castle from Salisbury Craigs, exactly as it appears in a summer morning	223
20. The Regalia of Scotland as at present shown	223
21. Arms of the City of Edinburgh	225
22. The Old Palace in the Castle, containing the Crown Room and Queen Mary's Apartments	247
23. Seaton Palace in 1745.	257
24. Falkland Palace	269
Facsimile of Signature of James VI.	276
25. Burntisland or Rossend Castle	281
Facsimile of Cromwell's Signature	287
26. Dumbarton Castle	295
27. Gateway between the Upper and Lower Part of the Castle	309
28. Hermitage Castle	311
29. Queen Mary's Lodging at Jedburgh	322
30. Borthwick Castle	327
31. Black Castle	337
31*. Dunbar Castle	343
32. Lochleven Castle	355
33. Ancient Key found	369
34. Crookston Castle	371
35. Facsimile of Queen Mary's Letter to the Laird of Pollock, from the Maxwell Papers	375
36. Dundrennan Abbey	383
37. Carlisle Castle	391
38. Bolton Castle	411
39. Tutbury Castle	419
40. Facsimile of Queen Elizabeth's Letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury	442
Facsimile of the Conclusion of Queen Elizabeth's Letter to Sir R. Sadler	447
41. Fotheringhay Castle	457

ERRATUM.—Page 6, line 22, *for* Edward I. *read* Edward II.

INTRODUCTION.

THE early epoch of English architecture, though rich in ecclesiastical, is poor in military structures. Many of the fortresses in the northern portion of the kingdom are of high antiquity, and present the bold outlines of Gothic fortification, frequently grafted on, or mingled with, Roman foundations. On the north coast, Dunbar, Dunnottar, Slaines, Dunveigan, Dumbarton, and Dunolly exhibit, to the present day, specimens of immense strength and judiciously selected situations.

To speak of castles before the period of William the Conqueror would be only to advert to those strongholds which were chiefly of Roman origin; for William found no regular fortress in Britain resembling those whose ruins have descended to the present day.

During the reign of King Stephen, the conquerors erected a great number of fortresses; and before the death of that king, upwards of eight hundred castles had been built in Britain.[1]

These castles at first supported the authority of the sovereign; but in proportion as the feudal system took effect among the several contending chiefs, castles were erected by them on their respective possessions with a view to defence against the incursions of invading foes, and to the perpetuation of the sanguinary feuds which in those times mutually infuriated the possessors of almost neighbouring domains; and thus each possession became a petty princedom. By degrees many of these strongholds were regarded as objects of jealousy by the sovereign, which led to the formation of a treaty between King Stephen and Henry Duke of Normandy, when some of the most obnoxious fabrics were destroyed; and upon Henry's accession to the crown many more were ordered to be dismantled.

At this period it became a part of the royal prerogative to grant licences to crenellate and embattle[2] the residences or manors[3] of the barons and chiefs, which thus became baronial castles.

---

[1] In England, 161; Wales, 107; Scotland, 155; Ireland, 121; total, 843;—but this is considered below the number.—*Archæological Journal*, 1844.

[2] Licentia Krenellare et tenellere.

[3] "Manoir," *French*; "Manorium," *Latin*;—from "Manere," to remain.

The Norman castles are easily recognised by their materials, which are of ruble stone groined and dressed with ashlar, and by their dressed quoins, flat buttresses, and square buttress towers, as at Carlisle, Chester, and other places. The changes introduced in the thirteenth century assumed a determinate form under Edward I., and produced the second great type of British fortification, the "Edwardian" or "Concentric," and these two styles may be regarded as the two great types of English castellated architecture. After Edward I. the Decorated style gave place to the Perpendicular; and many of these structures, notwithstanding their inferiority in point of strength, were effectually defended under Charles I.

A description of the general form observed in the structure of a British castle may here with propriety be introduced.—It was surrounded by a deep and broad ditch, sometimes supplied with water to a considerable depth, but at other times left dry, called the "fosse." Before the great gate, or principal entrance, an outward work was erected, composed of a strong high wall, surrounded with turrets, which formed the defence of the entrance and drawbridge, and which was denominated the "Barbican" or "Antemural." Withinside this ditch stood the castle wall, which in some particular instances was of the immense thickness of fifteen feet towards the foundation, but gradually lessening towards the top of the edifice; the height of the wall was usually from twenty to thirty feet. This wall was surmounted by a parapet, and by a sort of embrasure at the top called "crenels," which terminated at uniform distances with square towers of two or three storeys in height. On the top, and on the flag-covered roof of the building, designed for the various offices of the castle, the soldiers took their station when the fortress was besieged, and from thence discharged their arrows, darts, stones, melted lead, and other missiles on the assailants beneath. The great gateway of the castle was in the course of this wall; and was strongly fortified with a tower on each side, where, high,

> "Above the gloomy portal arch,
> Timing his footsteps to a march,
> The warder kept his guard;
> Low humming, as he paced along,
> Some ancient border gathering song."

The portal itself was closed with thick folding doors, studded with a multitude of large-headed iron nails, or rather bolts. This defensive

barrier was also supported and completed, in the interior of the entrance, by a ponderous grated gate called the *portcullis*, which was so constructed as to be capable of being raised and lowered by means of pulleys and tackle worked from within. The bottom of this portcullis was armed with a great number of sharp spear-shaped points, some of which barriers weighed several tons each. Within the outward wall was a large open space, which, in the most extensive and perfect style of fortification, was called the outer "bayle," or "ballium." In this place stood the church or chapel, appropriated to the use of the inmates, to whom a chaplain or priest officiated according to the forms of their religious worship. On the inside of the outer bayle was another ditch, with walls, gate, and towers, enclosing the inner bayle, whereon stood the chief tower, keep, or peel, usually a very large square building of four or five storeys, with small windows, or loop-holes, perforating its massive walls, which from their thickness imparted to the vaulted cells an air of deep gloom, quite in character with the dark age in which such fortalices were reared,

"When deeds of blood were done."

But this portion of the building boasted more spacious accommodation than

"Its dungeons and its towers;"

for, besides other apartments, the great hall of the castle, in which the feudal lord was wont to entertain his guests and followers, was always in the inner tower. Under ground there were vaults for the confinement of prisoners of note, the better to prevent their escape from the cruel hands of the oppressor; and where many a good and valiant man has been doomed to close his bright career.

Having thus given a brief and merely general outline of the nature and style of those castellated fabrics which formed the strongholds of ancient despotism, and which constitute the most interesting architectural monuments of ages past, the author comes now to the statement of his more immediate purpose.

It is to be regretted that, in consequence of the wars and feuds which so long prevailed in this country previous to and at the time of the Reformation, some of our most celebrated architectural antiquities have been mutilated or destroyed, and that their records were subjected to the same indiscriminate havoc. British antiquarians have of late years undertaken the work of investigation, and with laudable zeal have

furnished us with many important and circumstantial details of our ancient structures; but no general work on the present plan has yet appeared. To supply this desideratum, and to meet the wishes and wants of the tourist and traveller, by accompanying them over the ruins which tell of the departed glories of days gone by—of scenes hallowed by a multitude of recollections and associations—is the principal object of this volume; though the author presumes that it will also, in other and various respects, be found worthy the attention, in a general point of view, of almost every class of readers.

In compiling the work, the Author has not contented himself with ordinary historical research; he has personally visited and explored every remnant of the olden time which has been consecrated as a scene of Mary's eventful life. Many of these structures are eminently entitled to the admiration of the antiquarian and the scholar, even as regards their antiquity alone. But when we behold in every ruin a *memento* of a former age and former beings, they become so many *indices* of most memorable events in history,—the lives and actions of monarchs, statesmen, patriots, and philosophers. Architectural antiquities, however mutilated and defaced, are, therefore, objects and evidences of incalculable value, and of the very highest interest; they are the most striking indications of the vicissitudes and fluctuations of civilized society; they exhibit man in his domestic economy as well as in his historical relations; and proclaim, with undeniable veracity, the progress of refinement, from the barbarous ages to the present enlightened period.

But the associations which, it is humbly presumed, will pre-eminently enhance the value and interest of the present work, are those connected with, and conspicuous in, the melancholy public life, the joyless captivity, and the tragical sufferings of the lovely and unfortunate QUEEN OF SCOTS, whose eventful and romantic history has invested every place which she approached with a painful but powerfully attractive interest, that will never cease to be strongly felt while a vestige remains to mark one scene of her mournful career,—a personal history which, from the cradle to the grave, exhibits a moral lesson more intensely interesting, and more powerfully impressive, than perhaps any other which the annals of royalty have produced. Her beauty, her talents, her misfortunes, her errors, the extraordinary excitement and contention which her name and history have created in the minds of opposite partisans and even historians, must ever contribute, in no small degree, to excite an engrossing

curiosity respecting those ruins which have become doubly celebrated as the memorials of her chequered fate; and the author now attempts to link together, in an historical chain, the principal events connected with these venerable fanes.

In addition to other modern historical minutiæ, a notice of the visit of King George IV. to his capital of Scotland has been introduced, and subsequently, the progresses of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, with her Royal Consort the Prince Albert; an important and interesting epoch, worthy to be recorded in the hearts of the present and succeeding generations.

The simple and unostentatious manner in which our beloved queen, accompanied by her illustrious consort, appeared to her Scottish subjects, has made way to the heart of every matron in the kingdom; and although the vulgar mind may have been disappointed by the absence of all the pomp and circumstance which so much distinguished the visit of her illustrious uncle, the sound in judgment must unanimously agree that modesty is the brightest virtue in woman, whether it sparkles from the throne, or glimmers in the cottage. The Prince Albert too, if we may use the expression, is now "one of ourselves." His Royal Highness is a Highland proprietor, as well as "Chief of the Highland Society," and evinces equal attachment with our beloved queen, to "the land of the mountain and flood," by participating in our pastimes, soothing our cares, and relieving our distresses.

A liberal use has been made of the various authentic national records in the Scotch College at Paris, the British Museum, and the Advocates' and Writers to the Signet's Libraries at Edinburgh, Miss Strickland's works, and other modern productions. The author has also to acknowledge the important contributions of several noblemen and gentlemen, who have most kindly evinced an interest in his labours. But last, not least, he has been honoured with her Majesty's most gracious permission to engrave the frontispiece, from a painting of the Queen of Scots in the Royal collection at Windsor Castle, by Janet,[1] in which Mary is represented holding a crucifix in her right hand, and in her left, a breviary. The spectacle of her execution, which took place at the "*Aula of Fotheringhay*," after an imprisonment of nineteen years, is painted in the background.

[1] Sometimes spelt Janette.

In a work of this character and extent it is almost impossible to avoid errors; but the Author anxiously hopes that there will be found few of any consequence. It may be proper to state, however, that the change in the calendar from the old to the new style, which was first introduced in France, and afterwards adopted in England and Scotland, may have in many instances caused a disparity in the dates of letters and other documents. But in the more material circumstances of detail, he trusts that the volume will be found correct; and that this Handbook to so many of the chief residences and prisons of Mary of Scotland, will, by the generosity of his patrons, and the kind indulgence of the public, be permitted to hold a place amongst the topographical literature of this country, after many of its architectural monuments shall be prostrated in the present rage for improvement, or sacrificed for the love of gold.

London, 1849.

THE FRONTISPIECE.

THE Portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, from which the engraving for this work has been copied, has the following inscriptions in Latin above and below the painting:—

"MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND, by right Princess and legitimate heiress of England and Ireland, mother of James, King of Great Britain, tormented by the heresy of her people, overcome by rebellion, and relying on the promise of her relation, Queen Elizabeth, repaired to England for safety, in the year 1568. She was perfidiously detained a prisoner for nineteen years, when the English parliament, stimulated by religious animosity, by an inhuman sentence condemned her to death; and on the 18th of February, 1587, she was beheaded by the common executioner, in the 45th year of her age and reign."[1]

In a corner below the portrait:—

"Her Most Gracious Majesty, the daughter, consort, and mother of Kings, is, in the presence of the officers and ministers of Queen Elizabeth, struck by the axe of the executioner, and after barbarously wounding her by a first and second blow, at the third attempt he severs her head from her body.

"Thus the once powerful Queen of France and Scotland ascends the fatal scaffold, with mind unconquered but devout; she spurns at tyranny and treachery; she upholds the Catholic faith; her past and present life openly and clearly proclaim her a daughter of the Roman Church."

[1] Queen Mary and her friends always considered that the deed of abdication, having been signed by her in prison, and through fear of her life, was not valid by the law of Scotland, which assuredly it was not; this fact will account for the tenacity of the chronicler in styling her reigning monarch until the day of her death.

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LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

The

Castle and Palace of ...

The

Castle and Palace of Linlithgow.

VIEW FROM THE BATTLEMENTS.—No. 2.

"OF ALL THE PALACES SO FAIR,
BUILT FOR THE ROYAL DWELLING
IN SCOTLAND, FAR, BEYOND COMPARE,
LINLITHGOW IS EXCELLING.
AND IN ITS PARK, IN JOVIAL JUNE,
HOW SWEET THE MERRY LINNET'S TUNE,
HOW BLITHE THE BLACKBIRD'S LAY!
THE WILD DUCK BELLS FROM FERNY BRAKE,
THE COOT DIVES MERRY IN THE LAKE,
THE SADDEST HEART MIGHT PLEASURE TAKE
TO SEE ALL NATURE GAY."

MARMION.

7

LINLITHGOW originally a Roman Fort — Derivation of the name — A Royal Residence of the Scottish Kings — Rebuilt and strengthened by Edward I. of England — Is surprised and taken by a Patriotic Peasant, and dismantled — Edward I. in vain seeks shelter within its ruins, and retires to England — Roman origin of Royal Boroughs; Linlithgow created one of the first — Parliament held here — Destruction of the Town and Palace by fire — Rebuilt by the Scottish Kings — A favourite residence of James IV. — His festivities and fits of devotion; curious account of his Minstrel-Players and Court-Fools — Attempted assassination of Meldrum of Binns — Parliament Hall and Chapel built under the superintendence of Lord Evandale; his disgrace and execution — James V. brings Mary of Guise to reside here; her high character of the Palace — Birth of Mary of Scotland; Linlithgow and Stirling assigned as her residences — Revisits her birthplace after her return from France — Repairs thither after her marriage with Darnley; sets out to meet Murray and the Rebel Lords — Murray's flight to England and reception by Queen Elizabeth — His assassination by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh — Hamilton's flight, history, and final resting-place — The Regent Lennox sells the Duke of Chatelherault's plate at the Market Cross — Atrocious murder of a farmer; murderer beheaded — James VI. seeks shelter here during a tumult in Edinburgh; George Heriot and other Commissioners wait upon him — Anecdote of Rob Gibb — Sir Gideon Murray dies of a broken heart — Visit of James VI. of Scotland and I. of England; his grotesque reception by Wiseman the Schoolmaster and Poet Laureate — Restoration of Charles II. and return of the Royal Swans to the Lake — Burning the Solemn League and Covenant — The Vicar of Bray — General Hawley's troops set the Palace on fire — Lady Livingston's parting address to the General — Story of 1745; Lochiel brought prisoner to Linlithgow; "Lochaber no more" — Queen Victoria and the Prince Albert halt at Linlithgow in their royal progress — Their reception — Anecdote of Sir Robert Peel and a West Lothian Farmer — General description of the Palace and Environs — The Church of St. Michael; the Chapel Royal of James IV. — Institution of Knighthood — Legend of the Scotch Thistle — Vision of St. Catherine's Aisle — Spectral Procession prophesying the disaster of Flodden, &c. &c.

The

Castle and Palace of Linlithgow.

THE spectacle of an ancient palace, which at one time enshrined the royal honours of Scotland, where Princes feasted and heroes fought, resounding alternately with the clang of arms and the dulcet notes of peace, now surrendered to ruin and desolation, cannot fail to inspire feelings of melancholy and regret in the bosom of the lover of the departed glories of his country.

The palace of Linlithgow is venerable for its antiquity, and must be forever hallowed by the mournful associations connected with its time-honoured ruins. No more do those princely halls contain the beauty and chivalry of Scotland, nor those battlements the formidable array of warlike hosts. The owl nightly hoots its dirge from the broken towers, and the note of the wild bird, exchanged for the music of the harp, screams its harsh requiem over departed greatness. The steed of the warrior has long ceased to tread the once crowded court, and the stately damsel to amble it on her palfrey; the weeds are now suffered to grow in unmolested luxuriance, and all is silent as the grave!

The tread of the inquisitive stranger, as he paces the fragmental court, is all that is heard to disturb the melancholy stillness which pervades the roofless halls!

This palace, the birthplace of Mary of Scotland, is situated in the county town of the same name, about sixteen miles from Edinburgh. It stands on an eminence near the northern bank of a beautiful lake (or lyn), from which it is said the palace and town derive their name; but there are other versions of the etymon. Chalmers, in his "Caledonia," says that it is probably of Celtic derivation, LIN-LIATH-CU—signifying

the Lake of the Greyhound; and in corroboration of this conjecture the arms of the town represent a black female greyhound tied to a tree. He prefers, however, the Gothic derivation, as being more descriptive of its situation—LIN-LYTH-GOW, *the Lake of the Great Vale.*

Tradition ascribes to several causes the emblem of the greyhound. One legend has it, that a hound was so found tied up on a small island, which is still to be seen on the east side of the lake; another asserts, that a witch, who frequented the neighbourhood, usually appeared in the shape of a greyhound; a third, with Gothic gallantry, affirms that the arms of Linlithgow were so assumed in compliment to the mistress of one of the Scottish kings, who is said to have been indicated by this singular hieroglyphic! Sir Walter Scott accounts for it in the following satisfactory manner:—the armorial device may have originated from the convenience afforded in the vicinity for the sport of hunting, and have thus given rise to the emblem of the greyhound. The sport of hunting, as well as of falconry, which was so much esteemed in former ages, may have also been one cause of the attachment of the ancient kings of Scotland to the palace of Linlithgow.

The first foundation on this spot is stated to have been at least coeval with the period of the Gardeni; at all events, the place is mentioned in early history as a peel (pile, or embattled tower, surrounded by an outwork), and built on the site of a Roman station.

The first mention we find of Linlithgow having been a royal residence is in 1128. David I. mentions it as such in several of his charters. In the charter of foundation of the abbey of Holyrood, he makes the extraordinary grant to that monastery of "the skins of all the rams, sheep, and lambs, belonging to his castle of *Linlitcu*, which die naturally."

The castle of Linlithgow appears to have afterwards assumed a more important and extensive form. In 1300 it was rebuilt and extended by Edward I., who resided in it during a whole winter, and used it as one of his principal citadels, by means of which he hoped to maintain his usurped dominion in Scotland; and it is described by the historians of that period as a formidable stronghold: indeed this is sufficiently proved by the fact of its having remained in the hands of the English for some time after most of the other fortresses had been surrendered to, or had been taken possession of by, the Scots.

After the death of Edward, the castle continued to be strongly fortified; and about the year 1310 it was garrisoned under the command of Piers Luband, a Gascoigne knight, when it was surprised by the admirably contrived and gallantly executed stratagem of William Binnock, a neighbouring peasant—an event which must have taken place after harvest. Kerr assigns to that exploit the date of October, 1310; but

Sir Walter Scott states that the castle appears to have remained in the hands of the English till the autumn of 1313. Without, therefore, being able to distinguish the precise date, the following account of the circumstances of an enterprise, remarkable for ingenuity and audacity, is related by various historians.

Linlithgow was of great utility to the English, as it lay midway between the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, both of which were in their possession. Binnock, one of those heroes who are called from obscurity by the incidents of war and revolution, considering the advantages which the enemies of his country derived from this formidable stronghold, and being intimately acquainted with the nature of its defences, contrived a plan for its surprisal, which would have done honour to an experienced general. The circumstance of his being in the habit of supplying the garrison with hay gave him free access to the fortress, and, a fresh supply of that necessary being required, he boldly resolved to put his well-devised stratagem into execution. On the morning when the hay was ordered to be brought to the castle, Binnock punctually appeared at the gate with his waggon, drawn, as was usual in those days, by a team of oxen, and led by a sturdy peasant, who bore a hatchet under his gaberdine. Binnock himself walked behind the waggon, seemingly to superintend the safe delivery of the hay, which was so arranged as effectually to conceal eight well-armed men, seven of whom are said to have been his own sons. The warder, on the approach of Binnock, with his well-known wain, unsuspiciously lowered the drawbridge and raised the portcullis, and the waggon slowly approached the entrance of the fort.

Just in the very gateway, the driver, as he had previously been instructed, drew his axe suddenly and cut asunder the tackle by which the oxen were attached to the carriage. Binnock at the same time struck the warder dead on the spot, and shouted the signal, which was, "Call all, call all!" when the assailants instantly leaped from amongst the hay and attacked the astonished garrison.

The waggon was so ingeniously placed, that neither could the gate be shut and the portcullis lowered, nor the drawbridge raised; and a party of Scots, who had remained in ambush for the purpose, rushed in and soon became masters of the fortress. The illustrious Robert the Bruce did not forget to reward the heroic Binnock, who had behaved with so much gallantry on the occasion, for he granted him an estate in the county of Linlithgow. From this bold yeoman are descended the Binnings and Binnies of West Lothian, who have for their armorial bearings something connected with the waggon, the instrument of the stratagem; and his heirs continued to enjoy the fruits of his bravery

till the end of the sixteenth century. In the "Retours of service" dated the 14th of March, 1574, John Binnie was served heir to the lands of Easter Binnie; but these lands are now the property of another family.[1] Sir William Binning, of Walliford, sometime Lord Provost of Edinburgh, was descended from the patriotic Binnock; his lordship wore for his arms a demi-horse, furnished with a waggon *proper*, and for his motto, "Christo duci feliciter," which was assumed in allusion to and in commemoration of his ancestor.[2]

Having driven the English from their stronghold, King Robert ordered it to be demolished.[3] In dismantling Linlithgow, and such other fortresses as submitted to his arms, Bruce acted upon politic principles: he discovered that it was by means of such castles, in well-chosen situations, that the English, and the Scotch who were in their interest, had so long maintained their ground with very little assistance from England; and Robert not being in a condition to spare troops or munition for garrisoning these castles, and being also unable to pay the necessary expenses of the repairs, he judged it necessary to order them all to be destroyed, or at least rendered defenceless, as fast as they fell into his hands.

The wisdom of Bruce's policy was soon apparent; for after the Battle of Bannockburn, in 1314, so glorious to Scotland, Edward I. fled to Linlithgow, which, as it had been rendered defenceless, he was obliged to quit with precipitation, and was pursued by the victors as far as Tranent, where they abandoned the chase—their horses being no longer able to carry them forward with the necessary speed to overtake the fugitive king.

The castle, having been afterwards rebuilt and repaired, was the residence of David I. On the death of that monarch, in 1370, the nobles and barons of Scotland assembled at the palace of Linlithgow, for the election of a king, as if the right of Robert Stewart had been questionable, although he was nephew to the late king, and grandchild to Robert the Bruce, by his eldest daughter Margery.

The adjacent town of Linlithgow was at this time considered one of the principal boroughs in the kingdom, and was so constituted in the reign of David I. The *Leges Burgorum* were first reduced to writing by a private lawyer under the direction of that monarch; but the honour of inventing these municipal institutions entirely belongs to the Romans. —Their Senate may be aptly compared to our Town Council; the Con-

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[1] John Stewart, Esq., of Binny, is the present proprietor; he is Convener and Deputy Lieutenant of the County.

[2] Nesbit's Heraldry.

[3] Barbour, X., 137; Fordun, XII., 10.

sul, our Provost; the Prætors, our Bailies; the Edile, our Dean of Guild; and the Decurions, our Councillors. And on the Roman principle an equal and general polity was adopted, wherein the rights and immunities belonging to these bodies were ascertained and established in Scotland, and also in France.

In 1411 the town of Linlithgow was burnt by an accidental conflagration; and in 1414 the town, palace, and church were again subjected to a similar calamity.[1]

The palace arose afterwards from its ashes with far greater splendour than before; for the family of Stewart, unhappy in so many respects, were all distinguished for their taste in the fine arts, and more especially in that of architecture. The castle was rebuilt, and the lordship of Linlithgow was settled as a dowry upon Mary of Gueldres, in 1449; and again upon Margaret of Denmark, in 1468.

James IV. and James V. founded the most magnificent part of this palace, and also the noble entrance between two flanking towers, bearing on rich entablatures the royal arms of Scotland, with the collars of the Orders of the Thistle, St. Michael, &c. King James IV. spent much of his time at Linlithgow palace, surrounded by his gay court, to which he invited minstrels and musicians from every court in Europe.

> "In days of yore, how fortunately fared
> The minstrel! wandering from hall to hall,
> Baronial court, or royal, cheered with gifts
> Munificent, and love, and ladies' praise."

Among other amusements, James was constantly accompanied by "dancers and gysars," as we find from the following accounts in the treasurer's books. On the 5th of August, 1488, within six or seven weeks of the untimely death of his royal father, the treasurer is found to have given "5*l.* to Patrick Johnston and the players that playet to the king." When this sum is computed at Scotch money, it may be easily conjectured what a paltry provision this would be deemed for a company of comedians of the present day. How would Mr. Bunn, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, or our countryman, Mr. Murray, of Edinburgh, stare at the sum of 8*s.* 4*d.* for a night's performance!

When we contrast the above premature and indelicate exhibition, so soon after his father's death, with the voluntary penance which this monarch imposed upon himself, of wearing an iron girdle next his skin and adding a link to it every year, we cannot refrain from thinking that the "play" ordered by him was proof of the insincerity of his

[1] "Combusta est villa regia de Linlithqu, naves etiam ecclesiæ ejusdem, et palatium regis, de nocte."—Bower, XIV., 3.

penitence. But James was a prince of a romantic disposition, which led him highly to relish gaiety of every description, while at the same time he was attacked with fits of enthusiastic devotion, during which he assumed the dress and conformed to the rigid discipline of the Franciscan brothers; and after he had for some time done penance, there was nothing more common than to find him suddenly plunged in the vortex of pleasure and dissipation.

> "Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,
> Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
> Forward he rushed, with double glee,
> Into the stream of revelry."[1]

In 1489, James, with unusual pomp, received and entertained the Spanish embassy at this palace; when the same company of players performed, and received 8*l.* 8*s.* Scots for their services.

On St. John's day, 1491, a sum was given to the gysars that danced before the king; and on the 13th of August, 1503, "French crowns were given to the gysars that playit the play;" so that our penitent monarch must have had a right merry time of it, the palace being the constant resort of minstrels, pipers, fiddlers, and harpers, from all parts of Britain. The king had also his jester, "jolly John the fool, of England." Blind Harry, the minstrel, to whom we are indebted for the popular poem of Sir William Wallace, was also attached to the court.

In 1517 an event occurred, during the minority of King James V., singularly illustrative of the barbarous manners of the age. Squire Meldrum of Binns, whose wonderful feats of chivalry have been celebrated in the poems of Sir David Lindesay of the Mount, having fallen in love with Lady Gleneagles, Sir Luke Stirling of Keir, a cruel and obdurate knight, envied his successful love, and set upon the valiant squire, between the town of Leith and the city of Edinburgh, with fifty armed men, while Meldrum had only eight in his company. Notwithstanding this fearful odds, Meldrum fought with desperate valour, and the good squire would have slain Sir Luke on the spot, had not the knight's chief servant, Tom Gifford, prevented the fatal blow, receiving, in doing so, a wound which disabled him for life.

Meldrum was at last borne down to the ground, after a most valiant resistance, in which he slew Sir Luke's principal man-at-arms, hurt the knight himself, and killed and wounded twenty-six of the assailants. He was then hamstrung, mutilated, and left for dead on the spot.

But this deed did not pass altogether unavenged. De la Bastie, Lieu-

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[1] Marmion, Canto v., ix.

tenant-Governor of Scotland under the Duke of Albany, sounded to horse, got his guards together, and pursued the assassins so closely, that they were compelled to seek refuge in "Linlithgow Castle."[1] This, however, afforded them little protection; for it was instantly assailed, and the defenders were compelled to surrender themselves. They were condemned to death, but were not executed. Sir Luke Stirling suffered long imprisonment in the castles of Edinburgh and Dunbar, but was ultimately liberated.

The brave Meldrum does not appear to have persevered in his devotions to the fair lady for whom he had endured so much. It is but justice to say, that the Lady Gleneagles lamented him greatly. As for the once handsome, but now mutilated squire, he forsook the shrines of Mars and Cupid, and from the interest with which he had seen the medical men operate on his own wounds, he became himself a skilful surgeon, and devoted the rest of his life to that profession, which he followed gratuitously, thus becoming a blessing to all within the reach of his practice, as we find from the following curious stanzas by Sir David Lindesay, at the close of his metrical history of the squire's adventures:—

"But he sae lang lay into pain,
He turnit to be ane chirurgiane;
And als by his natural engyne,
He learnit the art of medicyne.
He saw them on his body wrought,
Qharefor the science was dear bought;
But afterward, when he was haill,
He sparit nae cost nor yet travaill,
To prief his praktiks on the poor,
And on them previt mony ane cure
On his expences, without rewaird:—
Of money he took nae regaird."[2]

During the minority of the same king, James V., the bridge of Linlithgow is famed as having been the scene of battle between the Earls of Lennox and Arran, with the view, on the part of Lennox, of relieving that prince from the guardianship of the Earl of Angus. In this action, Lennox, the faithful friend of James, was slain.

On James's accession to power, he seems to have paid much attention to his palace of Linlithgow. Besides other important repairs, he added the chapel and parliament hall. Sir James Hamilton (sometimes called Lord Evandale) was the architect employed in ornamenting and re-

[1] Chalmers' Caledonia, vol. ii., p. 34. Scott's Provincial Antiq.
[2] Lindesay's Poems, vol. ii., p. 284.

building the royal palaces of Linlithgow, Stirling, and Falkland. This nobleman, having lost the king's favour in his old age, and having been accused and convicted of a conspiracy, suffered death at Edinburgh, on the 26th of August, 1546.

The palaces rebuilt during this reign were beautiful, though of a singular style of architecture, which is peculiarly striking. Linlithgow was the chosen residence of James V., and to this palace he brought his bride, Mary of Guise, Dowager Duchess of Longueville; and here his marriage to that princess was solemnized with great pomp. It was no wonder, therefore, that this queen expressed herself so much in favour of it, and declared that "it was the most princely palace she had ever beheld," an eulogium which Sir Walter Scott has repeated in the motto, quoted from his "Marmion," at the beginning of this description.

It was during the residence here of James and Mary, that the first play by Sir David Lindesay was acted, entitled "The Satire of the Three Estates," in which much coarse and indelicate wit was intermixed with the most pointed and biting censure on Church and State.[1] This dramatic production is said to have had some allusion to, if not to have been got up for the purpose of encouraging, those religious innovations which James was at that time attempting to introduce into Scotland, and which proved the fatal means of the discord that agitated the minds of many of his subjects, and occasioned the loss of a great portion of the popularity which he had acquired in the early part of his reign.

It was in this palace that Mary of Guise, after the premature death of her two sons, James and Arthur, had the consolation of giving birth to a daughter, afterwards so celebrated for her charms and misfortunes, on the 7th of December, 1542.

The tidings of the birth of the Princess Mary being carried to the ill-fated father at Falkland Palace, where he died of a broken heart in consequence of his ignoble defeat at Solway Moss; he foretold the downfal of the house of Stewart, and the miseries that hung over Scotland, in the following emphatic words: "Is it so! then God's will be done. It came with a lass, and will go with a lass."[2] With these words, presaging the extinction of his race, he made a signal of farewell to his followers, and expired![3]

In one of the rooms, now roofless, the queen-mother, with the infant princess, was sitting, when the news of the king's death was announced,

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[1] Sir Walter Scott's Provincial Antiq.

[2] On the death of Alexander III., in 1285, Mary of Norway, his grandchild, succeeded to the crown, when only three years old. She died in 1290, leaving the succession altogether perplexed.

[3] Lardner's Cyclopædia, vol. ii.

which at once deprived Scotland of a monarch, the queen-mother of a husband, and the Princess Mary of a father, when she was only seven days old.

Mary of Scotland was scarcely ushered into the world, when calumny directed her envenomed breath against an innocent babe. She was represented by the minions of Henry VIII. as a sickly child, and not likely to live. The queen-mother, who inherited to a considerable degree the masculine spirit of her family, ordered the nurse to unswaddle the infant in presence of Sir Ralph Sadler, the English ambassador, who wrote to his impatient sovereign, that "the princess was as goodly a child as he had ever seen of her age." [1]

The Parliament of March, 1543, appointed commissioners to exercise by turns the charge of the person of the infant princess; but leaving to the queen-mother, who was a woman of great spirit, the nutriment of her body, and the cultivation of her mind; and she was assigned the royal residences of Linlithgow and Stirling for those purposes.

It was while at Linlithgow that the Princess Mary had the small-pox, an event of some importance in the biography of a beauty and a queen.[2] The disease must have only slightly affected her, as it seems to have left no visible traces of its visitation.

In September, 1543, Mary was removed to Stirling Castle, preparatory to her coronation, which took place on Sunday the 9th of September. The crown was placed over the princess's head, when she was scarcely nine months old, by Cardinal Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's.

The parliament of December following indemnified those who had combined for removing the princess from Linlithgow to Stirling without the governor's assent, who was suspected of interested designs. They at the same time declared null and void a treaty between the Earl of Arran and Henry VIII. of England, by which Mary of Scotland was to be sent, when ten years old, to England, to be afterwards married to Edward, the son of the English king.

After this period, Mary seems to have resided chiefly at Stirling, as she does not appear to have visited the place of her birth until September, 1561, on her return from France. Having made her public entry into Edinburgh, where she had "a banquet, triumph, and propyne," she set out on her progress through her kingdom,—visiting Linlithgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, St. Andrew's, and Falkland. On this occasion the queen brought from France "many rich and costly jewels, precious stones, orient

[1] Sadler's State Letters.—Chalmers, vol. i. p. 3. [2] Chalmers, vol. i. p. 263.

pearls, and such like, with rich furniture, and all other necessaries for furnishing of her private houses." [1]

In March, 1564-5, Mary removed from Edinburgh to Linlithgow, in which she resided for some days, and thence went to Stirling, while the nobles were beginning to associate and conspire for the several interests of parties—a sure sign of troubles and exasperations. The queen took up her residence at Stirling, making short excursions. She was followed to Stirling by Lord Darnley, who was there taken ill of the measles. It was on this occasion that the queen's solicitude about his health was observed by malignant eyes.

After the marriage of the queen and Darnley, and during the hostile measures of the insurgent lords, the royal pair departed from Edinburgh on the 26th of August, and arrived at Linlithgow at the head of 18,000 men, where they had assembled their forces, and on the morrow they departed for Stirling, whence they marched to Dumfries, driving the rebels before them, and compelling them to seek refuge in England.

The result of this rebellion is well known, and the discomfited Murray, relying on the protection of Cecil, set out from Newcastle for London, to solicit the support of Elizabeth, whose address to Murray at this interview is worthy of record:—"But unto you, my Lord Murray, and your neighbours," she said, "now you have told the truth, being put in hopes for relief; for neither did I or any in my name stir you up against your queen. And your abominable treason may serve for an example to my own subjects to rebel against me; therefore get you out of my presence, you are but unworthy traitors!"

Thus low could the bold and ambitious Murray stoop as the drudge of Elizabeth; yes, to be a king he demeaned himself more than became a man. On the conduct of Henry the Eighth's daughter there cannot be two opinions—like a fiend, she tempted and betrayed—like a fury, she reproached and tormented the miscreant victims of her delusion and treachery—like another Hecate, she thrust them forward into rebellion, and then perfidiously abandoned them, for the gratification of her envy, her hate, and her strong propensity to double-dealing; yet Murray felt and suffered all this opprobrium solely to continue his sycophantic road to the imperial diadem.

Linlithgow is noted as the scene of the assassination of the regent Murray, by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, in 1570. The house from which he was shot received a new front some years since, which has considerably impaired the antiquity of its appearance. Several old people in the town remember seeing the wooden balcony, which, with the narrowness of the street at that particular part, was favourable to

[1] Documents relative to the Reception at Edinburgh of Mary Queen of Scots, by the late Sir Patrick Walker, 1822.

the aim of the lurking assassin. This tragedy is thus detailed by Principal Robertson and others:—"David Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh, was condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, and owed his life to the regent's clemency; but part of his estate had been bestowed upon one of the regent's favourites, who seized his house and turned out his lady, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where before morning the beautiful heiress of Woodhouselee became furiously mad! This injury made a deeper impression upon Hamilton than the consideration that he had owed his life to the regent; and from that moment he vowed to be revenged upon him. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment; his kinsmen the Hamiltons encouraged it. The maxims of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the regent from time to time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved at last to wait until his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he had to pass on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He therefore took his stand in a wooden gallery which had a window towards the street; spread a feather-bed on the floor, to hinder the noise of his jack-boots from being overheard; hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without; and after all this preparation, calmly awaited the regent's approach, who had lodged during the night in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him, had been conveyed to the regent; and he paid so much attention to it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he altered his intention, and proceeded directly along the street; the throng of the people obliging him to move very slowly, gave Bothwellhaugh time to take so true an aim, that he shot him with a single bullet through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on the other side. Murray's followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house whence the shot had been fired, but they found the door strongly barricaded; and before it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse, which stood ready for him at a back passage, and had got far beyond their reach.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph, after doing what in those times was considered a deed of retributory justice; for the ashes of the hamlets of Clydesdale, which had been burned by the regent's army, were still smouldering amidst desolation. This tragedy has been made the subject of the poem of Cadyow Castle, by Sir Walter Scott, addressed to Lady Anne Hamilton, in which Bothwellhaugh's triumphant return is described:—

CADYOW CASTLE.

From gory selle,[1] and reeking steed,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—" 'Tis sweet to hear
In good greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to revenge's ear
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

" Your slaughter'd quarry proudly trod,
At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

" From the wide Border's humbled side,
In haughty triumph marched he,
While Knox relax'd his bigot pride,
And smiled the traitorous pomp to see.

" But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of despair?

" With hackbut bent,[2] my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And mark'd where mingling in his band
Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

" Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van,
And clashed their broad-swords in the rear
The wild Macfarlan's plaided clan.

" Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious to the Regent's rein,
And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

" 'Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.

" From the rais'd visor's shade, his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

" But yet, his sadden'd brow confess'd
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast—
' Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh! '

" The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!—
And Murray's plumy helmet rings—
Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

* * * * *

* * * * *

" My Margaret's spectre, gliding near,
With pride her bleeding victim saw,
And shrieked—in his death-deafen'd ear—
' Remember injured Bothwellhaugh! ' "

Bothwellhaugh soon after escaped to France, where he served under the patronage of the Guises, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother, who was deemed the chief cause of all her misfortunes.

It was while residing at this court that a nobleman of high rank had the temerity to propose to Bothwellhaugh the assassination of the famous Admiral de Coligni, head of the Huguenots.[3] "What, villain!" exclaimed the incensed Hamilton, "do you suppose me to be an assassin?" and he challenged him upon the spot.

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[1] Saddle. [2] Gun cocked.

[3] The eminently brave and humane Coligni afterwards fell in the atrocious massacre of St. Bartholomew's day.

The murder of the Regent Murray has been made the subject of a beautiful painting by Allan, of Edinburgh, which is now in the collection of the Duke of Bedford.

Hamilton's carbine, with which he perpetrated the deed, is still preserved in Hamilton Palace.

History is silent respecting the future life and transactions of this unfortunate but criminal nobleman, who was banished from his ancestral home in the lovely vale of the Esk; and we have in vain attempted to trace his posthumous history. While wandering through the old churchyard of Cosby (Troon, Ayrshire), we discovered an ancient flagstone, of an oblong form, on the east side of the church. The inscription, which is in old and almost obliterated characters, goes round the margin of the stone, and records the sepulture of Bothwellhaugh, the husband of the beautiful but ill-fated heiress of Woodhouselee, robbed of all that was dear to her after she had just given birth to the first fruit of their mutual love. The following is the inscription:—"HEIR LYS YE CORPIS OF ANE HONOVRABLE MAN, CALIT DAVID HAMILTOVN, OF BOTHELHAVHE, SPOVS TO ELESONE SINCLAIR IN HIS TYM, WHA DECEST YE 14 OF MERCH, 1619." How still is the chieftain now! who, alas! promoted not his own happiness, nor brought back his murdered wife, whom he survived upwards of forty years. While the deadly carbine is thought worthy of a place in Hamilton Palace, few know or care for this rude record of mortality, which we left divested of the wild grass and thistles that had long grown over the fog-indented inscription on the chieftain's grave.

In 1570 the market-cross of Linlithgow was the scene of a shameful outrage on the family of Hamilton. The Duke of Lennox arrived from London, where he had been to accuse Queen Mary of the murder of his son Darnley, and, by the recommendation of Elizabeth, he assumed the regency, in the exercise of which office he proclaimed the Duke of Chatelherault and others of the queen's party traitors and enemies to their country. In a littleness of malice utterly unworthy of his high birth and office, he marched in person to Hamilton, at the head of three hundred horse, and seizing the most precious remnants of the duke's plate and other valuables, which had been saved from the late devastation of that nobleman's property, he sold them publicly at the market-cross of Linlithgow, and committed the duke himself a prisoner to the castle of Edinburgh.[1]

In the statistical account of Linlithgow, we have the record of another atrocious murder, the malignity of which is palliated by incomparably less provocation than was that of the Regent Murray, and which

[1] Lodge's History, vol. ii.

occurred in the beginning of the seventeenth century. A person named Crawford, while a boy at the school of Linlithgow, had been stripped of his coat by a small proprietor who found him trespassing on his grounds. Crawford went afterwards abroad, and became an officer in the army; but the affront offered to him as a schoolboy continued to rankle in his bosom, and on his returning to Linlithgow, after an absence of many years, he avenged the indignity of his youthful days, on the identical spot where he had been stripped of his coat, by running his sword through the body of the man at whose hand he had sustained the injury.

Crawford, it is stated, after stabbing his victim, fled from the scene of the murder, and acquired abroad both wealth and honour. But no degree of success in life could stifle the conscience of the murderer, who, giving way to agony and depression of mind, resolved to surrender himself to justice. The resolution thus taken was accompanied by one of the most singular fancies that ever animated the mind of man. He arrived at London, where he procured, or caused to be constructed, one of those instruments of decapitation called the *Maiden*, and deliberately proceeded with it to Linlithgow, the scene of his guilt. He was tried and condemned to death; he requested only to be indulged by the mode of his execution, when the Maiden was proposed, and readily adopted by the judges as a favour which they thought they could consistently grant. And he was accordingly beheaded at the cross of Linlithgow by the instrument for which he displayed so strong a predilection; and his head was placed on the south side of the church, as a monument of violence long recollected by the people of the town.[1] Within the memory of old people, there was to be seen an ancient tombstone, near the corner of St. Catherine's aisle, and not far from where the murderer's head was exposed, having upon it a rude sculpture, representing the instrument of his execution.

King James VI. retired to the palace, during a tumult which took place in Edinburgh, in December, 1596. George Heriot, the father of the charitable and munificent George Heriot, founder of the Hospital of that name, was one of the four citizens who were sent by the magistrates of Edinburgh to profess their obedience and submission. Heriot seems to have been an influential citizen, being one of the Commissioners for Edinburgh for the Convention at Dundee, in 1597, as also one of the Commissioners for Edinburgh in the Convention of Estates at Holyrood House, in June, 1598. On the 27th of July, 1597, George Heriot the

[1] Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account, art. Linlithgow. Chambers' Picture of Edinburgh.

younger was made the queen's goldsmith; which was intimated at the cross by open proclamation and sound of trumpet, when a person of the name of *Clei*, a Frenchman, was discharged.[1]

Among the attendants of James was a person who filled a situation by no means singular in those days; this was *Robert Gibb*, the king's fool or jester, a man more rogue than fool. On one occasion the king felt disposed to enjoy the foolery of Rob, and he accordingly installed him on his throne, to observe how his jester would comport himself as a sovereign. The courtiers entering into the king's humour, beset the mock king with numerous petitions for places, pensions, and benefices (probably this was less in jest than any part of the frolic); but Rob, with well-affected dignity, repelled the whole host of supplicants without distinction, and with a waive of his hand thus addressed the suppliant lords—"Get ye hence, ye covetous, selfish louns, and bring to me my ain dear and trusty friend Rob Gibb, that I may honour the only one in my court who serves me for stark love and kindness."[2]

Gibb's ready wit and presence of mind, on this and other occasions, did not go unrewarded; for the king, who relished a good jest exceedingly, gave his fool a grant of a small estate, called West Canibie, in the parish of Linlithgow, which was enjoyed by his descendants, even in the last century: the charter is still extant. "Rob's contract,—stark love and kindness," has become popularly proverbial in the country, in allusion to any disinterested match. It was very happily applied as a toast after a wedding, in which the bridegroom's name was *Stark*, and the clergyman who tied the knot was named *Robert Gibb*.[3]

But King James VI. did not always reward merit, an instance of which is recorded of Sir Gideon Murray, his treasurer-deputy. Under this subordinate title he executed all the real duties of the office with such punctuality and accuracy, that he not only retrieved the credit of the exchequer, but was able to supply the expenses of repairing the various castles of Linlithgow, Holyrood, Edinburgh, Stirling, Dunfermline, Falkland, and Dumbarton. He also defrayed the expenses of King James's visit to his native country in 1617, and obtained at that time a high degree of favour with the monarch. But this good and worthy knight, who had done so much to preserve the noble structures of Scotland, at a period when they were left to dust and solitude, was ill requited for his important services. Being falsely impeached for abusing his office to the prejudice of the king, in the year 1621, he contracted a deep melancholy; for his noble spirit could

[1] Birrel's Diary, p. 44. History of George Heriot, p. 12. 1822.
[2] Naked, pure.
[3] Sir Walter Scott's Provincial Antiquities.

not brook imputations so false and foul, and, rejecting all comfort, he died of a broken heart on his return from court. Sir Gideon was honourably buried in the abbey church of Holyrood. Fordun, in recording the virtues of this eminent individual, remarks, "It is an ancient saying, that 'neither the wealthy, the valiant, nor even the wise, can flourish in Scotland;' for envy obtaineth the mastery over them all!" But although Sir Gideon descended with sorrow to the grave, he left in his eldest son a pattern of his own noble qualities; we allude to Sir Patrick Murray (afterwards Lord Elibank), one of the six peers who opposed the surrender of the person of Charles I. to the English parliament.

Linlithgow exhibited its loyalty in a very remarkable manner in the year 1617, when King James touched at his mother's birthplace in the course of a progress through his kingdom of Scotland. James Wiseman, the schoolmaster of the town, was enclosed in a large plaster figure representing a lion, and placed at the extremity of the town in order to address his majesty as he entered. However ridiculous this exhibition may now appear, it no doubt pleased the grotesque fancy of the king, more especially as the speech was highly laudatory, and composed in that peculiar style of poetry suited to the pedantic taste of the monarch. It was as follows:—

"Thrice Royal Sir, here do I you beseech,
Who art a lion, to hear a lion's speech—
A miracle 's for since the days of Æsop,
No lion, till these days, a voice dared raise up
To such a Majesty! Then, king of men,
The king of beasts speaks to thee from his den,
Who, tho' he now enclosed be in plaster,
When he was free, was Lithgow's wise schoolmaster."[1]

The restoration of King Charles was another event which called forth the universal loyalty of the people; nor were the inhabitants of Linlithgow behind any of the other towns in demonstrations of joy. The following account is from the "Caledonian Mercury," the second newspaper printed in Scotland:—

"January 8, 1661.—At the town of Linlithgow, equally remarkable for its antiquity and loyalty, his majesty hath a palace upon the skirt of a most beautiful lake. This lake hath ever been famous for the great number of swans that frequented it, in so much that some of our poetical philosophers are of opinion that if there be a civil government

[1] Chambers' Picture of Scotland.

among the birds, and if divided in several companies and corporations, this same lake must be the hall or meeting-place of the Fraternity of Swans. But to the business, which is most miraculous, and, I hope, shall serve a good purpose in convincing such as are heretical in their allegiance to our most dread sovereign.—When this kingdom, as England, was oppressed by usurpers, they put a garrison in this same palace of his majesty's; which was no sooner done than these excellent creatures, scorning to live in the same air with these contemners of majesty, they all of them abandoned the lake, and were never seen these ten years, till the 1st of January last—a day remarkable both for his majesty's coronation at Scone, and for thé down-sitting of the present parliament, when a squadron of these royal birds did alight in the lake, and, by their extraordinary motions and conceity interweavings of swimming, the country-people fancied them revelling at a country-dance for joy of our glorious restoration."

Another memorable event occurred at Linlithgow on the 29th of May, 1661, when the solemn League and Covenant was burnt amidst bonfires and rejoicings.

The ringleaders in this affair were Irving of Bonshaw, who afterwards became a noted persecutor, Bailie Mylne, and Ramsay, the Minister of the parish, who seems to have been a type of the Vicar of Bray. He had sworn to the Covenant, and pressed it upon others with the unrelenting rigour of a fanatic; but we find him, for his apostacy, afterwards made Dean of Glasgow, then Bishop of Dunblane, and subsequently Bishop of Ross.[1]

When the sceptre had passed from Scotland, the halls of Linlithgow were long abandoned to mouldering decay; but their absolute destruction was reserved for the memorable era of 1745-6.

About the end of 1745, General Hawley marched at the head of a strong army to raise the siege of Stirling, then pressed by the Highlanders under Prince Charles Edward Stuart.[2] On the night of the 17th of January, 1746, he returned to Linlithgow with all the marks of a defeat, having been obliged to burn his tents and leave his artillery

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[1] The reader must have frequently heard of this turncoat son of the church, although his name may have outlived the recollection of his pious manœuvres. The Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, was a Catholic under the reign of Henry VIII., and a Protestant under Edward VI. He was a Catholic again under Queen Mary, and at length became a Protestant under the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal to the gown was reproached for his versatility in religious creeds, he made answer, "I cannot help that; but if I have changed my *religion*, I am sure I keep true to my *principle*, which is, to live and die Vicar of Bray."

[2] Queen Mary first altered the original surname of *Stewart* to *Steuart* or *Stuart*, there being no *w* in the French language. (Appen. I.)

and baggage a prey to the army of the Pretender, notwithstanding the general's contempt for his enemy, who, he affirmed on a former occasion, could not stand a charge of cavalry.[1]

His discomfited troops were quartered in the palace, and kindled such fires on the hearths as compromised the safety of the whole edifice.

A lady of the family of Livingston, who had apartments in the palace, remonstrated with Hawley on the danger to which fires so large subjected the building; but he behaved in the most uncourteous manner to the lady, treating her fears with contempt and derision. The high-spirited dame, finding the general deaf to her representations, with just indignation assured him that "she could *run* from fire as fast as he could," and with this cutting sarcasm took horse for Edinburgh. Very soon after her departure her fears were realised; the beautiful palace of Linlithgow caught fire, and was burnt to the ground: the ruins only now remain to indicate its vast extent and magnificence. General Hawley, when he discovered that the palace was in flames, sent notice to the provost of the town, who coolly replied, that "as his men had set the palace on fire, they might just put it out again." The general, though not formally condemned, became after this disgraced and unpopular, and was superseded by a prince of the blood-royal, William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, a great favourite of the army, who soon afterwards halted at the ruined palace of Linlithgow, on his way to Stirling.

The late Dr. Spence, whose memory carried him so far back as 1745-6, used to relate the following among other Jacobite anecdotes:— "Lochiel had the good fortune to escape to France with the prince, where he was made colonel of 1000 men. His brother, Dr. Cameron, who fought also at Culloden and was wounded severely in the arm, had afterwards a very different fate. When a boy at Linlithgow, some time after the rebellion, I remember Dr. Cameron, brother of the celebrated Lochiel, being brought into the town under an escort of dragoons. He wore a French light-coloured great-coat, and rode on a grey pony, with his feet lashed to its sides; but, considering his situation and prospects, looking remarkably cheerful. As the party were to rest for the night, the prisoner was placed for security in the common jail; and well do I remember, as I remained with the crowd

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[1] When the news of the battle of Prestonpans came to the army in Flanders, General Hawley reprobated the conduct of Cope, and said, that "he knew the Highlanders: they were a good militia, but he was certain they could not stand against a charge of dragoons who attacked them well."—*Robertson's History of Scotland.*

at the prison-door, overhearing the Doctor within singing to himself his native song of 'Farewell to Lochaber'—

'We'll may be return to Lochaber no more!'

Knowing he had just been apprehended in the Highlands, whither he had returned from France in the vain hope that his defection might be pardoned or forgotten, and that when I saw him he was on his way to London, where he afterwards suffered upon Tower Hill—the remembrance has made a strong impression on my mind, and I have never since heard the air of 'Lochaber' without recalling the tone of voice, with all the circumstances of the then unhappy situation and subsequent fate of Doctor Cameron."[1]

In the course of the last war with France, these beautiful remains, so full of ancient remembrances, very narrowly escaped being defaced and dishonoured, by an attempt to convert them into a depôt for French prisoners of war. To the late President Blair, whose zeal and patriotism were worthy of himself, we are indebted for having averted the prostitution of this magnificent pile to such an ignoble purpose, and for preserving one of the most striking objects of antiquity which Scotland contains in the present age.

The Commissioners of Woods and Forests, whose care it is to watch over the ruins of our ancient palaces, have done much to prevent the further progress of their dilapidation; and with such guardians, these splendid remains of Scotland's former grandeur may, for centuries to come, rear their ivied domes among the hills, and perpetuate the recollections of ages past and gone.

On the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to Scotland everything had been done to renovate and embellish the old-fashioned town of Linlithgow, which she passed through in her return from the Highlands, on the 13th of September, 1842. Wreaths of flowers and evergreens were tastefully hung across the streets, and the port of Borrowstowness was robbed of every available flag to decorate this ancient abode of royalty. The provost and magistrates, in full procession, with banners, one with the city arms, and another having the figure of Saint Michael, were in waiting to receive the queen, and had prepared an address; but as no opportunity of reading it was afforded, the provost made no attempt to do so. A similar address, accompanying a burgess ticket, conferring on Prince Albert the freedom of the burgh, was also prepared; this last was forwarded to the prince at Edinburgh, and was graciously received and acknowledged.

[1] Jacobite Minstrelsy, 1839.

While the horses were being changed in the square, Her Majesty's attention was arrested by the beautiful font of grotesque workmanship which ornaments the cross. Sir Thomas Livingston, keeper of the palace, was on the spot ready to attend the queen towards the magnificent ruins of the palace of her ancestors; but the lateness of the hour, and perhaps previous arrangements, unfortunately prevented the royal pair from visiting the birthplace of Mary of Scotland.

A laughable scene, worthy of notice, took place near the bridge. A number of West Lothian farmers, mounted on horseback, insisted on shaking hands with Sir Robert Peel, who rode in one of the royal carriages; each farmer retiring and giving way to another. One of the party took rather a long and "hearty grip" of the distinguished baronet's hand, and kept riding alongside the carriage: on being asked the reason for so tenacious a grasp, he archly replied, that "he wished to let Sir Robert Peel know the difference between a *fixed duty* and a *sliding scale*."

Having recorded the principal events connected with the palace of Linlithgow, we now proceed with a short description of its ruins.

This splendid fabric, reared by the munificence of successive monarchs, stands upon the margin of the beautiful lake of Linlithgow, which on the east bathes the base of a gently sloping hill. In the middle of the lake appears the small island where tradition says the greyhound was found chained to a tree, from which the armorial bearings of the town of Linlithgow were assumed.

The palace is built of polished stone, in the form of a square; the greater part of it is five stories high, with towers at the angles, and the whole covers an acre of ground, and is almost surrounded by a lake covering about 154 acres, with a breadth, to the northern front, of nearly a quarter of a mile. It combines the fine taste and true magnificence which distinguish all the Scottish palaces erected by the House of Stuart. The fronts within the square, and the windows, are highly ornamented.

There were originally two main entrances to the palace; that from the south ascends rather steeply from the town, and passes through a striking Gothic archway flanked by two round towers. The portal was richly adorned with sculptures, in which are still to be traced the arms of Scotland, with the collars of the Orders of the Thistle, Garter, Golden Fleece, St. Andrew, and the French Orders of St. Michael and the Holy Ghost, on rich entablatures. This gateway is attributed to James IV.; the ornamental characters were the work of James V. On entering this gate are seen, suspended by drops from the arched roof, the unicorn, the lion rampant, and a figure of St. Michael.

The other grand entrance was from the eastward, and is now shut

up. The gate is at some height from the foundation of the wall, and opposite to it are the remains of a "*perron*," or ramp, of strong masonwork; a drawbridge, which could be raised at pleasure, united, when lowered, the ramp with the threshold of the gateway, and when raised, left a wide gap between them, answering the purpose of a moat. On the inside of this gateway are niches, which held two statues, one of Pope Julius, who presented the consecrated sword and helmet to James V., which sword is exhibited with the regalia of Scotland in Edinburgh Castle.[1] The other niche was occupied by one of the cardinals of that pope.

On entering by the inner gateway into the weed-grown court, the visionary glory and the classic renown of the ancient palace vanish from the mind's eye, and leave a desert of magnificence behind :—

> "Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
> To halls deserted, portals gaping wide:
> Fresh lessons, to the thinking bosom, how
> Vain are the pleasances on earth supplied—
> Swept into wrecks anon, by time's ungentle tide!"

The south front of the palace produces a most imposing effect. It is built of polished ashlar. Over the crown on the gateway are a bracket and a canopy, with the remains of a statue; and at greater elevations are three other brackets, with the figures of females, having their hands crossed, in an upright position. The windows are in the old English style, and are divided into three and four lights, with vertical stone mullions, turned with a semicircle under the lintel. The windows in the lower floor are less ornamental. In the centre of the court stand the ruins of a magnificent font, which is said to have been erected by James VI. when he completed the original plan of the palace. The remains exhibit but an imperfect specimen of what this font once was.

The north front is five stories in height, with an octagonal turreted staircase in the centre. The windows are chiefly crowned with pediments surmounted by the rose, thistle, and *fleur-de-lis*, with the initials of James VI., and the crown, sceptre, and lion rampant, and also the initials of his son Charles I., with the Prince of Wales's feathers. The upper windows are ornamented with angels.

Over one of the windows in the first floor is inscribed the date "1619," and over the upper window of the octagonal staircase, "1620."

The towers or staircases in the four angles of the square are built

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[1] *Vide* Description of Edinburgh Castle.

of polished ashlar, both within and without; and are all finished at the tops with corbels, moulding, and parapet, and roofed with stone. The stairs are of polished stone, and are lighted by loopholes ascending to the top. Each of these staircases, besides leading to the different floors, opens on the neighbouring roofs and platforms; while outside stairs conduct to the towers themselves. All the staircases are finished with groined roofs, mouldings, and carved knots; but the roof of the north-west tower is far more elegantly embellished than the others.

On the roof of this last tower rises another of an octagonal form, about seven feet wide, and seated round with stone benches. This lofty apartment, which is beautifully ribbed and groined in the roof, is called Queen Margaret's Bower, from its having been a favourite apartment of the consort of James IV., from which she is said to have looked for his return, and which is thus beautifully described by Sir Walter Scott:—

"His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,
All lonely sat, and wept her weary hour.

"The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
And weeps the weary day,
The war against her native soil,
Her monarch's risk, in battle broil;
And, in gay Holyrood, the while,
Dame Heron[1] rises with a smile,
Upon the harp to play."

To state the former appropriation of all the other apartments in this extensive building would be a rather difficult attempt.

Leading off from each of the archways of the east and south entrances is an arched apartment, which has been used as a guard-room. That in the south front is of superior architecture, has a handsome fireplace, and commands the inner porch. The guard-room, off the archway which was shut up by James V., commanded the outworks.

In the north-west corner of this gloomy apartment is a recess, in the bottom of which is a trap, faced with polished ashlar. This aperture, which is of sufficient size to admit one person, descends perpendicularly, and without steps, into the dungeon of the castle. This horrid-looking vault measures 25 ft. by 12: it is lighted only by a small chink in the arched roof, which ascends a great height through the walls above, and opens at the extreme end on the outside for ventilation. The trapdoor into this dungeon being covered at the floor of the guard-room by a checked stone, every possibility of escape is cut off.

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[1] The wife of William Heron of Ford, whose syren charms are said to have cost King James so dear.

Prisoners were usually let down by this trap, and their food was lowered to them through the same opening.

The lower apartments under the north-east corner have an air of gloom quite incompatible even with the use to which they have in more recent times been turned. The kitchens are rudely provided; each has a sink of hewn stone, and in the centre of what is denominated the king's kitchen, is a well.

In the north-west corner is a lofty apartment, which would appear to have been originally a banqueting-room, from the figure of a Bacchus bearing two flagons. It is said to have been latterly used as a chapel, or state prison. In the south-west corner are cells, which have probably been used as places of durance; they are entered from a vaulted room, the arching of which springs from the floor. A private passage led from the south-east staircase to the south front of the palace, and opened towards the church of St. Michael, by a door which is now shut up.

The portion of the north side of the quadrangle, indicated in length by the dining-room, was built by James VI. It is five stories high, and it once contained many apartments. The dining-room is very low in the roof, 74 feet in length, 16½ in breadth, and only 12 feet high; and commands a beautiful prospect of the lake and surrounding scenery. In this apartment are two large fireplaces with carved lintels of free-stone; the jambs are chiselled with grotesque figures.

It was in this room that the fire originated through the recklessness of Hawley's soldiers, as already noticed.

In the south front, built by James, is the chapel, 50 feet in length, and 26 feet wide, which occupies the whole height of the building, and is lighted by twelve lancetted windows. The altar stood at the east end; and in the opposite wall was the music gallery. Between each of the windows are exquisitely cut brackets and canopies for statues. The brackets represent two figures in the act of singing, each having a musical instrument in its hands. The passage behind the altar communicated with the great hall and south-east staircase, and also with a room, probably used as a vestry, in the floor of which there is a descent to a dark arched closet beneath.

The principal entrance to this chapel was from the large hall on the west, by a square doorway, over which is the figure of a mitre. This room is shown as the confessional; but it is more like a banqueting-room.

The room in the north-west corner is shown as the bedroom of James III. and James IV. On either side of the window is a small closet, each being groined in the roof with moulded ribs and knots, the latter cut with a greyhound and tree, and the motto, "Belle a vouch

leule."[1] The closet on the west side is dark, but the other is lighted with an elegant oriel, and is said to have been a favourite retreat of the two princes. At the south-west corner of the bedroom is a trapdoor in the floor, leading by a few steps to a small lighted chamber beneath, where James III. was concealed from his rebellious nobles, who threatened his life. The old parts of the palace are full of recesses and concealments.

One of the most remarkable apartments is the banqueting-room, now called the parliament hall; it is 94 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 33 feet high, having at one end a gallery, with three niches, and the communication being preserved with the different rooms by narrow galleries, which run round the whole of the building. It is lighted by six windows on each side, and is entered by two doors. It is now roofless, and part of the floor has fallen in with the weight of accumulated rubbish.

The room which still retains the name of Mary, Queen of Scots, from her having been born in it, is also a very spacious apartment; the ceiling has entirely fallen in, thus opening an upper story to view. The fireplace is entire, and supported by two pillars. From marks in the wall, several windows appear to have been built up; it is now lighted by four large windows, with ponderous stone benches or seats erected round them. In one end of the room there is a door, which tradition says led to a subterraneous passage. There were two subterraneous passages from the palace; one leading to the outside of the town, and another diverging from it to a plain called the *King's Cavil*, about three miles distant, which is now a large freestone-quarry.

The chapel, already described, which has evidently been at one time very handsome, occupies one inner side of the square. On the east end of this building is a small but handsome apartment, called the king's wardrobe or dressing-room. The window projects over the walls like a balcony, so as to afford a charming prospect on three sides. This room must have been one of the most delightful boudoirs imaginable;

> "A cabinet built for sages,
> Which kings might envy."

The arches exhibit at the top the armorial bearings of Linlithgow and other devices. From this spacious window the scene is absolutely enchanting. This and other apartments, which have but partially suffered from the general dilapidation, are floored with square tiles.

After exploring this fragmental mass, we are led by a winding stair

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[1] Linlithgow Illustrated, by Jas. Collie, Architect.

to the grass-covered battlements. Here a view at once delightful and expansive offers itself: the interior of the courtyard and the church of St. Michael give a most romantic effect to the prospect when it is surveyed from the moss-grown battlements. The terrace on which both edifices are erected, the beautiful lake reflecting all the heavens, the lofty trees, and the plantations scattered over the pleasure-grounds of the ancient palace, all contribute to adorn a scene replete with the most thrilling associations, and in which solemnity and splendour are touchingly blended: a finer and more delightful landscape can scarcely be conceived.[1]

Full many a holiday have we spent at Linlithgow, when our heart was like its silvery lake, by care unruffled—when all was bright and sunny:—

> "How gladly we recall the well-known haunts
> Beloved of old; and that delightful time,
> When all alone for many a summer's day
> We wandered through those mouldering towers, led
> In silence by some powerful hand unseen!"[2]

From this elevation, also, a good view of the ancient town of Linlithgow is obtained, a town at one time of great opulence and splendour, which formerly enjoyed the monopoly of the trade from the banks of the Cramond to the mouth of the Avon, to which Blackness was assigned as its port, but was afterwards exchanged for Borrowstowness; its importance as a place of trade, however, has decayed, like its palace. The present town consists of a long street with a number of lanes. Many of the houses are of great antiquity; some of them belonged to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who had a preceptory at Torphichen in the same county. In the churchyard there is a stone with St. John's cross rudely sculptured on it; and four similar ones are seen a mile distant from each other. The Town-house, erected in 1668, was an elegant and commodious building, and was the only fabric worthy of notice. It contained a large council-chamber, court-room, mason-lodge, and library. In the hall was an elegant full-length portrait of the Earl of Hopetoun on foot, with a beautiful charger, painted by Sir Henry Raeburn. This ancient building was burnt to the ground on the 1st of July, 1847.

Almost every part of this county is classic ground. From the

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[1] *Vide* Vignette, page 1.

[2] About twenty years ago, we wrote the *first* Guide to the Palace of Linlithgow. This little production has been liberally copied into subsequent publications without the slightest acknowledgment.

palace is seen, to the east, the height on which Edward I. encamped his army, in 1298, on the night before the battle of Falkirk, in which the renowned patriot Sir William Wallace was defeated through the treachery of Cumming. There are two eminences on the west, where the courts of justice were held in ancient times; the plain below still retains the name of *Doomsdale*. Near the bridge, also, there is a field which was formerly used for tournaments and other warlike exercises, which is still called *Joistinghaugh*. There are several other places of great antiquity, which only now retain their names. On the westward of the town there is a place called Silver Mill, where there is or was a silver-mine. Silver was taken from it and coined at Linlithgow during the reign of one of the Scottish kings; and some of the groat-pieces so coined are still to be found in the repositories of the curious. The mine, with the tract adjoining it, is now the property of the Earl of Hopetoun. Search has been repeatedly made; but the contents must have been exhausted, or probably the right vein has not been re-discovered.

On returning from the castle, a visit to the ancient and celebrated church of St. Michael well repays the tourist's curiosity. This church is of unknown antiquity; it has not been authenticated when or by whom it was originally erected. It is probable, however, that most of the present edifice was erected subsequently to the calamitous fire of 1414, already noticed. The present church is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. The west end, which is more modern than the rest, was the work of George Crichton, Bishop of Dunkeld, as a penance enjoined him for incontinency. On the church is a handsome spire, now much dilapidated; it was originally surmounted by an imperial crown. It exhibits two walls, the lower supported by buttresses ornamented with canopied niches; on each side of the beautiful arched door are also canopied niches, more entire than the rest, but the figures have been destroyed or removed.

The church is lighted on the south side by a very large arched window, which casts its shade on St. Katherine's aisle, and by five other windows of inferior size, but architecturally uniform, save that each window exhibits a different pattern of tracery: all are of the most exquisite execution; the upper story is also lighted by a row of small windows.

The church is indebted for its principal ornaments to King James IV., who converted it into a chapel-royal, where he erected a throne for himself, with twelve stalls for the Knights Companions of the Thistle.

This king, in 1534, received the Order of the Golden Fleece from the Emperor Charles V.; that of St. Michael from Francis I., King of France; and also that of the Garter, in 1536, from Henry VIII. of England: and in memory of these Orders, so received, James kept open

court, and solemnized the several feasts of St. Andrew, the Golden Fleece, St. Michael, St. George, &c.; and that the several princes might know how much he valued their Orders, he set their arms, circled with their Orders, over the gate and in the palace of Linlithgow, together with the Order of the Thistle, as already noticed.

The adoption of the thistle as the badge of Scotland has been thus accounted for:—When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy during the night, instead of in a pitched battle during the day; but on one occasion, says the tradition, the invaders resolved to avail themselves of the stratagem, and in order to prevent the least noise of their approach, marched barefoot. They had thus neared the Scottish camp unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superbly prickled thistle, which made him vociferate loudly. His cry discovered the assailants' approach; the Scots sounded to arms, and defeated the foe with great slaughter: and the thistle was forthwith adopted as the emblem of Scotland, in commemoration of this fortunate deliverance.

The Order of the Thistle was instituted by James IV. of Scotland in 1540; the ancient Order of the Garter of England, by Edward III. of England, in 1350; the Golden Fleece, by Philip the Good, in 1429; the Order of St. Michael, by Louis XI. of France, in 1469, and consisted of thirty-six knights, but has since been enlarged to more than one hundred. It is not now esteemed very honourable, although it is made necessary that a knight should be admitted into this Order before he receives that of the Holy Ghost, which was instituted by Henry King of France and Poland, in 1578.[1]

King James's fitful moods of devotion, and the apparition which burst upon his sight in this church, are most beautifully alluded to in "Sir David Lindesay's Tale"—

> "In Katherine's aisle the monarch knelt,
> With sackcloth shirt and iron belt,[2]
> And eyes with sorrow streaming:
> Around him in their stalls of state,
> The Thistle knight-companions sate,
> Their banners round them beaming.
> I too was there, and, sooth to tell,
> Bedeafened with the jangling knell,
> Was watching where the sun-beams fell,
> Through the stained casement gleaming;
> But while I marked what next befel,
> It seemed as I were dreaming."[3]

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[1] Salmon's History, vol. iii., p. 653. 1729.

[2] *Vide* this description, page 7.

[3] Marmion, Canto iv.

While at service in this church, as already described, and musing perhaps on his approaching invasion of England, "being very dolorous, making devotion to God to send him good chance and fortune on his voyage, a man came, clad in a blue gown, in at the kirk door, and belted about him in a roll of linen cloth; a pair of brotekings[1] on his feet to the great of his legs, with all other hose and clothes conform thereto; but he had nothing on his head, but side[2] red yellow hair behind, and on his haffets,[3] which wan down his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two and fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and speiring[4] for the king, saying he desired to speak with him. While at the last, he came where the king was sitting at his prayers; but when he saw the king, he made little reverence, but leaned down gruffly on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner as follows: 'Sir king, my mother has sent me to you, desiring you not to pass at this time where thou art purposed; for if thou does, thou will not fare well on thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee: further, she bade thee mell[5] with no woman, nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs; for if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.'

"By this the man had spokén thir words unto the king's grace, the evening song was near done, and the king paused on thir words, studying to give an answer; but in the meantime, before the king's eyes, and in presence of all the lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could no ways be seen or comprehended, but vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen.

"I heard Sir David Lindesay, Lyon Herald, and John Inglis the Marshal, who were at that time young men, and special servants to the king's grace, were standing presently beside the king, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have speirid further tidings at him: but all for nought; they could not touch him, for he vanished away betwixt them and was no more seen."[6]

Buchanan, in his History of Scotland, tells the same tale, and also quotes the personal information of Sir David Lindesay:—"In iis (*i. e.* qui propius astiterant) fuit David Lindseius Montanus, homo spectatæ fidei et probitatis, nec a literarum studiis alienus, et cujus totiæ vitæ tenor longissime a mentiendo aberrat; a quo nisi ego, uti tradidi, pro certis accepissem, ut vulgatam vanis rumoribus fabulam, omissurus eram."[7]

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[1] Buskins. [2] Long. [3] Cheeks. [4] Asking. [5] Meddle.
[6] Pitscottie, History. [7] Buchanan, lib. xiii.

The battle of Flodden, against which the king was thus so mysteriously warned, was fought on the 13th of September, 1512. Many legends of this disastrous conflict are told. When the invading army was encamped upon the Borough Muir, "numberless midnight apparitions did squeak and gibber upon the streets of Edinburgh, threatening woe to the kingdom; and there was a spectral procession of heralds advanced to the cross, and summoned the king and a long list of the nobility to their final doom."[1]

St. Michael's Church is now used for parochial service, and forms a most elegant and commodious place of worship. The pulpit is ornamented with rich carvings, and is entered from the back by a staircase on each side. On entering the church, on the right is St. Katherine's aisle, the scene of the vision just described. In this place is shown a *basso relievo* beautifully cut in stone, which was found about twenty years since in digging a grave. The subject is Christ's Passion, of which there are only two parts—Christ praying in the garden, and the healing of Malchus' ear; these have been both enclosed in Gothic panels, and are doubtless a portion of the ancient ornaments of the church destroyed at the Reformation. At one time Linlithgow abounded with religious institutions. The convent of Carmelites was founded south of the town at a place called the *Friars' Brae;* also St. Magdalen's in the east, situated at the foot of Pilgrims' Hill;—an *Hospitium* for pilgrims and travellers. The Dominicans had a monastery near the town. There was also a chapel dedicated to St. Ninian at the west port.

All these monastic buildings were demolished by the Earl of Argyle, Lord James Stewart, and John Knox, when they visited Linlithgow in their progress of reform. The statues on the eastern grand entrance to the palace, and that of St. Michael, the patron Saint, in the church, were the only effigies which escaped the rage of a zealot mob. The first of these, after surviving for more than a century the fury of the reformists, ultimately fell a sacrifice to the fanatic zeal of a blacksmith. The figure of St. Michael, which still remains, has probably been preserved more from the altitude of its situation than from any motives of partiality or veneration for the patron saint of the good town of Linlithgow.

On returning from the church through the market-place, is the Cross Well,[2] an object of great curiosity for its singular and beautiful appearance. It was built by an operative stonemason, who had only one hand

[1] Dr. Charles Mackay, author of "The Thames and its Tributaries," in his "Legends of the Isles," &c., has made the Eve of Flodden the subject of a beautiful poem.

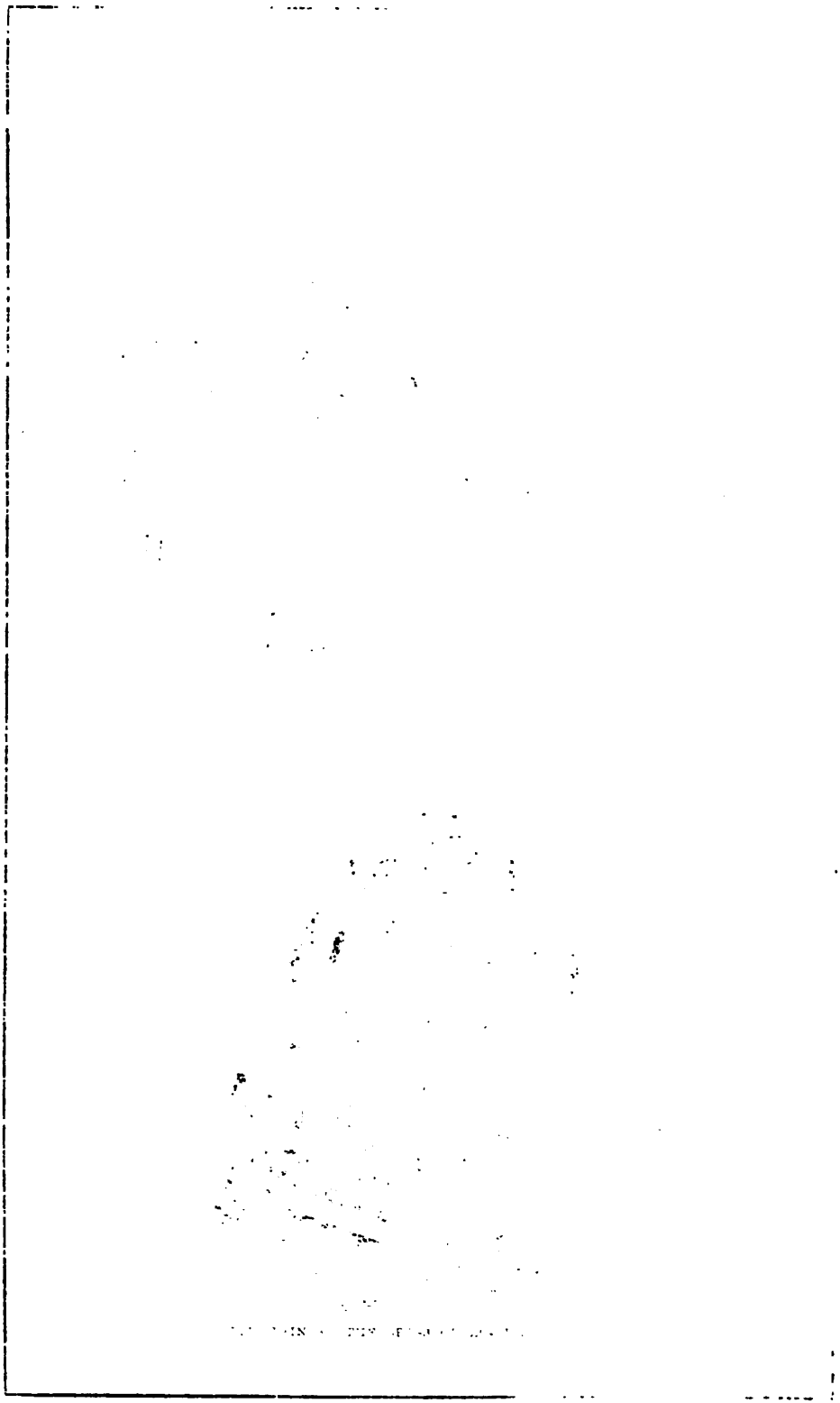
[2] *Vide* Engraving, 5.

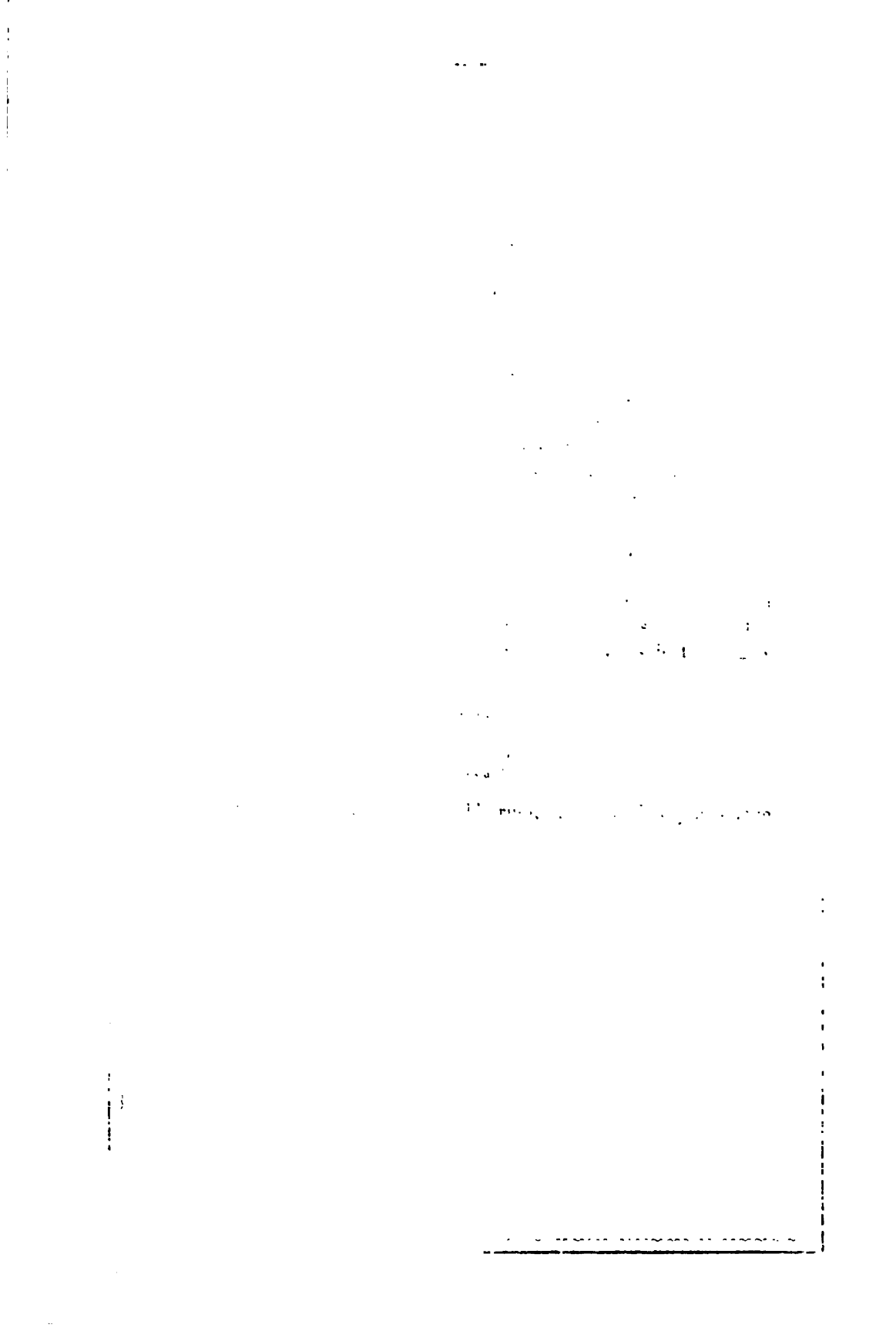
(some say one arm), in 1807. This untutored sculptor, it is said, imitated very closely the Cross Well built on the same site in 1420, and which last was an imitation of the fountain in the inner court of the palace. It is of an hexagonal form, and is ascended by steps; the water descends from the top of the fountain, which is surmounted by a unicorn holding a shield between his fore legs; the water from the top falls into a basin, from which it is spouted out of the mouths of six grotesque heads, placed at equal distances, into a large basin, the sides of which are curiously ornamented with a variety of sculptures; from whence it again issues from the mouths of six other heads into another basin still more capacious. The whole water is received into a reservoir, from which it issues in a copious stream. The fountain is surrounded with full-length figures in ancient costume, the most curious of which is a man beating a drum; around the town arms, on the front of the fount, is inscribed "My fruit is fidelity to God and the king." The whole of this architectural curiosity is surrounded by an iron palisade of light and elegant workmanship. There are several wells of more simple architecture in the good old town: one is sculptured with the figure of St. Michael, and the motto, "St. Michael is kind to strangers;" the water of this well never freezes. The number of wells in Linlithgow is alluded to in the old rhyme—

"Linlithgow for wells;
Glasgow for bells;
Falkirk for beans and peas;
Peebles for clashes and lees."

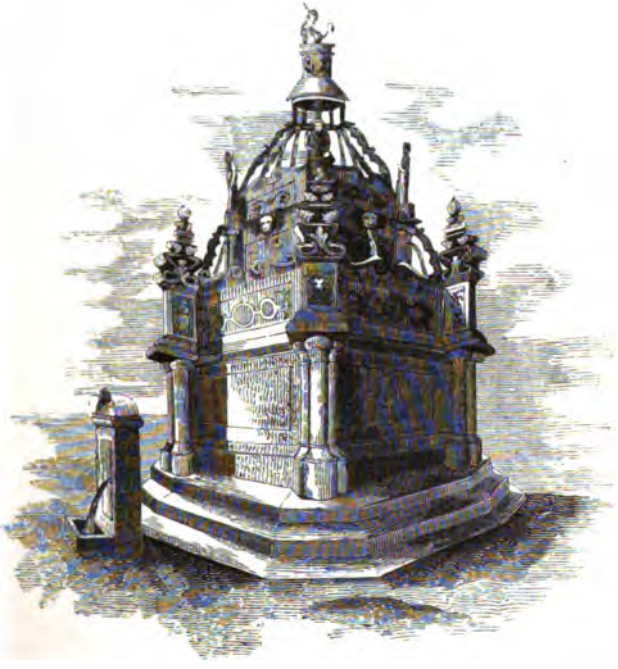
We now take leave of this venerable ruin, in the laudatory language of the Poet of "the Mount":—

"Adieu, LITHGOW, whose palace of plesance
Micht be ane pattern to Portugall or France!"



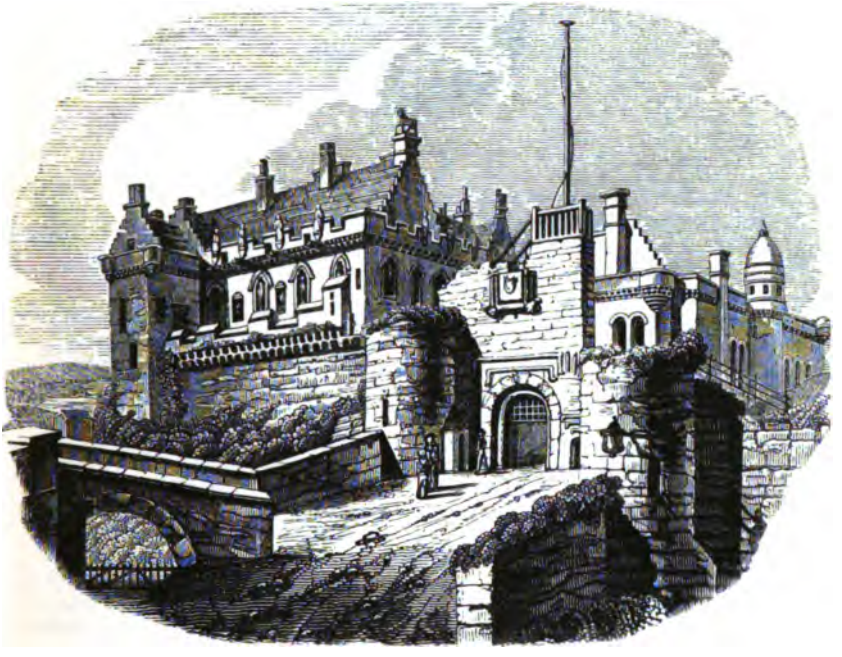


ROOM IN WHICH QUEEN MARY WAS BORN.—No. 4.



FOUNTAIN AT THE CROSS OF LINLITHGOW.—No. 5.

The Castle and Palace of Stirling.



ANCIENT ENTRANCE TO STIRLING CASTLE BY BALLENGEICH 1745.—No. 6.

"THE CASTLE GATES WERE OPEN FLUNG,
THE QUIV'RING DRAWBRIDGE ROCK'D AND RUNG,
AND ECHOED DOWN THE FLINTY STREET,
BENEATH THE COURSERS' CLATTERING FEET;
AS SLOWLY DOWN THE DEEP DESCENT,
FAIR SCOTLAND'S KING AND NOBLES WENT;
WHILE ALL ALONG THE CROWDED WAY
WAS JUBILEE AND WILD HUZZA."

LADY OF THE LAKE

Stirling Castle.

Etymon of Stirling; originally a Roman Fort—King Arthur and the Round Table—Castle taken from the Picts by Kenneth II.—In the Possession of the Northumbrians—William the Lion made Prisoner—Richard sells the Superiority of Scotland—William's Death—Thomas the Rhymer's Prophecy—Death of Alexander III.—Maid of Norway, her Death—Competition for the Scottish Crown—Sir William Wallace—Defeat of the English—Castle retaken by the English—Wallace betrayed and executed—Edward II.—King Robert the Bruce—Battle of Bannockburn—Edward's Escape—Edward III. occupies the Castle—Return of James I. from Imprisonment—His Assassination by Graham—James II.—Murder of Maclellan—Assassination of the Earl of Douglas—James III. rebuilds and extends the Palace and Church—His Seclusion with his Favourites leads to an Insurrection—Field of Stirling—Death of the King—Accession of James IV.—His Death—James V. Born and Crowned—Builds a new Palace—Anecdotes: Sir David Lindesay—Laird of Ballengeich—Death of James V.—Mary Crowned, and resides at the Castle—Is sent to France—Her Return—Her Marriage—Murray's Rebellion—Birth of James VI.—His Coronation—His Accession to the English Crown—Genealogy of the Stuarts—General Monk takes the Castle—National Records seized and carried off—Prince Charles invests Stirling, which is relieved by the Duke of Cumberland—The Prince's Army defeated at Culloden—Romantic Anecdote—His Death—Flora Macdonald; Benignity of George IV. towards her—Anecdote of Colonel Graham—Coast Defences of Scotland—Visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in 1842; their enthusiastic Reception; Interesting Particulars connected with that auspicious Period—Ramsay of Barnton's memorable Feast to the Poor, &c.

THE town and castle of Stirling bear a singular resemblance to the city and castle of Edinburgh.

Stirling is situated upon a considerable elevation, which gradually rises from the east, and terminates abruptly in a steep rock, upon the summit of which stands the castle, in all its ancient majesty.

The propinquity of the sister fortresses (they are only about 35 miles apart), combined with the striking similitude which they bear to each other in aspect and natural situation, is at once remarkable and interesting, as there is no other place in the wide range of Great Britain which can be aptly compared to either of them. Ancient Athens, indeed, was a type of both; and the resemblance of Edinburgh to that

renowned city, especially, has been emphatically dwelt upon by Dr. Clark.[1]

"Stryveling," the ancient name of the town and fortress of Stirling, is supposed to have been derived from the words *strife*, and *lyn* (river). It having been a frontier town, and a key to the northern section of Scotland, from the fifth until the end of the tenth centuries, sometimes in the possession of one conterminous power, sometimes in that of another, it might well be regarded as justly characterised by a name of that etymon. Monkish writers have denominated it *Mons Dolorum* in similar allusion to it as being a scene or mount of strife. Stirling is also called in ancient writings Snawdown, *the fortified hill on the river;* and Worcester, in his "Itinerary," no doubt to distinguish it from the other Snowdon, there states, "Rex Arthurus custodiebat le round table, in Castro de Styrlyng, aliter Snowdon, West Castle."[2]

Sir David Lindesay of the Mount thus addresses Stirling in his "Dying Papingo" (peacock):—

> "Adieu, fair *Snawdoun*, with thy touris hie,
> Thy Chapel-royal, Park, and *Table Round!*
> May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee
> (Were I ane man) to hear the birdis sound,
> Qhilk does against the royal rock resound."

Gough, in his edition of Camden, published in 1789, notices another round table, which existed at Windsor Castle, probably that instituted by King Edward III. in the year 1344, who proclaimed in Scotland, France, Germany, Spain, and other foreign countries, that he designed to revive the round table of King Arthur, offering free conduct and courteous reception to all who might be disposed to attend the *jousts* at Windsor Castle. But Philip de Valois, the French king, was so stung with jealousy at this festival, that he not only prohibited his subjects from attending, but proclaimed a similar round table to be held at Paris, which at last so far eclipsed the English festival as to induce the king to establish instead of it the memorable Order of the Garter, a step no less politic than dignified, and which produced the most powerful incentives to the valiant and chivalrous knights.

The site of Stirling Castle was early occupied as a Roman fort; Agricola raised certain fortifications on this rock, and took possession of it as a military station, prior to his passing the river Forth, and invading Caledonia.[3] In support of this authority, we find that a Roman military causeway runs through Stirling from the south, and pursues its direction

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[1] Golconda is also similarly situated.

[2] Worcester's Itinerary, p. 311.

[3] Hector Boethius.

northwards from the opposite side of the river. Sir Robert Sibbald has preserved an inscription which was upon the rock opposite the old gate of the castle, a view of which is given at the beginning of this description:—"IN EXCV: AGIT: LEG: II."; of which the reading is stated to be, In excubias agitantes legionis secundæ, *i. e.* "For the daily and nightly watch of the second legion."[1] There are few places in Scotland where monuments of antiquity are so frequently met with as in this county, which has been the scene of so many memorable transactions. But to enter into and pursue an account of these remarkable vestiges would exceed the limits of this work.

When national enmity had long subsisted between the Scots and Picts, and had risen to so great a height in the ninth century that one of those races must fall, several fierce and sanguinary battles were fought before this castle till it was finally decided who was to give the law to Scotland. In one of these battles, fought near Stirling, Kenneth II., who at that time occupied the throne, commanded the Scotch army, which he had assembled in order to avenge the death of King Alpine his father, who, having been taken prisoner in a former action, had been basely murdered by the Picts. Before Kenneth had time to march from the place of rendezvous, his army was attacked by the Picts, aided by some auxiliaries from England: the battle was fierce and bloody; but the victory at last fell to Kenneth, who, pursuing the flying enemy with great slaughter, drove many of them into the Forth, in which they were drowned.[2]

As the castle and town of Stirling were at that time in the hands of the Picts, the rendezvous of Kenneth's army and the battle must have been upon the north side of the river, and by some are supposed to have been near the church of Alloa, where several large stones still stand, intended, no doubt, to commemorate some important event, and probably this action. There are many such stones in the shire, but none are of such apparent antiquity. Two stones stand in the field near Stirling, where Randolph, Earl of Murray, and Lord Clifford, the English general, had a sharp encounter before the great battle of Bannockburn.

The conjecture as to the actual spot of Kenneth's triumph is confirmed by the fact of there being a tract of ground in the neighbourhood, which from time immemorial has gone by the name of *Camus Kenneth*, *i. e. the field or creek of Kenneth*, upon which stood the noble monastery of the same name, situated a mile north-east of Stirling, upon the north bank of the Forth, in a sort of peninsula formed by the winding of the river. On the death of Kenneth, in 855, he was succeeded by his

[1] Sibbald's Roman Antiquities, p. 35.

[2] Hector Boethius, lib. x.

brother, Donald III., a prince described by some as valiant and wise, but by others as utterly wicked. Early in his reign the kingdom was invaded by two Northumbrian princes, Osbrecht, and Ella, who advanced as far as Jedburgh. Here Donald encountered them, and after an obstinate and bloody battle, obtained a complete victory. Pushing, however, his advantage no farther than making himself master of Berwick-upon-Tweed, he took up his station there in imaginary security, deeming himself quite safe from a foe he had so recently vanquished and put to flight: but the Northumbrians, apprised of his imprudent posture, by a hasty march surprised the fortified place and dispersed the Scotch army so lately victorious, making their king prisoner. Improving so signal a victory, they instantly marched northwards, subduing all the country before them as far as Stirling. The Scots, stripped of both their king and their army, sued for peace, which they only obtained by paying a large sum for the ransom of their king, and yielding up all their dominions south of the Forth, including Stirling, to the Northumbrians, and those to the south of the Clyde, from Dumbarton, to the Cumbrians.

The Northumbrians, taking possession of their newly acquired dominions, rebuilt the Castle of Stirling, and occupied it with a strong garrison. They also built a stone bridge over the Forth, and on the top of it raised a cross with the following doggerel inscription:—

"Anglos a Scotis separat crux ista remotis,
Hic armi Bruti; Scoti stant hic cruce tuti!"

The ancient seal of the borough has on one side a bridge surmounted by a cross and part of this motto around it; on the reverse a castle and trees, representing the castle and forest of Stirling, with the motto, "Continet hoc nemus et castrum Strivilense."

The victorious princes, Osbrecht, and Ella, in 866 met with a sudden change of fortune in their attack upon the city of York, then occupied by the Danes, having both perished.

Stirling Castle, having been in the possession of the Northumbrian Saxons for a period of twenty years, was, together with the whole country south of the Forth, restored to the Scots on condition of their assisting the Saxons in repelling the Danes, who were then obtaining the mastery over them.

About the close of the tenth century, Kenneth III., when informed that the Danes had invaded his kingdom, appointed Stirling Castle as the rendezvous of his army, and in 975 he fortified the fords of the Forth.[1]

[1] Chalmers' Caledonia, i., 394. Nimmo's History of Stirlingshire, vol. i.

It was on this occasion that the king marched from Stirling to the famous battle of Luncarty, where he entirely defeated the invaders.

We must not imagine that in those times the "*Castrum Strivilense*" bore any resemblance to a structure adapted, as the modern fortress is, to the use of fire-arms. Its size and form probably resembled those ancient strongholds which, under the feudal system, the English and Scotch barons were wont to erect upon their lands for a secure habitation, and which in those barbarous ages they fortified for their defence against invaders as well as their nearest neighbours; and such an ancient structure is the "Castrum Strivilense" on the ancient seal of the borough.

In the twelfth century this fortress assumed a more imposing and extensive aspect than that of the ancient Gothic structure erected by the Northumbrians, and is spoken of as a place of great importance.

In 1174, William the Lion was taken prisoner in an unsuccessful expedition into England, where he remained in captivity until he agreed to pay a great ransom, and as a pledge delivered into the hands of the English the four principal fortresses, Stirling, Edinburgh, Roxburgh, and Berwick, besides promising to do homage to Henry II. for his whole kingdom.

It is worthy of remark that this was the first great ascendancy that England obtained over Scotland; and indeed was the most important transaction between the kingdoms subsequent to the Norman conquest.

Richard I., that "robbed the lion of his heart!" sold the superiority of Scotland for 10,000 marks to enable him to pursue his crusade against Jerusalem, and at the same time he restored the four fortresses which his father Henry II. had extorted from the captive monarch.

In 1212 William the Lion held his parliament in Stirling Castle. Previous to his death, he desired to be removed to Stirling for the benefit of the air; and here he breathed his last.

At this time lived Thomas Learmont of Earlstown, called Thomas the Rhymer. The day before the king's death he prophesied to the Earl of March "that before to-morrow at noon such a tempest should blow as Scotland had not felt for many years." Next forenoon proved remarkably fine; and the Earl said to him, "Learmont, thou art a false prophet." He answered, "Noon is not past." Meanwhile an express arrived to inform him of the king's sudden death. "This is the tempest I foretold," said Learmont, "and so it shall prove to Scotland."

The extinction of the royal line of Scotland, by the death of Alexander III., who was killed in the prime of life by a fall from his horse, at Kinghorn, in Fife, in March, 1285, created such confusion as

brought the kingdom to the very brink of ruin. The next heir to the crown was a princess, scarcely three years old, grandchild to Alexander, by his daughter who had been married to the King of Norway; and this infant, called the Maiden of Norway, was immediately acknowledged queen by the states, who at the same time established a regency during her minority. Her death, however, in 1290, threw the whole kingdom into consternation, and left the succession overwhelmed in perplexity. The history of the different competitors for the empty throne upon this occurrence is foreign to our present purpose. John Baliol, and Robert Bruce, grandfather of the future monarch of that name, were generally allowed the priority of title; and they both agreed, with the consent of the Scottish nobility, to refer the decision of it to Edward, the King of England—thus furnishing him with an opportunity of gratifying his ambition. Instead of acting as arbiter, Edward's first step was to call in question the independency of the Scottish crown. He seized the public archives, and destroyed many historical monuments, because they proved the antiquity and freedom of Scotland.

The Scots were partly so blind to their interest, partly so intimidated, that at first they silently submitted to Edward's pretensions, and endured many acts of oppressive usurpation without any vigorous efforts of resistance. At this critical period a patriot hero stepped forward to assert the liberty and independence of his country. This champion was Sir William Wallace, a man of noble mind and uncommon bodily strength. He beheld with bitter and indignant regret the fetters worn by his countrymen, and by his manly daring and glorious example rekindled the almost expiring embers of liberty, and, from a volunteer for the freedom of his country, became one of the greatest generals of that or any other age.

Many places in Stirlingshire are still memorable for having been the scenes of his exploits. Torwood was his favourite rendezvous, where is still to be seen an aged oak, which is said to have afforded a lodging to him and his trusty friends.

Wallace and his army were in the neighbourhood of Stirling when the Earls of Surrey and Sussex and Hugh Cressingham were sent by Edward to suppress the insurrection, and with an army of fifty thousand foot and one thousand horse made their appearance before Stirling. The Scotch army was posted near Cambuskenneth, on a hill called the Abbey Craig. The two armies continued in full view of each other, on the opposite banks of the river. The English sent two Dominican friars to offer peace to Wallace and his followers upon their submission. Wallace replied that the Scots had come thither to fight, not to treat; that their country's freedom was the great object they had in view,

which they were prepared to defend; and concluded by challenging the English to advance. This answer so provoked the hostile commanders, that they immediately prepared to cross the river by the bridge, which was then of timber, about half a mile above the present bridges. One Lunday, however, strenuously opposed this measure, and pointed out a neighbouring ford, suspecting that Wallace had some stratagem in contemplation before he would risk a battle with so small a force; no regard, however, was paid to Lunday's counsel, and the English continued to cross, from the dawn till eleven o'clock, two abreast, without any impediment. At this time the Scots advanced to attack those who had got across, and also sent a strong detachment to stop the passage. This they effected, and caused so great a confusion amongst the English, that many upon the bridge, in attempting to return, were precipitated into the river and drowned. Some authors affirm that the wooden fabric gave way by the weight, or rather by a stratagem of Wallace, who, guessing that the enemy would pass the bridge, had ordered the main beam to be sawn so artfully that the removal of a single wedge should cause the downfall of the fabric, and had stationed a man underneath, in a basket, in such a manner as that he could, with safety to himself, execute the design at the preconcerted signal, which was the blowing of a horn.[1]

This feat being accomplished, numbers fell into the flood, and those who had passed were vigorously attacked by Wallace.

They fought for some time with great bravery, under the command of Sir Marmaduke Twenge, an officer of courage and experience. The Scots at first made a feint of retreating, but soon facing about, gave the enemy a vigorous onset, while a party, who had taken a compass round the Abbey Craig, fell upon their rear. The English were at last entirely routed, and five thousand of them slain. Sir Marmaduke Twenge, with the rest, falling back to the river, crossed it with much difficulty. Cressingham was amongst the slain, having early passed the bridge in great confidence of victory. He was Lord Treasurer of England; and his rapine and oppression having rendered him detestable to the Scots, they disgraced their victory by treating his remains with indignity.

This was the most complete victory that Wallace had ever gained in a regularly fought field.

The Earl of Surrey, who, with the rest of the English army, was upon the south side of the river, beholding what they could not help,

[1] Buchanan, lib. viii. Blind Harry, Book vii.

retreated southward, but not before they had set fire to the broken bridge to prevent a quick pursuit from the victors. He was suddenly harassed, however, in his march, by the Lord High Steward of Scotland and the Earl of Lennox, who came upon him from behind the neighbouring mountains, where they had been posted in ambush. Wallace, too, having speedily crossed the Forth, soon joined them, and, coming up with the main body of the retreating army at Torwood, commenced a sharp action. The Scots obtained another victory, and Surrey himself escaped with great difficulty to Berwick, a distance of 100 miles, his horse being so fatigued as to be unable to eat.

The castle of Stirling, which had been left garrisoned by Sir Marmaduke Twenge, being evacuated, Wallace after the battle went with sundry of his friends into the fortress.[1]

After the battle of Falkirk, in 1298, Wallace found it necessary to burn the town and castle of Stirling, to prevent their again falling into the hands of the English. Edward, when he advanced to Stirling, found it in ruins, and had to take up his lodgings for two weeks in the convent of Dominican friars. The fortress was then ordered by Edward to be repaired and strongly garrisoned; but he did not long retain possession of this important place, for in the following year it was recovered by the Scots.[2]

In 1300 Edward laid siege to the castle, when Sir William Oliphant defended it for three months, but at length capitulated. It was held by the English till 1303, when the Scotch leaders, having compelled its surrender, restored Oliphant to his former command.

Edward, when he entered Scotland, to procure the outlawry of Sir William Wallace and Simon Fraser, took the castle by storm, and sent the brave garrison to different prisons in England, and Sir William Oliphant, the governor, to the Tower of London.

The heroic Wallace still remained unsullied in warlike fame and unconquered in spirit. On his arrival at Perth he resigned his office of protector, dismissed his army, and returned into private life. Nevertheless, he was betrayed by Sir John Monteath of Ruskie, who had sworn fealty to the English king, and was carried in fetters to London, where he was cruelly condemned and executed on the 23rd of August, 1305, and his head set up on London Bridge.

Wallace's memorable defence is worthy of record; he insisted that he was not born the subject of the English king, nor had he sworn allegiance to him, but, unshackled by engagement, had levied war in support of his country's freedom.

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[1] Holingshed; Scottish Chron., Arbroath, 1806, 4to., vol. i., p. 422; Nimmo's History, vol. i.
[2] Hemingford.

The English now held Stirling Castle for ten years, till after the battle of Bannockburn.

In 1306, Robert, surnamed the Bruce, grandson of Baliol's competitor, was crowned King of Scotland. In the absence of the Earl of Fife, whose hereditary privilege it was to crown the king, the earl's sister, the Countess of Buchan, performed the ceremony. Edward degraded himself by imprisoning the countess in a wooden cage, in Berwick Castle, where she died thus confined.

Edward II. pretended the same claim upon the kingdom of Scotland which his father had assumed, and, after several unsuccessful attempts to maintain his supremacy, he resolved by one decisive blow to reduce a nation which had so long resisted him.

Having borrowed immense sums from the abbeys and monasteries, to defray the expenses of so important an expedition,[1] he assembled, in the spring of 1314, the most numerous army that had ever crossed the borders of the sister kingdoms, composed of different nations, including the crown vassals of England, Ireland, and Wales, and amounting in all to above one hundred thousand effective men, exclusive of a huge multitude of attendants, who came in the hope of plunder. Sir Walter Scott has given a poetical charm to this mighty muster in the following stanza :—

"And not famed England's powers alone,
Renown'd in arms, the summons own;
For Neustra's knights obey'd;
Gascogne hath lent her horsemen good;
And Cambria, but of late subdued,
Sent forth her mountain multitude;
And Connoght pour'd from waste and wood
Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
Dark Eth O'Connor sway'd."[2]

Edward marched northward with uncommon ostentation, and in full confidence of victory, having ordered his fleet to attend him by sea with provisions, and appointed public prayers to be offered in all churches and monasteries throughout his dominions.[3]

Bruce, apprised of Edward's formidable preparations and approach, raised an army of thirty thousand men, an armament which bore a very small proportion to that of England, but which was composed of soldiers inured to war, and carrying on the points of their swords liberty, honour, and everything dear to man.

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[1] Rymer's Fœdera, vol. iii., p. 431.

[2] Lord of the Isles, Canto VI. See also note from Rymer's Fœdera, for a list of the Irish chiefs, twenty-six in number.

[3] Rymer's Fœdera, vol. iii.

With this little force Bruce took up his station at Stirling, and deliberately awaited the approach of the enemy.

The two armies first beheld each other in the month of June, and on the evening of the 24th was fought, under the walls of the castle, the battle of Bannockburn, in which the Scots obtained a victory the most celebrated of any which the annals of the kingdom have recorded.

As this action is intimately connected with the history of Stirling, a brief account of it may not be uninteresting; happily, the union of the kingdoms of Great Britain has rendered such contests matters of curiosity rather than of serious concern. The Scottish army posted themselves on ground previously chosen, behind the small stream of the Bannock, remarkable at this place for its steep and rugged banks. They occupied several eminences on the south and west of the present village of Saint Ninian's. Upon one of the summits of these eminences, now called *Brock's Brae*,[1] is a stone sunk in the earth, with a round hole about four inches in diameter, in which it is said that Bruce's standard was fixed, in close proximity to the royal camp. This stone, which is pointed out to the inquisitive stranger, is known amongst the country people by the name of the *Bore-stone.*

The English army encamped on the north of the Torwood. About Upper Bannockburn and in the Moor of Plean, in the neighbourhood of the ancient Roman causeway, pieces of broken pots and other vessels have been found; and upon the rocks near the surface marks of fire have been discovered, where it is supposed the soldiers had cooked their provisions. Their camp stretched so far north as to occupy part of the Carse of Stirling. So vast a multitude must have covered a large tract of country.[2]

Thus the two armies lay facing each other, at about a mile's distance, with the streamlet running in a narrow valley between them.

At this time Stirling Castle was in the hands of the English, but had received no relief from Edward for a considerable time. The day before the battle, a fine body of cavalry, consisting of about 800 men, was despatched from the English camp to the relief of the castle. King Robert was the first to perceive them marching through the low grounds. Randolph, Earl of Moray, instantly pursued them with 500 foot, and, coming up with them in the plain, where the modern village of Newhouse now stands, commenced a sharp action in sight of both armies and of the castle. Much valour was displayed on both sides, and for some time victory was doubtful. The English, however, were

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[1] Badger's acclivity. [2] Barbour.

ultimately defeated with great slaughter, and Randolph and his followers returned to their camp covered with dust and glory, amidst the acclamations of the excited army of their compatriots. To perpetuate the memory of this victory, two large stones were erected on the field at the north end of Newhouse, about a quarter of a mile from the south port of Stirling.

This triumph imparted fresh spirits to the little army of the Scots, and inspired such general ardour through their camp, that the night, though one of the shortest and most serene, seemed "like a foul and ugly witch," to "limp so tediously away."

This scene is thus beautifully alluded to in the *Lord of the Isles*:—

"It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
Demyat smiled beneath her ray;
Old Stirling's tower arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay.
Ah! gentle planet! other sight
Shall greet thee, next returning night!"

Edward, exasperated by the defeat of his detachment, and aware of the chilling impression which it would make upon his army, was resolved, without further parley, to decide the contest by a general action on the following morning. When

"King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
Of light eclipse the gray,
And heard the raven's croaking throat
Proclaim the fatal day,"

he gave orders for battle.

Both armies were early in motion. Religious sentiments on the part of the Scots were blended with military enthusiasm, and a solemn mass was performed by Maurice, Abbot of Inchaffray, who administered the sacrament to Robert and the great officers about his person; while the inferior priests performed the like offices to the rest of the army. Then, after a sober repast, they formed in order of battle on a tract of ground now called Touchadam, which lies along the declivity of a gently rising hill, one mile due south from the castle.

The ground was most judiciously chosen. On the right there was a range of steep rocks, whither the baggage-men retired, and which from this circumstance continues to be called "Gillies' Hill," *i. e. Servants' Hill.* In front of the army were the steep banks of the rivulet Bannock; upon the left lay a morass, now called Milton Bog, part of which is a mill-pond. It being then the middle of summer, the bog was nearly

dried up, and Robert had recourse to stratagem to secure himself from an attack in this quarter. He had previously ordered pits to be dug in the morass and fields on the left, covering the pits with green turf, and supporting the surface by stakes, so as to exhibit the appearance of firm ground. Calthrops were also scattered there, some of which have been found from time to time by the country people. By this means Bruce's army may be said to have been completely entrenched.

The Scotch were drawn up in three divisions, extending nearly a mile in length along the brink of the stream. The right, which was stationed on the highest ground, was commanded by Edward Bruce, the king's brother. The left was posted on the low ground near the morass, under the direction of Randolph. The king himself commanded the centre. Mention is also made of a fourth division, commanded by Walter, Lord High Steward of Scotland, and by Sir James Douglas, and was held as a general reserve.

The English were fast approaching in three great bodies, led on by Edward in person, and by the Earls of Hereford and Gloucester. Their centre was formed of infantry, and the wings, of the cavalry, many of whom were armed *cap-a-pee.*[1] Squadrons of archers were also posted upon the wings and at certain distances along the front. King Edward was attended by two knights, Sir Giles de Argentine and Sir Aimer de Vallance, who "rode at his bridle."[2]

An incident happened before the action which led to important consequences and served to inspire additional ardour into the Scottish army. King Robert, who was but indifferently mounted, carrying a battle-axe, and distinguished by a crown on his bassenet helmet, rode before the lines, regulating their order; when Sir Henry de Bohun, an English knight, came galloping furiously up to engage Bruce in single combat, expecting by this act of chivalry to end the contest and reap immortal fame.

But this enterprising champion, having missed his aim, was instantly struck dead by the Scots king, who dealt the blow with such force as to shiver the handle of his battle-axe.[3]

The English now began the action by a vigorous charge upon the left wing, near the spot where the bridge is now thrown over the river,

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[1] "A capite ad pedem," from head to foot.

[2] A phrase used in those days.

[3] "Sir Henry de Boun, the worthy,
That was a wight knight and hardy,
And to the Earl of Harford cousin,
Armed in arms good and fine,
Came on a steed." BARBOUR.

at the small village of Charterhall. It was only near this that the water could be crossed in any degree of order. A large body of cavalry advanced to the attack in front, while another made a compass to fall upon the flank and rear; but before they could come to close engagement, these assailants fell into the snares that had been prepared for them. Many of the English horses were instantly disabled, by sharp iron spikes penetrating their feet and bodies; while others tumbled into the concealed pits, thus overthrowing both horses and riders.

Pieces of harness, spurs, remnants of armour, and broken spears, have been frequently dug out of the bog.[1]

Randolph well knew how to improve an accident, the occurrence of which he had confidently anticipated. Taking immediate advantage of the disorder and surprise into which the enemy had been so dexterously thrown, he charged them with the utmost vigour. The battle by this time was raging along the front, and was maintained with desperate valour on both sides; a strong body of the English cavalry charged the right wing of the Scots, which Edward Bruce commanded, with such irresistible fury that he must have been quite overpowered, had not Randolph hastened to his assistance. Now commenced

> "the din of battle bray,
> Lance to lance, and horse to horse."

The conflict was at the hottest, and it was long uncertain on which side victory would terminate it. The English charged with undiminished vigour; the Scots received them with inflexible intrepidity, each man fighting as if victory depended on his single arm. But an occurrence at this critical moment took place, which some historians have represented as an accidental sally of patriotic enthusiasm, while by others it is alleged to have been a premeditated stratagem of King Robert's, which suddenly altered the face of affairs and turned the scale of victory in favour of the Scots.

About 5000 servants and attendants of the Scottish army, who had retired with the baggage, previous to the battle, behind the adjoining hill, suddenly made their appearance in martial order, some on foot, others mounted on the baggage-horses, displaying on poles sheets and blankets instead of banners, and descended the hill towards the field of battle with hideous shouts; and the English, naturally mistaking them

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[1] A spur so found was in the possession of Captain William Monro, who gave a drawing of it for Nimmo's "History of Stirlingshire," in 1817. The accompanying woodcut is copied from the captain's drawing.

for a strong and fresh reinforcement of the foe, were seized with so great a panic, that they gave way and fled in irretrievable confusion. The Scots pursued and made frightful havoc among the routed English, especially in passing the ford, where, from the irregularity of the ground, it was impossible to preserve any degree of order amongst the fugitives. About a mile from the field of battle, on a small piece of ground which is still called the *bloody fold*, a party of English gallantly faced about and made a stand, but after dreadful slaughter the survivors of them resumed their flight. Great valour had been exerted on both sides; but this signal victory was the more honourable to the Scots, as it was obtained over a powerful and well-disciplined army, of undoubted courage and skill.

The remains of the vanquished English army were scattered all over the country; many fled to the castle; while others, attempting to ford the Forth, were swept away by the torrent.

King Edward himself escaped with difficulty; retreating from the field, he attempted an entrance to the castle, but was dissuaded by the Governor, as he was of opinion that the fortress could not long be defended against the victors. Taking, therefore, a compass to elude the vigilance of the Scots, he made his retreat homeward, accompanied only by fifteen of his nobles and a small body of cavalry. He was closely pursued by Sir James Douglas, who, with a party of light horse, kept upon his rear; and he was on the point of being made prisoner, when he was received into the castle of Dunbar by Gospatrick, Earl of March, who was in the English interest; and thence he escaped to the English coast by sea in a fisherman's boat.

Edward's previous confidence of success, and the manner of his escape, are strikingly similar to the ostentatious parade with which Xerxes invaded Greece, and the woful plight in which that haughty despot effected his retreat back to his Asiatic dominions.

We have stated elsewhere that, however much the wars between the two kingdoms, when they were separate, may have kindled the patriot's fire, or inspired the poet's pen, we desire not, on looking back on the patriotic ages of our native land, to stigmatize the English monarchy. No! we heartily subscribe to the good old song:—

"Let us think how our ancestors rose,
Let us think how our ancestors fell:
The rights they defended, and those
They bought with their blood, we'll ne'er sell.
Let the love of our QUEEN'S sacred right
To the love of our country succeed;
Let friendship and honour unite,
And bloom on both sides of the Tweed!"

The castle of Stirling was afterwards surrendered to the Scots, but the garrison were allowed to pass unmolested into England. Mowbray, the son of the Governor, however, was so won over by the civilities of Bruce, that he entered his service, and ever after proved a faithful adherent to his new sovereign.

SPUR FOUND ON THE FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN.—No. 8.

In 1336 the castle of Stirling, repaired and occupied by Edward III., was besieged by Sir William Douglas and Sir Andrew Moray, the friends of David Bruce, when Edward relieved it in person. Sir Robert Keith Marishal, one of the chief heroes of Bannockburn, was killed on this occasion. The following year the castle was blockaded, and again relieved by Edward; and in 1339 it was captured by Bruce's friends.[1]

King James I., after his return from captivity, and on his accession to the throne, exhibited an early prepossession in favour of Stirling as a royal residence, probably from the similitude which this "royal rock" bore in point of situation and prospect to the venerable towers of Windsor, the place of his captivity and courtship, and where he spent the early portion of his life so happily for himself and so beneficially for his country. This king erected the oldest parts of the present fortress.

About the year 1434 King James had ordered Sir Robert Graham, a powerful chieftain, to prison. The knight was subsequently liberated but disgraced, on which he proposed a meeting of the chief men, to represent their grievances to the king, and in the next parliament Graham with great emotion approached the royal seat, laid his hand on the king, and said, "I arrest you in the name of all the three estates of your realm; for as your people have sworn to obey you, so you are

[1] Fordun; Hemingford.

constrained by an equal oath to govern by law, and not to wrong your subjects, but in justice to maintain and defend them." Then, turning round to the assembly, he exclaimed, "Is it not thus as I say?" The members, probably from awe of James's presence, remained silent; and the energetic sovereign ordered Graham to prison. Graham, who inveighed bitterly against those who were pledged to support him, was soon after banished, and his estates were forfeited. From the farthest highlands he defied the king, and threatened that he would with his own hand end the life of a tyrant, and give the crown to Sir Robert Stewart, Atholl's grandson. James offered a reward for Graham alive or dead. Atholl, and Robert his grandson, were at the Court of Perth, in the convent of Black Friars, in the evening of 20th of February, 1437. The company kept it up till a late hour, drank the parting cup, and had dispersed, when Graham, with about 300 men, entered the garden. The king was in his bedchamber, standing before the fire in his night-gown, conversing gaily with the queen and her ladies, when he heard the noise as of armed men, and perceived the blaze of torches. The queen and her ladies, suspecting treason, ran to the chamber door, but found that the locks had been spoiled. The king, attempting to escape by the windows, found them barred with iron. With the fire-tongs he pulled up a board in the floor, and, dropping into an apartment destined to a far different purpose, had the board replaced. The only window in this retreat had by his own order been blocked up with stone three days before, to prevent the entrance of the tennis-balls. Here, however, he might perhaps have remained safe, had not his impatience betrayed him. Thinking that the search had ceased, he called to the ladies to bring sheets to draw him up out of his uncomfortable durance. In the attempt Elizabeth Douglas fell through the trap; which being discovered, one of the assassins descended with a torch, and saw the king and the lady, and, in allusion to the ostensible reason of the search, a *match* for Sir Robert Stewart, exclaimed, "Sir, the bride is found for whom we have sought and carolled all night." One of his associates then leaped down with a dagger, but was seized and trodden under foot by the king. Another followed, and was similarly received. James, however, had in vain endeavoured to wrest a dagger from either of them, and was wounded in his hands, so as to be incapable of further defence. Graham now also descended; and, on the king's imploring mercy, vociferated, "Thou cruel tyrant! thou hadst never mercy upon thy noble kindred nor others; so look for none." James besought him, for his soul's salvation, to let him have a confessor. Graham retorted, "Thou shalt have no confessor but this sword," and stabbed him. Seeing the king prostrate, he in some degree relented, and was

about to withdraw, but his comrades insisted on his completing his intention, and James's body was pierced with a number of stabs. They now sought the queen's life, but she had escaped. Graham made good his retreat to the highlands; but he and many of his associates in less than a month were captured and imprisoned in Stirling Castle, where they were tortured and afterwards put to death.[1]

Stirling was the birthplace of James II., who, on the murder of his father, was put under the tutelage of Sir Thomas Livingston, who had at that time the keeping of the castle.[2] The young king, by the contrivance of the Lord Chancellor, was afterwards kept prisoner in the castle of Edinburgh, until the queen-mother, resolved on re-transferring the charge to Livingston, succeeded in bringing him back to Stirling by sea.[3] He was, however, soon after seized by the Chancellor while hunting in the woods near the castle, and reconducted once more to his former place of durance.

We have recorded a deed of blood done on the person of his father at Perth; and we now come to notice another murder, which fixed an indelible stain upon the reign of James II., his son—a murder perpetrated in violation, it is said, of his writ of safety.

The royal apartments were then in the north-west angle of Stirling Castle: the closet in which the murder was perpetrated is still called "*Douglas's room.*" The following account of the mutual atrocities of Douglas and the king will impress the reader with no favourable opinion of either of those personages.

Earl Douglas had entered into a confederacy with the Earls of Crawfurd, Ross, Moray, and Ormond, against the Crown, and into which he had forced the greater part of his own vassals. One M'Lellan, however, a near relation of Lord Gray, a gentleman of high character and much respected, being obstinate, he was seized by Douglas and conveyed a prisoner and confined in the dungeon of Threave Castle, one of the strongholds of the Lords of Galloway. Sir Patrick, Lord Gray's son, to save his captive friend, arrived at this castle with a mandate for his liberation from the king, and was convivially entertained. After dinner Sir Patrick Gray presented the king's letter. His host received it with every apparent mark of respect, and said he was much indebted to him for bringing him so gracious a letter from his Majesty; adding, with seeming calmness, "The demand shall be instantly granted, and the more readily for your (Sir Patrick's)

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[1] Pinkerton's History, i., 462. Scottish Historical Library, chap. iii.
[2] Chalmers' Caledonia, vol. ii., p. 569.
[3] Historical Description of Edinburgh Castle by the Author.

sake." He then took Sir Patrick by the hand, and led him to the castle green, where something lay, with a cloth thrown over it. Douglas, removing the cover, said, "Sir Patrick, you have come too late; this is your sister's son, but he wants the head: take his body, and do with it what you will." "My Lord," replied Gray, in anguish, "since you have taken the head, you may dispose of the body." Then, calling for his horse, and mounting, he said to the earl, "My Lord, if I live, you shall be rewarded for your present labour according to your merits." Douglas, on this threat, pursued him to the gates of Edinburgh, and Gray only escaped M'Lellan's fate by the fleetness of his steed. But retribution soon followed the murderous deed.

James called a secret council to deliberate on this wanton assassination; and it was resolved to induce Douglas to come to court by the promise of amity on condition of his future good behaviour;—and accordingly he was ultimately prevailed upon to visit Stirling Castle.

The king, who observed the same courtesy as Douglas had done to Sir Patrick Gray, took him into a secret chamber, where only some of the privy council and guard were in attendance. He then informed Douglas of his knowledge of the league with Crawfurd and others, and desired him to break off such unlawful engagements. Douglas pertinaciously refused, and upbraided the king with having driven him to that measure; when the king, no doubt justly incensed at the contumacy and insolence of Douglas, replied, "If *thou* wilt not break it, *I* will," and he instantly struck his dagger into the earl's breast.[1] Sir Patrick Gray, who was the captain of the guard, hearing the noise, made his appearance, and, actuated by a spirit of revenge for the death of his kinsman the unfortunate M'Lellan, struck him dead with his battle-axe.[2]

This assassination was the cause of a civil war that was productive of much devastation and bloodshed. James Earl of Douglas, brother and successor of the earl who had been slain, assembled his friends and vassals with a design to invest the castle; but, finding themselves too weak for the enterprise, they departed, proclaiming the king a perfidious traitor, and dragging through Stirling a paper purporting to be the king's writ of safety, tied to a horse's tail. They returned soon after with an additional force, and repeated the same contemptuous exhibition and insolence towards the king; but James remained on the defensive, and they again retired, after plundering the town and setting it on fire.

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[1] Ackman's History of Scotland, vol. ii., p. 154.
[2] Nimmo's Hist. of Stirlingshire, vol. ii., p. 679.

James III. re-erected several structures in the castle which had fallen to decay. He built the magnificent parliament-hall, 120 feet long. This hall was for ages the chief ornament of the castle, and unquestionably of the palace, properly so called. This stately building is of the quadrangular form, and contains, in the midst of it, a small court, which was formerly occupied by the royal menagerie, and which in consequence is still called the lions' den. One apartment in the quadrangle went by the name of the King's Room, or the Presence Chamber. The roof of this apartment was completely covered by a series of rich carvings in oak, which were long regarded with wonder and admiration. The great weight of these ornaments occasioned the fall of one or two compartments of the roof about the year 1777; and as the idea of repairing the whole did not occur to the wiseacres of those days, the roof was recklessly pulled down, and the room converted into an additional barrack.

The oaken carvings—each of them had filled one of the compartments into which the roof was divided—were on this occasion dispersed amongst a variety of individuals. Some of these relics (so little were they valued) found their way to the jail; the parties who sent them there deserved to accompany them. In this ignoble place the taste of the prisoners found means to disguise these carvings by means of paint, and it is most probable that we should have never been able to trace them but for a fortunate accident which drew to them the attention of a talented and accomplished lady, who has executed drawings of the various carvings, which are published in an elegant book entitled "Lacunar Strevelense." Many of the carvings themselves have been distributed amongst several private individuals, but a considerable portion of them are still in the possession of the magistrates of Stirling, which serve to ornament the town-hall, which on that account is highly deserving of a visit.[1]

King James III. also erected the church of St. Michael in Stirling Castle into a college of secular priests, which he called "the Chapel Royal." This institution consisted of a dean or provost, a treasurer and sub-dean, a chanter, sub-chanter, and other officers belonging to such establishments; there were sixteen ecclesiastics and six singing boys belonging to it, being double the usual number, so that the one half should be ready to pass with the king wheresoever he pleased, to sing

[1] A very correct idea may be formed of these admirable specimens of ancient art, nearer home—Mr. James Campbell, of Beak Street, Regent Street, London, has his coffee-room embellished with casts of eleven of these medallions, the oak being so exquisitely imitated as almost to baffle detection; the most remarkable of which are Wallace, Bruce, Douglas, and three of the Jameses.

or play to him and hold him merry, while the other half remained at home in the chapel, to sing and pray for him and his successors.[1]

James was particularly attached to his palace of Stirling, in which he almost constantly resided, and secluded himself with his favourites so closely as to cut off all intercourse with his nobles and barons. The ministers of state had usually been chosen from amongst the nobility; but this monarch, from his fear or his hatred of them, or from a consciousness of his inability to maintain his dignity among them, seldom consulted his nobles in affairs of government, and frequently denied them access to the royal presence.

Dissatisfaction rose to indignation when the former councillors and companions of kings beheld every mark of the royal favour conferred upon Cochrane, a mason; Hommil, a tailor; Leonard, a musician; Torfifan, a fencing-master: persons whom James always kept about him, caressed with the fondest affection, and enriched with imprudent liberality.

To redress their numerous grievances, the barons had recourse to a method corresponding with the characteristic ferocity of the age. Unacquainted with the orderly method adopted in modern times of proceeding by impeachment, they seized upon James's favourites by violence, tore them from his presence, and, without any form of trial, executed them. The tailor alone escaped the fate of his companions.

James felt the gross insult thus offered to him to such an extent, that, instead of relinquishing practices which had given so great offence to the barons, who had, by a concurrence of causes, become so powerful that they were able to shake the throne, he made choice of new favourites, who became still more offensive than the former ones, and consequently excited still greater detestation on the part of the barons. Matters came at length to an open rupture. A party of the nobility took up arms; and having, by persuasion or force, prevailed upon the king's eldest son, then a youth of fifteen, to join them, they, in his name, raised their standard against their sovereign.

James at first shut himself up in Edinburgh Castle, until, by the arrival of his northern subjects, whom he had summoned to his assistance, he should be in a condition to take the field. As, however, Stirling was considered more convenient for the rendezvous of the northern clans, he was advised to go thither; but upon his arrival he was excluded from the castle by James Shaw of Sanchie, the governor, who favoured the insurgents. While deliberating on what step to take

[1] Lindsay of Pitscottie.

at this unexpected juncture, intelligence was brought that the disaffected lords, at the head of a considerable army, had advanced to Torwood. His only alternative was therefore either to make his escape by going on board Admiral Wood's fleet, stationed in the river Forth, near Alloa, or to engage the enemy with what forces he had already collected. Though by no means distinguished for courage, he resolved on encountering the foe. The two armies met upon the east of Sanchie Burn, about one mile from the famous field of Bannockburn, and two miles south from Stirling. The king was armed cap-a-pee, and mounted on a stately horse presented to him by Sir David Lindsay, who assured the king that he might at any time trust his life to the animal's agility and sure-footedness, provided he could keep his seat.

The king's forces at first gained an advantage, and drove back the enemy's first line. These, however, being soon supported by the borderers, who composed the second, not only recovered their ground, but pushed the first and second lines of the royalists back on the third.

Any little courage of which James was possessed quickly forsook him. He put spurs to his horse and galloped off, with the view, as is conjectured, of getting on board Admiral Wood's fleet, which lay in sight at the distance of five miles. As he was on the point of crossing the Bannock, at the small village of Milltown, a mile east of the field, a woman happened to be drawing water, and observing a man in armour gallop full speed towards her, and being alarmed for her safety, left her pitcher and ran off. The horse, starting at sight of the vessel, threw his rider; who was so bruised with the fall and the weight of his armour as to faint away. As the disaster had happened within a few yards of a mill, the miller and his wife carried the unfortunate horseman thither; and, though ignorant of his name and rank, treated him with great humanity, and administered such cordials as their house afforded. When he had somewhat recovered, he called for a priest, to whom, as a dying man, he might make confession. Being asked who he was, he replied, "I was your king this morning."

Some of the insurgents, who, having observed James's flight, had left the battle to pursue him, now came up to the spot; and, as they were about to pass in their pursuit, the miller's wife, wringing her hands, entreated, that, if there was a priest in company, he should stop and confess his majesty.

"I am a priest," said one of them, "lead me to him;" and being introduced, he found the king lying in a corner of the mill, covered with a coarse cloth; and approaching on his knees, under pretext of reverence, asked him whether his majesty thought he could recover if he had surgical help? James replied in the affirmative, when the ruffian, pull-

ing out a dagger, stabbed him several times in the heart.[1] The place where this atrocity was committed is well known to the people in Stirling by the name of Beaton's Mill, so called from the person who then possessed it. The mill, which is now converted into a dwelling-house, is still standing; the lower parts of the walls are the same which received the unfortunate monarch. The reparations which it has undergone appear to have been done in such a manner as to perpetuate the memory of this tragical event.

After the king's flight, his troops continued to fight with great bravery, but at last, finding themselves unable to stand their ground, and discouraged by a rumour of James's death, they retreated towards Stirling.[2] This battle was fought on the 11th of June, 1488, and was called, by diplomatic authority, "The field of Stirling."[3]

The prince, who, before the battle, had given strict charge regarding his father's safety, heard the rumour of his death with great emotion; but it was not until some days after that he obtained a certain account; for, if any of the confederate lords were in the secret, they had kept it carefully to themselves.

The corpse of the king was carried to the castle, where it lay until interred, which was performed with all due honour in Cambuskenneth, near his deceased queen, who had died a short time before.[4] The spot of the interment is still shown, but no monument or tribute to the memory of the ill-fated monarch is to be seen.

The confederate lords endeavoured to atone to James IV. for their treatment of the late king by their loyalty and duty towards his son, whom they instantly placed upon the throne, and the new king was acknowledged by the nation. Sir John Lundie was appointed Governor of Stirling, instead of Shaw, whose late treachery had rendered him detestable even to the party whose interest he had served.

As a penance for the unnatural part he had acted towards his father, James IV. ever afterwards wore an iron girdle next his skin, adding a link to it every year.

James spent a considerable portion of his time at Stirling. His amusements were varied according to the fashion of the times. Tournaments were held in the valley beneath, and archery was then universally practised. In 1504 there is an entry in the treasurer's books of fifty-six shillings "paid to George Campbell, gardener at Strivelin, to

[1] Lindsay of Pitscottie.

[2] Pinkerton's Hist., i., 334. Hist. of Stirlingshire, vol. i.

[3] Bannockburn had a better claim to that title, which has only served to confuse historians, three important battles having been fought near the town.

[4] Pitscottie.

beg the bow-buttes in Strivelin, furth of the garding beside the stable." The butts were two mounds of earth, erected at a proper distance from each other, whereupon the marks were set. The king also practised the cache and playing at bowls. The cache was a common game in the fifteenth century, and seems to have been little different from the ordinary game of ball, as now played against the wall, called cage-ball. Deer-hunting and hawking were the king's favourite field-sports.

James IV. was killed at the fatal battle of Flodden, as already mentioned in the preceding history of Linlithgow.

King James V. was born and crowned at Stirling; and its chief ornament, the palace, all of hewn stone, with much statuary-work upon it, was built by that monarch. Its form is square, with a small court in the middle, where the king's lions are said to have been kept, and which still goes by the name of the "*Lions' Den.*" Gough, who visited the castle, states, that the palace was begun by James V., and finished by Mary, in a singular style of architecture, neither Grecian nor Gothic. Emblematical figures are placed in wreathed balustrade pillars, on pedestals supported by grotesque figures, under something like Gothic arches, and in the pediments of the windows.[1] The figures of James V. and his daughter Mary are among the statues, and, however imperfectly executed, they impart a noble interest to the structure. The palace contains many large and elegant apartments. The ground floor is now the barrack-room for the soldiers of the garrison, and the upper portion affords lodgings for the officers.

Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,[2] whose name appears so frequently in the history of the Jameses, was born about 1490, and, after serving King James V., when that monarch was a boy, as a sewer, carver, cupbearer, purse-master, chief cubicular, in short everything, bearing him as an infant upon his back, and dancing antics for his amusement as a boy, was appointed to the important office of Lord Lyon King-at-Arms; and died in 1555. The principal objects of Lindesay's satires were the clergy, whose habits, before the Reformation, left him ample scope and verge withal. As a state officer and long a servant to the king, he used little delicacy in exposing the abuses of court patronage, and by his various burlesques he is said to have largely contributed to the progress of the Reformation in Scotland. Of the dexterity with which Lindesay could point a satirical remark there are many instances on record.

Alike celebrated for his courage as his wit, he was no stickler at ceremony when in the mood. On one occasion, when the king was

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[1] Camden, vol. iii., Additions. [2] "The Mount" Cupar—Fife.

surrounded by a numerous train of nobility and prelates, Lindesay approached the monarch with due reverence and solemnity, and began to prefer an humble petition to be installed in an office which was then vacant. "I have," said the knight, "servit your grace lang, and luik to be rewardit as others are; and now your maister taylor, at the plesure of God, is departit; wherefore I would desire your grace to bestowe this little benefit upon me." The king replied, that he was amazed at such a request from a man who could neither shape nor sew. "Sir King," rejoined the poet, "that maks nae matter, for you have given bishopricks and benefices to mony ane standin heir about you, and yet they can nouther teach nor preach; and why may not I as weil be your taylor though I can nouther shape nor sew? seein teachinge and preachinge are nae less requisite to thir vocation than shapinge and sewinge to ane taylor."

James V. was rather an eccentric monarch. North-west of the castle, and leading to the town, is a steep path, the remains of a Roman causeway—*Ballochgeich*, or *Ballengeich*.[1] James, who often travelled through the country in disguise, under pretext of discovering thieves and robbers, when asked who he was, usually called himself "the guid-man of Ballochgeich." Numerous anecdotes are recorded of the king's adventures while he thus rambled incognito through his kingdom.

The first proprietor of Arnprior, of the name of Buchanan—a place in Perthshire, in the parish of Kippen, and about eleven miles from Stirling—requested a carrier to let him have part of his load at a price; but he was told that the articles were for the king. "Tell him," said Buchanan, "if he is King of Scotland, I am King of Kippen, and need some of my royal brother's provisions;" at the same time compelling the carrier to deliver to him what part of them he required. James, relishing a joke, resolved to wait on his neighbouring Majesty of Kippen, and did so one day with a small retinue. Demanding admittance at the palace of Arnprior, he was refused by a tall fellow holding a battle-axe, who told him there was no admission till his master had finished dinner. "Tell your master," said James, "that the guid-man of Ballengeich humbly requests an audience of the King of Kippen." The laird, guessing the quality of his guest, received his Majesty with appropriate honours, and became so great a favourite, that he had leave to draw on the carrier in future for what he pleased, and was kindly invited, as "King of Kippen," to visit his brother monarch at Stirling Castle.

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[1] Ballochgeich, i. e. "a hidden hollow." Leading to the old postern gate of the castle; on the eastern side was the Roman inscription already noticed. See Vignette.

Another anecdote is told of King James:—Being benighted during a hunting excursion, he entered a cottage on the moor of Alloa, and, though unknown, was treated with all possible hospitality; the guid-wife was ordered to bring for the unknown stranger's supper the "hen that roosted nearest the cock, which was always the plumpest." When departing next morning, he invited the landlord to Stirling Castle, and bade him call for the good man of Ballengeich. Donaldson (this was the host's name), having availed himself of the invitation, made his appearance, and afforded great amusement to the court. James created him King of the Moors, and his descendants, for many years, retained a cottage and piece of ground; and each successive representative of Donaldson was known by the title of King of the Moors.[1]

On the 13th of December, 1542,[2] James V. died at Falkland, of a broken heart, after his defeat at Solway Moss. He was succeeded by his daughter Mary, when the infant princess was only eight days old; and James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, the nearest of kin to the infant queen, was declared Regent of Scotland.

Mary of Lorrain frequently held her court and parliaments in the castle.

In 1559 the Lords of the Congregation assembled at Perth, and, understanding that she intended to plant a strong garrison of the French in Stirling, to stop their passage across the Forth, prevented the design by taking possession. The abbey of Cambuskenneth and the convents of Black and Gray Friars were demolished by the sallies of an irregular zeal.

Here also a treaty was entered into with Henry VIII. of England, by which Mary Stuart was to be sent, when ten years old, to England, to be in good time married to Edward, the son of that king; a treaty which was afterwards declared null and void by the Scottish parliament.

On the 16th of September, 1543, Mary Queen of Scots, being then eight months and eleven days old, was crowned in Stirling Castle by Cardinal Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's. The Earl of Arran carried the crown on that occasion, and Lennox the sceptre.

A numerous assembly of the states, then present, appointed this castle the residence of the royal minor, and committed the alternate keeping of her person, and superintendence of her education, to the Lords Graham, Lindsay, Erskine, and Livingstone.

In April, 1544, in order to effect or promote the rough wooing of Mary

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[1] John Donaldson, the last *monarch* of the moors, died at Ballochlean, in Stirlingshire, about thirty-six years ago, aged 93, and preserved till the day of his death the chair in which the king sat on the occasion above described.

[2] In this chronology of dates the old style is used.

for Prince Edward, the English army entered Scotland, under the command of the Earl of Hertford; when the abbey and palace of Holyrood were nearly reduced to ashes by the ruthless fury of his unprincipled soldiery. The war continued for about two years.

Meantime Mary received the first elements of her education at Stirling from two ecclesiastics, who were appointed her preceptors during the greater part of 1545, 6, and 7, until after the disastrous battle of Pinkie. It was then resolved to remove the young queen from Stirling to Inchmahome, an inaccessible isle in the lake of Monteath, on which were a castle and monastery. John Erskine, prior of the monastery, was at this time one of Mary's preceptors. The queen-mother, in order to enliven the gloom of this sequestered retreat, selected four ladies of rank as Mary's companions and playmates, all of whom bore the Christian name of the queen: these were Mary Beaton, niece of the cardinal; Mary, daughter of Lord Fleeming; Mary Livingstone, daughter of the young queen's guardian; and Mary, daughter of Lord Seton: and these amiable and accomplished ladies thus began a duty which ended only with their mistress's life.[1]

Here for a time ends the connexion of Mary with the castle we are now describing. In September, 1561, after her return from France, Mary set out on her progress through the principal towns in her kingdom. She had no wheeled carriage, and the horses which formed the cavalcade were chiefly purchased at Stirling; her Majesty's horses and mules having been intercepted and detained by Elizabeth.

It was during this visit that a circumstance occurred which had nearly proved fatal to the queen. She had retired to rest; and as she lay in bed asleep, a candle left burning beside her couch set fire to the curtains; and had not the light and heat speedily awakened her, and caused her immediately to exert her own presence of mind, she might have been burnt to death. The populace said at the time that this was the fulfilment of a very old prophecy, That *a queen should be burnt at Stirling*. Fortunately Mary escaped death by fire, as she had formerly escaped from poison: so that the prophet made a slight mistake.

Mary was residing at Stirling in April, 1564, when the Countess of Lennox, daughter of Margaret, eldest sister of Henry VIII., solicited her hand for the countess's son, Lord Henry Darnley, of the house of Stewart: that family was of no ignoble extraction; for Bancho, an eminent Scotch lord, who lived in the year 1040, was their ancestor; and whose grandson, Walter, assisted William the Norman at the

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[1] *Vide* description of Inchmahome.

battle of Hastings, in 1066. Afterwards, retiring to Scotland, he was created hereditary Great High Steward, from which office he and his posterity assumed the surname *Stewart*,[1] as was customary in those times.

It was about the beginning of 1565 that Darnley followed the queen to Stirling, where he was taken ill with the measles. The queen's solicitude about his health was viewed with malignant eyes; and, in May following, Throgmorton, the English ambassador, arrived before the gate of Stirling Castle, while the queen and her nobles were sitting in convention on her marriage, and was introduced into her presence by the Lords Erskine and Ruthven. The queen heard his remonstrances, which were made in a tone of dictation, with the utmost patience; disclaiming, at the same time, any precipitancy or rashness. She then returned a spirited reply to Queen Elizabeth, and on the same day she created Lord Darnley a knight, Lord of Ardmannah, and Earl of Ross. Elizabeth, in the mean time, arrested the Countess of Lennox, and summoned her husband and son to return to England on pain of confiscation.[2] The Duke of Argyle, and the Earls of Murray and Glencairn, immediately retired to their own houses for a time, in order to concoct the dangerous project of a civil war.

Meanwhile Mary was busy in adjusting and securing her marriage against foreign intrigues and domestic factions, and almost constantly resided at Stirling. In June following she departed for Perth, in company with Darnley and her usual train of attendants, and remained there about a month. Murray and the Dukes of Chatelherault and Argyle, being assured of Elizabeth's protection, formed a plot to prevent the marriage of the queen, and to place Murray at the head of the government; and on the 3rd of July the conspirators endeavoured to seize the queen, near the church of Beith, on the road from Perth to Callendar; but having obtained information of the plot, she escaped by passing much earlier than they expected; and on the 29th, having received the approbation of the King and Queen of France, Mary was married to Darnley in the chapel-royal of Holyrood House.

In October following, the Scots queen, at the head of 18,000 men, drove the conspirators from Dumfries, where they had taken up their quarters, and compelled them to seek protection in England from the Duke of Bedford, who had advanced as far as Carlisle. Murray fled to London, where he was gruffly received by the treacherous Elizabeth.

During these proceedings, Darnley, regardless of what he owed to

[1] Mary Queen of Scots first altered the orthography to *Steuart*.

[2] Keith, p. 278.

the love of the queen, who had sacrificed the tranquillity of the nation on his account, gave himself up to all sorts of excesses, and overwhelmed her with humiliations and unworthy treatment.

On the 19th of June Queen Mary was delivered of a son, afterwards King James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England, in the castle of Edinburgh.

When the time of her confinement was past, the queen left Edinburgh and sailed along the Forth to Alloa House, the residence of the Earl of Mar, where she was reconciled to Darnley: she then went into Perthshire, and was again at Stirling on the 22nd of September, 1566, where the court had assembled, bringing with her the young prince, who is described by Le Croc, the French ambassador, as being a very fine child, and as thriving so well, that, by the time of his christening, the godfathers would feel the weight of him in their arms.[1]

About the end of September the queen removed to Edinburgh on account of public business.

The prince, being committed by the queen to the Earl of Mar, was occasionally brought to live at Alloa during his boyhood, but his general residence was the castle of Stirling, of which Lord Mar was hereditary keeper. The subsequent Earl of Mar standing in the same relation to Prince Henry, son of King James, this accomplished youth spent his boyish days there, occupying, perhaps, the same cradle, and using the same implements for his childish games. A cradle of rude but massive construction, formed to rock upon suitable curves, together with a baby's chair, were long shown in Alloa House, as the cradle of the *infant Solomon*, as also a golf-club, said to have belonged to Prince Henry, his son.

CRADLE OF JAMES VI.—No. 9.

Prince James was to be baptised in Stirling Castle on the 15th

[1] Keith, 345. Chalmers, vol. ii., p. 222.

of December, 1566. Great preparations were made on this occasion; couriers were despatched to the courts of England, France, and Savoy, and ambassadors soon after arrived from each of these potentates, to countenance the baptism and festival. A convention of the estates munificently granted 1000*l.* sterling to defray the expense of the ceremonial.

The Earl of Bedford, ambassador from the Queen of England, arrived with a vast retinue, and brought as a gift a font of gold, weighing no less than two stone, which was used for the ceremony. Monsieur Le Croc had come over from the French court, and also the Count of Briane, as ambassador of the queen's relative, the Duke of Savoy, who was uncle to Mary's former husband. Many of the nobility of Scotland were also present on the occasion.

Till the ceremony of baptism took place, the queen gave splendid banquets every day to the ambassadors and their suites. At one of these an awkward disturbance occurred, which serves to illustrate the manners of past times. There seems to have existed some jealous rivalry between the English and French envoys, upon points of precedence; and Mary, on the whole, was inclined to favour the English. It happened, however, that at the banquet in question a kind of mummery was got up by one of Mary's French servants called Sebastian, who was a fellow of a clever wit. He contrived a piece of workmanship, in the shape of a great table; the mechanism of which was so ingeniously arranged, that upon the doors of the great hall, in which the festival was to be celebrated, being thrown open, it moved in, apparently of its own accord, covered with delicacies of all sorts. A band of musicians, arrayed like maidens, singing and accompanying themselves on various instruments, surrounded the pageant. It was preceded by what was the cause of offence—a number of men, dressed like satyrs, with long tails, and carrying whips in their hands. These satyrs were not content to ride round the table, but they put their hands behind them to their tails, wagging them in the faces of the Englishmen, who imagined that the whole was done in derision of them. Several of the suite of the Earl of Bedford, conceiving themselves thus mocked, as they thought, by the satyrs "wagging their tails or rumples," were so exasperated that one of them told Sir James Melville, if it were not for the queen's presence "he would put a dagger to the heart of the French knave Sebastian, who, he alleged, did it for despite that the queen made more of them than of the Frenchmen." The queen and Bedford, who knew that the whole was a mere jest, had some trouble in allaying the wrath of the hot-headed Southrons.

In the midst of these festivities, Mary had various cares to perplex her, and various difficulties to encounter. When she first came to Stirling, she found that Darnley had not chosen to go, as usual, to the castle, but was residing at a private house. He left it, however, upon the queen's arrival, and took up his residence with her in the castle.[1]

But Darnley's sentiments towards Mary's ministers were unchanged. It was impossible to prevail upon him to treat them with any degree of courtesy. Surrounded by gaieties, he continued sullen and discontented, shutting himself up in his own apartment, associating with no one except his wife and the French ambassador Le Croc, for whom he contracted a sort of friendship.

On the day appointed for the baptism, the prince was removed from his chamber in the palace, to the chapel-royal, by the French ambassador, through a passage lined on each side by the nobles of Scotland. The ambassador was followed by four lords of the Romish persuasion: the Earl of Atholl, bearing the great wax cloth; the Earl of Eglinton, the salt; the Lord Semple, the *cude* (face-cloth); and the Lord Ross, the basin and ewer.

At the entrance to the chapel the infant prince was received by Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, accompanied by the Bishops of Dunkeld, Dunblane, and Ross; the prior of Whitehorn; several deans and archdeans; and the singers of the chapel in their sacerdotal habiliments. The prince was held up at the font by the Countess of Argyle, in name, and by the special appointment, of the Queen of England. The baptismal ceremony was performed by the archbishop, who named the prince James Charles. His names and titles were then proclaimed by the heralds with flourish of trumpets. The whole service was Romish, with the slight exception of the spittle, which appears to have been prohibited by the queen. Notwithstanding, however, the pomp and circumstance which attended the ceremony, the Scottish Protestant nobility could not be prevailed on to enter the chapel-royal; but stood outside along with the English ambassador, until the ritual was completed. The Duke of Bedford afterwards observed, that, out of twelve earls present, only two countenanced the ceremony. The Countess of Argyle, for having acted so prominent a part, was summoned before the general assembly of the reformed church, and, professing her sorrow, was appointed to do penance for what was considered an offence to the religious profession.[2]

Darnley, from motives and considerations for which we are unable

[1] Bell's Life of Mary, vol. ii., p. 4. Anderson, vol. ii., p. 271.
[2] Spottiswood; Melville's Memoirs.

to account, refused to be present at the baptism of his son. Buchanan assigns a very ridiculous reason for this extraordinary absence—that "the tailors and embroiderers had neglected to provide him proper clothes;" but it is more probable that, having learnt that Bedford and his retinue had received express orders from Elizabeth not to address him by the title of king, which it was inconsistent with his honour to be denied in his own court, he had possibly judged it expedient not to appear. It may be mentioned, however, that Darnley, previous to the baptism of James, had betrayed a sullen temper; he had cruelly insulted Mary by the share he took in the murder of Rizzio, and had openly threatened to leave the kingdom. Stirling was his principal residence at this juncture. The house occupied by him still stands, and looks up Broad Street.

After the ceremonial was concluded, the queen, and the English and French ambassadors, sat down to an elegant feast, served up in the Parliament hall, into which the second course was brought in a chariot machine, accompanied by a musical band.

Monsieur le Croc, in writing to the Archbishop of Glasgow, Scottish resident ambassador at Paris, gives the following interesting account of the circumstances connected with this august ceremony:—

"The baptism took place on Tuesday last, here at Stirling, when he got the name of Charles James. It was the queen's pleasure that he should bear the name of James, together with that of Charles (the King of France's name), because she said all the good kings of Scotland, her predecessors, who have been closely allied with the name of France, were called by the name of James. Everything, I assure you, was done at the baptism according to the form of the holy Catholic church. The king (Lord Darnley) had still given out that he would depart two days before the baptism; but when the time came on, he made no sign of removing at all; only he still kept close to his own apartment. The very day of the baptism he sent three several times desiring me either to come to see him or appoint an hour that he might come to me in my lodging.[1] So I found myself obliged to signify to him that, seeing he was in no good correspondence with the queen, I had it in charge from the most Christian King of France, my master, to hold no conference with him; and I sent to tell him, likewise, that as it would not be very proper for him to come to my apartment, because there was such a crowd of company there, so he ought to be aware that there were two passages to it, and if he should enter by the one, I should feel myself compelled to go out at the other.

[1] Stirling Castle.

"His bad deportment is incurable,[1] nor can there be any good expected from him for several reasons, which I might tell you, were I present with you. I cannot pretend to tell how it may all turn out; but I will say, that matters cannot subsist long as they are, without being accompanied by many bad results.

"The queen behaved admirably well at the time of the baptism, and showed so much earnestness to entertain all the good company, in the best manner, that in the mean time she forgot all her indisposition. I am however of opinion, that she will give us some anxiety yet. I cannot be brought to think otherwise, so long as she continues so pensive and melancholy. She sent for me yesterday, and I found her laid on her bed and weeping sore. She complained of a grievous pain in her side, and from a concurrence of evils it chanced that the day her majesty set out from Edinburgh to this place she hurt one of her breasts on the horse, which she told me is now swelled. I am much grieved for the many troubles and vexations which she meets with.—From Stirling, 23 December, 1566."

At the departure of the Duke of Bedford, the English ambassador, he was presented by Mary with a chain of diamonds, valued at two thousand crowns; his retinue were also honoured with presents.

Darnley and Mary kept their Christmas at Stirling; he afterwards visited his father at Glasgow.[2] Mary, during his absence, visited Drymen, near Lochlomond, and afterwards returned to Stirling. In January, 1567, she went to Edinburgh: this appears to have been her last visit to that royal fortress.

After Mary's resignation of her kingdom, while a prisoner in the picturesque solitude of Lochleven, in 1567, the nobility, gentry, and burgesses met at Stirling, on the 29th of July, where they crowned her infant son, James VI., then about thirteen months old. The Earls of Morton and Home gave a promissory oath in name of his infant majesty, that he should profess and maintain the reformed religion, and govern the kingdom accordingly. On their return to the castle, Atholl carried the crown, Morton the sceptre, Glencairn the sword of state, and Mar the young king.[3]

The castle of Stirling was the chief residence of James VI. during his minority. It was here he received the first elements of his education, under four preceptors—the celebrated George Buchanan; David

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[1] Doubtless his dissipated habits are here alluded to.

[2] Supposed to have been Croockston, the seat of the Dukes of Lennox, about three miles from Glasgow.

[3] Spottiswood; Crawford's Memoirs.

Erskine, Commendator of Dryburgh; Adam Erskine, Commendator of Cambuskenneth; and Peter Young. The care of his person was committed to the Countess of Mar, and Sir Alexander Erskine of Gogar, the late regent's brother.[1]

At twelve years of age, James VI. assumed the royal authority; and when he was twenty-three, he married the Princess Anne, second daughter of Frederick II., King of Denmark and Norway, by the Princess Sophia of Mecklenburgh. He came to the crown of England in 1603, when he was in his thirty-fourth year. Thus the lines of Egbert and Fergus, the founders of the English and Scotch nations, were united in King James, the first of that name in England, and the sixth in Scotland, his unhappy mother being the daughter of James V., who was the son of James IV. by the Princess Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII. of England, whose *male* issue being extinct in Queen Elizabeth, the *female* had taken place.

The first parliament, after James had assumed the reins of government, met in the great hall of the castle, in 1578, on which occasion a party of the nobility were so highly displeased at the preference given to Stirling as the place of meeting, instead of Edinburgh, that they openly protested against it. The discontented lords declined attending parliament, and publicly affirmed, that the king was detained captive by the Regent Morton, who still remained with James, and who is said to have considerably influenced his councils.

This declaration, however, was flatly contradicted by royal proclamation, wherein it was expressed, that "it was the king's own desire to remain at Stirling, and be served by the Earl of Mar, with whom he knew his surety was greater than he should be in at the devotion of those who caused the present trouble."[2]

The memory of James has been loaded with reproach for neglecting his captive mother; but this matter is at once set to rest, by the fact that he attempted to correspond with his persecuted parent, and that his letters were intercepted. A letter has come to light, written by James in his seventeenth year, which never reached his mother, having been intercepted by the spies of Elizabeth, and proves how eager that queen was to sow dissension between the mother and son. It is copied from the Sadler papers.

"Madam, I am startled at receiving no answer from you touching the articles which I sent you so long ago, by our cousin of Lennox. At times I consider it proceeds from the troubles which have since prevailed

[1] Fugitive Essays of the Earl of Buchan, p. 294.
[2] Spottiswood.

in this country, of which I have nevertheless fully informed you, taking the opportunity by this ambassador, whom I sent to France, to the king and our cousin of Guise. At all events fail not, with as much diligence as possible, to send me your opinion on the said articles.

"Be assured, in the adversities which I have sustained for love of you, I have never failed of, or been turned from, my duty and affection towards you, but, on the contrary, it greatly increases and augments with every trouble which I have. Always I would make appear to you that I know my duty to you, as much as any son in the world towards his mother. Meantime I pray you without delay let me have your opinion of the said articles, and at the same time employ me in aught I can do for your pleasure or service;—at least let me show you my good will; and if it please God to second our affairs and intentions, he will add also success. I pray send to our cousin of Guise that he will use all in his power with our ambassador in our affairs.—From *Stirling*, 8th November (supposed 1583), from your son,

"JAMES."

Mary's confidential secretary, having been recommended by Queen Elizabeth, was, no doubt, the creature of her ministers; there is, therefore, no wonder that Mary's letters were constantly intercepted, years before her final tragedy at Fotheringhay.

On the 19th of February, 1593, Stirling Castle was again destined to be the scene of much festivity. Anne, Princess of Denmark, and queen of James VI., was delivered in it of her eldest son, after a previous unfruitful union between the royal pair of more than five years. The castle in consequence became, at the baptism of the royal infant, the scene of the most splendid and expensive pageant that had ever been witnessed in Scotland. In his joy at the birth of an heir, James resolved that the ceremonial should be performed with unwonted magnificence; and the convention of the Estates, sympathising with his feelings on an event which might have influenced the future well-being of the kingdom, voted him the then unprecedentedly large sum of one hundred thousand pounds Scots for defraying the charges of the baptism, while James in person went vigorously to work with the preparations. It was at this time that he caused James III.'s chapel to be pulled down, and a new edifice, larger and more handsome, to be erected on its site. While James was personally superintending the multitude of workmen employed in preparing for the spectacle, the ambassadors of England, France, Denmark, the Low Countries, Brunswick, and Magdeburgh, with the Scottish court, were entertained with daily tournaments, balls, masques, banquets, and other exercises and recreations. At

length the new chapel-royal was completed and finished. It was hung with the richest tapestry, and decorated with an immense profusion of embellishments. Besides a splendid chair of state in the north-east angle for the king, there were seats and desks sumptuously apparelled for the ambassadors, and overhung with the emblazonments of their respective nations. On a space enclosed by a rail, and having the pavement covered with fine tapestry, stood the pulpit, overhung with cloth of gold.

All things being ready, on the 19th of February, 1593-4, the king and his officers of state entered the chapel-royal, and David Cunningham, Bishop of Aberdeen, who had returned from his embassy to Denmark,[1] with David Lindsay, minister of Leith, on the one hand, and John Duncan, one of his majesty's ordinary chaplains, on the other, took their places at a table covered with yellow velvet.

The passage from the prince's chamber, which was in the palace, to the door of the chapel-royal, was lined with one hundred hag-butlers, composed of the young burgesses of Edinburgh, richly attired. The foreign ambassadors proceeded to the chamber of the royal infant, whom they found on a gorgeous bed of state, raised on a platform.

The dowager Countess of Mar, who had been appointed *gouvernante* to the prince, then ascended the platform, and making a profound obeisance on her approach to the bed, took up the infant and delivered him into the arms of the Duke of Lennox, who immediately placed him in those of the English ambassador, to be by him borne into the chapel-royal, whilst the Lords Sinclair and Urquhart bore the train of the baby's robe-royal of purple velvet; also a canopy was borne over the prince by the Barons Buccleugh and Dundee, Sir Robert Kerr of Cesford, and the laird of Traquair. The sacred utensils, including a silver basin, a towel, &c., were borne by other lords of the court, and also the ducal crown of the prince, richly set with diamonds and other precious stones. The procession moved forward at the sound of the trumpets, preceded by Lyon King-at-arms and the heralds, and followed by the Countess of Mar and the ladies of honour. Mr. Patrick Galloway mounted the pulpit, and, in allusion to the happy event, after years of an unfruitful union, chose for his text Genesis xxi. 1, 2: "And the Lord visited Sarah, as he had said, and the Lord did unto Sarah as he had spoken. For Sarah conceived and bore Abraham a son in his old age:"—thus making the queen an old wife and the pedantic king a venerable patriarch. The royal infant was baptized

[1] Keith's Catalogue, p. 78.

Henry Frederick, Duke of Albany and Prince of Scotland, which was proclaimed by the heralds in attendance.

After the ceremony, the king and queen, with the foreign ambassadors, the great officers of state, and the whole court, sat down to a sumptuous banquet in the Parliament House, which was visited by allegorical personages of every possible grade, introduced in chariots, cars, boats, and other machines, in the devising of which James had exerted all his learning and ingenuity, and exhibited not a little of his pedantry. Amongst these shows was the entrance of Neptune, Thetis, and Tritons, in a vessel moving upon wheels by means of invisible agency. The vessel was armed with thirty-six small brass pieces of ordnance, and, besides her mariners and fourteen musicians on board, was surrounded with syrens. The tackling and cordage were all of red silk, and the pulleys of gold. The sails were of white taffety, and the flags and streamers embroidered with gold and jewels. On the mainsail were emblazoned the joint arms of Scotland and Denmark, and the whole vessel was ornamented with pearls, corals, shells, and other marine productions. At a blast of tritons' shells and the pilot's whistle, the gaudy vessel entered the hall and made sail, firing her ordnance until she reached the royal table, where she delivered her precious cargo of sweetmeats in crystal glasses made of the shapes of various fishes, and elaborately ornamented in gold and azure.

It is incompatible with our limits to recapitulate all the pageantry and festivity which distinguished this joyous occasion, and of which there is a minute account in "Nimmo's History of Stirlingshire."[1]

In strange and striking contrast to such extravagant luxury and expenditure, we have a rare piece of information from the late Earl of Buchan, a nobleman to whom the literature and antiquities of Scotland are much indebted. In the archives of the Mar family, under a section

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[1] The cost of this pageant must have been immense. Queen Anne's love of jewellery knew no bounds: indeed, on account of her jewels and her dogs, she proved rather an expensive spouse. A considerable part of her jewels were supplied by George Heriot, jeweller to the king, whose account, in little more than ten years, amounted to nearly 40,000*l.* sterling. Her collection of rings was numerous and expensive. There is a notice in Pennant's Tour of the destination of one of them. In describing the pictures at Taymouth Castle, the seat of the Earl of Breadalbane, Mr. Pennant mentions the last Sir Duncan Campbell as having been a favourite of James VI., and not less so of Anne, who, after their accession to the English throne, often solicited by letter his presence at that court, and she sent him, as a mark of "innocent esteem," a ring set with diamonds, and ornamented with a pair of doves. In Heriot's account there are sundry charges for dogs' ornaments. In 1605, there is, among other charges for dog decorations, an item—for garnishing 5 dogs' collars, 19 ounces of silver, and silver lace for leashes. At Kensington Palace there is a full-length picture of the queen, surrounded by dogs, which she holds in leashes: a duplicate of the portrait was once at Blandford Park.

dedicated to *antique costume*, it is stated that "the royal charge (James) continuing under the nurture of his *governante* the dowager Countess of Mar," *as towards his mouth and ordering of his person*, had, in the dead of night, been seized with a colic. The ladies of honour were all summoned from their warm beds to attend his heeniss; when, as was remarked by the earl's author, "none of the ladies had any shifts, except the auld Countess of Mar, her ladyship being tender (sickly)."[1]

We would have questioned the authenticity of this statement had it not been brought to light by the Earl of Buchan, who would not have fabricated such a tale at the expense of subjecting the memory of his noble ancestress to vulgar ridicule. Linen, at all events, was certainly a very scarce commodity in those days; for, in 1579, the magistrates of Edinburgh were obliged "to borrow from all quarters *naperie* and linen for the strangers which should arrive with the queen; and the bailies had each to collect from his honest neighhours, giving his receipt for the same."[2]

Eleven parliaments were held in this castle—nine during the reigns of James I. and II., and two of James VI.; besides conventions and associations and conspiracies without number.

Stirling was soon after destined to less sprightly purposes. On James's accession to the English crown, in 1603, the castle of Stirling ceased to be a royal residence, the seat of government being now changed to the sister kingdom.[3]

The histories of the still separate and independent crowns of England and Scotland, after they were placed on one head, have frequently puzzled the English reader, who is apt to forget that James the First of England was also the Sixth of Scotland: we therefore deem it proper to trace this portion of the history of the Stuarts. This monarch was the common progenitor of the two families whose contentions for the throne of Great Britain fill a portion of the subsequent period.

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[1] Fugitive Essays by the late Earl of Buchan, Edin., 1812, p. 290. Naude in his history affirms that in the reign of Charles VII. (who lived about the time of our Henry VI.), the queen alone could boast of *two shifts*. Literary Register, p. 160.

[2] Reception of the Kings and Queens of Scotland, by Sir Patrick Walker, Usher of the White Rod, 1822, p. 19.

[3] Robert Burns, who was at heart a Jacobite, in allusion to this ancient palace, then under repair, wrote the following lines on the inn window, in 1787:—

"Here Stuarts once in glory reigned,
The laws for Scotia's weal ordained;
But now unroofed the palace stands,
The sceptre swayed by foreign hands,
The Stuarts' race is gone."

The concluding couplet is suppressed, the expression being *un peu trop fort*.

Charles I. succeeded his father in 1625: after a contentious reign of twenty-three years, he was beheaded in 1649.

Charles II., eldest son of Charles I., lived in exile for eleven years after the death of his father; but he was restored to the throne in 1660, an event which is commonly called the Restoration. Charles II. died without legitimate issue in 1685, and was succeeded by his brother James, who had previously borne the title of Duke of York.

James VII. of Scotland and II. of England was fifty-three years of age when he succeeded to the throne. In his youth he had, as Admiral of England, shown a talent for business and great nautical skill, but his character was now marked by symptoms of premature dotage. A devoted and bigoted Catholic, he attempted to establish, as a maxim, that he could do whatever he pleased by a proclamation of his own, without the concurrence of Parliament. His obstinacy and infatuation in this purpose rendered it necessary for all parties in the state to seek his deposition.

By a coalition of Whigs and Tories, it was resolved to call in the assistance of William, Prince of Orange, his nephew and son-in-law. William accordingly landed in the south of England, in November, 1688, with an army of sixteen thousand men, partly his own native subjects and partly English refugees. As he proceeded to London, James was deserted by his army, by his friends, and even by his own children; and in a confusion of mind, the result of fear and offended feelings, he retired to France, where he died in 1700. A convention parliament then declared that James had abdicated, and resolved to offer the crown to William and his consort Mary. This event is called the Revolution of 1688.

William III., son of Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I., who had married his cousin Mary, eldest daughter of James II., was then placed upon the throne, while King James remained in exile in France. Mary died in 1694, and King William remained sole monarch till he died in 1702, in consequence of a fall from his horse, leaving no issue.

Anne, second daughter to King James II., was then placed upon the throne. James having died in France, leaving a son, also named James, born in England, only about two years of age, the heir of his unhappy fortunes. This personage, known in history by the epithet of the Pretender, but more properly by his *incognito* title, the Chevalier de St. George, continued an exile in France, supported by his cousin Louis XIV. and by the subsidies of his English adherents. Anne, after a reign of thirteen years, distinguished by excessive military and literary glory, died without issue, on the 1st of August, 1714. During the life of this queen the crown had been destined by act of parliament to the nearest Protestant heir, Sophia, Electress of Hanover, daughter of

Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the daughter of King James VI. of Scotland. Sophia, however, having pre-deceased Queen Anne, it descended to her son George, Elector of Hanover, who accordingly came over to England and assumed the sovereignty, to the exclusion of his cousin the Chevalier de St. George.

George I. was scarcely seated on his throne when an insurrection was raised against him by the partisans of his rival: it was suppressed, however, and he continued to reign till his death in 1727, a period of thirteen years.

George II. succeeded to the crown on the death of his father. Meanwhile the Chevalier de St. George had married Clementina, granddaughter of John Sobieski, the heroic King of Poland, by whom he had a son, Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir, born on the 31st of December, 1720, the hero of the civil war of 1745, and another son, Henry Benedict, born in 1725, afterwards known as Cardinal York.

James VII. was himself a man of weak character, but the courage and enterprise of Sobieski were conspicuous, for a season at least, in his eldest son, whose romantic intrepidity in 1745-6 did all but retrieve the fortunes of his family.

Having traced the genealogy of the Stuarts, we return to the history of Stirling, in which nothing important occurs until 1651, when General Monk besieged and took the castle from the royalists. He erected batteries in the building ground of the borough, from which, by a well directed fire, he reduced the fortress, which contained five thousand stand of arms and a rich booty. The more ornamental parts of the palace, and the Franciscan tower, display the marks of the discharge of artillery at that siege. The national registers, which had been recently lodged for safety in the castle, were seized by order of Cromwell, and were sent to London by General Monk, where they lay in the Tower until after the Restoration. On their return to Scotland by sea (an absurd piece of economy) they were lost. That these records were multifarious is proved by an act of parliament in 1661, which states that part of the cargo of documents, viz., eighty-five hogsheads, had during the storm been shifted from the Eagle frigate to another vessel, and shortly after both ships sunk.[1]

In 1715 the rebels endeavoured to possess themselves of the castle of Stirling, but were prevented by John, Duke of Argyle.

In 1745 Prince Charles Edward, the elder son of the Chevalier St. George, then in his twenty-fifth year, adventured another insurrection. His person was tall, genteel, and graceful; his manners free and

[1] Rapin, vol. ii., p. 586. Nimmo's History, p. 153, 1794.

affable; his spirit brave, generous, active, and enterprising. He had the nobleness of a Sobieski, without the timidity of a Stuart. He succeeded entirely in winning the hearts of those who devoted themselves to his cause. Aware of their partiality to everything they considered national, he adopted the customs peculiar to the country; he wore the highland dress, and lost no opportunity of conversing with the highlanders in their own language: in short, there was something so winning and interesting in his manner, that even those who refused their aid could not help wishing him success.

On the 5th of January, 1746, the insurgent army, headed by Prince Charles, closely invested the town of Stirling with their main body; while the Earl of Kilmarnock was posted with a strong detachment at Falkirk, eight miles south of Stirling, to cover the siege, which was carried on so vigorously against the town, that the magistrates surrendered the gates on the 8th. But Major-General Blakeney was determined to defend the castle to the last extremity, and the besiegers suffered prodigiously by the continued fire of the besieged. After the battle of Falkirk, the inspirited rebels returned to Stirling, and recommenced the siege: they raised a battery of 16-pounders, 8-pounders, and 3-pounders, between the church and Mar's buildings, which were destroyed by the artillery of the garrison. On the 27th of January they erected a battery, consisting of three pieces, on Gowling Hill, and another of similar power on Lady's Hill, and opened them both on the 29th. Many of the besiegers were killed by the incessant fire from the castle. But such were their determination and intrepidity, that it must have eventually surrendered for want of provisions, had not William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland,[1] by his approach towards Stirling, induced the highland army to retreat from the siege. In this movement they had to pass along St. Mary's Wynd, in going to and from Gowling Hill, and while passing an opening in their route were exposed to the cannon of the castle, purposely pointed in that direction. The more cautious crept hurriedly on all-fours, while the braver part of the army marched deliberately and in order. The town-people remarked that among the latter was the young Pretender, Prince Charles Edward.

The arrival of the Duke of Cumberland in Scotland animated the whole of the royalist army. On the 31st of January he marched to Linlithgow. On his approach the highlanders raised the siege, blew up their magazine of powder, and spiked their cannon; and, crossing the Forth at the ford of Frew, they made good their retreat. His royal

[1] Then in his twenty-fifth year; Charles Edward was only three and a half months older.

highness sent on the dragoons and Argyleshire men to take possession of Stirling, while he remained with the foot at Falkirk. At noon next day he entered Stirling, where he received the compliments of the brave General Blakeney and his officers, who were highly commended by the duke for their gallant defence of so important a fortress. Here the royal army was obliged to pause until the bridge was rebuilt, which being completed in two days, they marched to the decisive battle of Culloden, where Prince Charles's army was finally routed. This victory was so decisive, that it allayed all apprehensions on the part of the English government, and might have well mitigated the severities and persecutions which were used towards the adherents of the unfortunate prince. The gallant Charles, however, hunted from place to place, was the victim of extreme personal as well as mental misery, for five months; when, notwithstanding a reward of 30,000*l.* had been offered for his head, he made his escape, while the scaffolds were reeking with the blood of his best friends. His adventures are too well known to require rehearsal. The neighbourhood of Stirling is noted for the following scene:—When the prince reached Doune, he was hospitably entertained by the family of Newton. The sisters of the classic Colonel Edmondston performed the office of servants, dreading discovery by the household. Their relations, the Edmondstons of Cambuswallace, were present on this interesting occasion; and when Charles, about to depart, had graciously held out his hand, and the rest of the ladies respectfully kissed it, Miss Robina Edmondston, of Cambuswallace, desirous, it would seem, to have a more special mark of royal favour, solicited that she might have the honour "to pree his Royal Highness's mou." Deeming this a reasonable request, the gallant adventurer took her kindly in his arms, and kissed her from ear to ear; to the envy, doubtless, perhaps not unmixed with mortification, of the coyer beauties, who had contented themselves with a more moderate share of princely grace. It has been frequently remarked of the Stuarts, that they bore their misfortunes more bravely than their successes, and this appears to have been the case with Charles, who carried an air of cheerfulness with him, even when he was left only the heather-bush for a shelter and the cavern for a palace.

Charles, after his escape, returned to Britain in 1753, and was a second time in London, in 1761, when he visited the Tower and most parts of the metropolis.[1] Having privately gratified his curiosity, and his affection for his friends there, he returned quietly to the Continent. Towards the latter part of his life he had married a continental lady,

[1] His visit on this occasion was known to the Government. Hume's History.

and was known as Count Albany; but ultimately he fell a prey to chagrin, public and domestic; his misfortunes had driven him to a free use of the bottle, and the remedy proving worse than the disease, the once mild prince became the victim of passion to such an extent as to render his countess miserable, and to lead to a formal separation. On the 31st of January, 1788, Prince Charles Edward Stuart died at Rome, aged sixty-seven years and one month.[1]

Henry Benedict Maria Clement Stuart, brother to the prince, was made a cardinal in 1747, and assumed the title of Cardinal York, in allusion to his regal title. He lived retired near Rome till his brother's death; when he had medals struck, bearing on their obverse his head, with the inscription around, "Henricus Nonus, Angliæ Rex," and on the reverse a city, with the inscription, "Gratia Dei, sed non Voluntate Hominum." Towards the end of 1815 the Cardinal York died; and thus terminated the male representation of the royal family of Stuart, nearly four centuries and a half after Robert II. had mounted the Scottish throne. King George IV., then Prince Regent, raised a monument to his memory. This is not the only instance of the liberal feeling which he manifested at that period: his magnanimity in favour of the celebrated Flora Macdonald, who has invested the history of Prince Charles with an air of romance, deserves to be recorded, as reflecting a higher honour upon royalty than the conquests of his warlike ancestors. Being informed that Flora, afterwards Mrs. Macdonald of Kingsburgh, was in reduced circumstances, the Prince Regent settled a pension upon her.

The severities of the reign of George II. were long remembered by the highlanders; but the benignity of the succeeding reigns has done much to blot out the recollection of former woes.

The name and dress of the highlanders are no longer proscribed. In 1775 the name of MacGregor, which was denied to them by the houses of Stuart and Orange, was restored by the Hanoverian line. The tartan is now mingled with the broadcloth, and serves alike for Saxon and Gael—nay more, it has become a universal fabric, and, with the exception of the *philabeg*, is peculiar to no one British race. At the present period, the rage for plaid fabrics has risen to an unprecedented pitch; and what is more, Stirlingshire is not less famous for her tartans than Paisley for her shawls.[2]

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[1] His obituary announced his various names, Prince Charles Edward *Louis Philip* Casimir Mary-Silvester Stuart.

[2] The increasing popularity of tartan may be dated from the year 1822. When George IV. held his first levee in Scotland, he appeared at his palace of Holyrood in full highland costume. Her present Majesty has followed her royal uncle's example, by patronising Scotch manufactures.

General Stewart, in his "Sketches," gives the following interesting anecdote of Lieutenant-Colonel Graham (afterwards a Lieutenant-General and Governor of Stirling Castle):—At the enterprise of St. Vincent's, in 1796, in which the 42nd regiment was engaged, he, in one of the skirmishes in the woods, between a party of the 42nd and the enemy, was wounded, and lay senseless on the ground. After dragging and carrying him several miles, no doctor could be found; the ball had entered his side, and, passing through, had come out under his breast. His wounds were dressed by a soldier's wife. Being in a very exhausted state, he was removed to England, and afterwards to Edinburgh, the wound in his side discharging matter from both orifices. On the evening of the illumination for the battle of Camperdown, the smoke of so many candles and flambeaux having affected his breathing, he had a violent fit of coughing, in the course of which he threw up a piece of scarlet cloth, carried in and left by the ball in its passage through his body. From that day the gallant colonel recovered, as if by a charm, and lived many years.

It has often been a matter of surprise, in this age of revolutions, to observe how little is required for the coast defences of Scotland; the following return, which embraces a list of the various guns mounted on the different castles on the Scottish coast and the estuaries, may be deemed interesting:—Edinburgh Castle; nine 24-pounders, six 18-pounders, nine 12-pounders, seven 6-pounders, and two 8-inch mortars—total, 33. Stirling Castle; six 12-pounders, eleven 9-pounders, and twelve 6-pounders—total, 29. Dumbarton Castle; three 18-pounders, nine 12 pounders, one 9-pounder, and four 6-pounders—total, 17. Leith Fort; five 24-pounders, four 18-pounders; and one 10-inch mortar—total, 10. Fort George; seven 24-pounders, eight 18-pounders, eight 12-pounders, two 6-pounders, and two 13-inch mortars—total, 27. Fort Charlotte; eight 18-pounders and four 23-pounder carronades—total, 12. Fort William; twelve 12-pounders. Rothesay Castle (Isle of Bute); five 18-pounders. Grand total for Scotland, 145 guns. It will be observed from the above return, that, with the exception of a few guns, mortars, and carronades, at Leith Fort, Edinburgh Castle, Fort George, and Fort Charlotte, the whole of the guns in Scotland are of exceedingly light calibre, and almost unfit for the improved state of modern warfare.

Here terminates the military history of stately Stirling—

> "Whose hoary diadem of pendant rocks
> Confines the shrill voice of the whirlwind,
> Eddying with its vast circumference
> On the plain beneath!"

The sieges and revolutions it has undergone, the many battles which have been fought around its walls, the pomp, pageantry, and festivity of monarchs within its palace, all conspire to give a deep and impressive interest to these noble and venerable towers, which will never cease to be felt till history is read no more.

Having witnessed the departing steps of feudalism, we come now to a more genial era. The 13th of September, 1842, will long be recollected as one of the most happy events of which this venerable fortress was destined to be the scene. The visit of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and of her illustrious consort his Royal Highness Prince Albert, diffused joy through every portion of the land that they approached, and awakened in the hearts of the people of Stirling feelings of the highest exultation, in which the royal pair seemed evidently to participate with heartfelt cordiality.

The royal cortège approached the town by the new bridge over the Forth, which has of late years been erected below the old bridge, that had previously formed the only passage.[1]

When the queen's carriage appeared on the bridge, a royal salute was fired from the castle; at the north end of the bridge, Mr. Ramsay of Barnton, one of the most patriotic and munificent gentlemen in the county, was in waiting with four noble thorough-bred bay horses, which were attached to her Majesty's carriage; here the cover of the royal vehicle was thrown open amidst the shouts of the multitude. Proceeding towards Broad-street, a splendid triumphal arch had been erected, ornamented with portraits of the queen and Prince Albert, and with the royal arms, the whole being surmounted by a large floral crown, with a profusion of heather and evergreens. Underneath the canopied arch was a barrier, and outside were two platforms, the one on the right being reserved for the provost, magistrates, clergy, masters of the schools, &c., stationed there awaiting the approach of her Majesty,—Provost Galbraith and the magistrates in court dresses, and the clergy in their robes. The opposite platform was judiciously appropriated to the ladies and gentlemen. The street beyond the arch was lined with the members of the guildry, headed by their dean, wearing his massive gold chain, and his antique ring set with precious stones, originally given, to be worn by the dean, by the monarch who created them a corporate body; and what is equally worthy of remark,

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[1] The yet more ancient wooden bridge, which we have described as standing when Sir William Wallace defeated the English army under Cressingham in 1297, was at Kildean, about half a mile farther up the river. Some remains of the stone pillars that supported the bridge are still to be seen.

the standard of blue and crimson silk, better known by the sobriquet of the *blue blanket*, which was presented to the trades by *Mary of Scotland*, was that day unfurled at the head of that respectable body. The convener wore also the identical white scarf, and the deacon of the weavers carried an ancient halbert, both gifts of the lovely but unfortunate Mary to the faithful burgesses residing beneath her royal sway, and under her once bright eye practising their "*weapon shawings*."

On reaching the arch, her Majesty ordered the postilions to stop, and the provost, advancing towards the carriage, made his obeisance and delivered an address to the queen, presenting, at the same time, the keys of the city, which the queen formally returned to the provost, with a most gracious reply.[1] The provost then addressed the prince, and at the conclusion presented his royal highness with the freedom of the royal borough, which was received with most gracious acknowledgments. The provost then addressed the queen:—"Permit me one word: I had the honour to serve for twenty-four years under your lamented father, his late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent,"—here the feelings of a daughter affected the queen, and increased as he proceeded—"and it gives me peculiar pleasure that, as provost of this town, I have the honour of receiving your Majesty, under the immediate command of whose revered father I served in Nova Scotia, and was for fourteen years the adjutant of his regiment, during the whole of which time I had the honour to enjoy his patronage, countenance, and favour." The queen, from whose eyes dropped the filial tear of affection, replied, "It gives me great satisfaction to find, as the provost of this borough, one who served so long under my revered father."

Prince Albert, when presented with the freedom of the borough, seemed evidently pleased with the box which contained the diploma. The inner box was of silver, and the outer was a fine specimen of old oak from the venerable house in Mar Place, lately taken down, which was once the residence of the poet and historian George Buchanan, while tutor to King James VI.

The queen was received at the castle by that gallant officer, the late Sir Archibald Christie,[2] the governor. Her Majesty did not require to ask who he was, but graciously accosted him by name, "Sir Archibald Christie, I believe,"—when alighting on the scarlet cloth which was spread out beneath, the gallant veteran made his obeisance, and declared

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[1] For full particulars of this interesting pageant, see "Memoirs of the Royal Progress, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder," to which we are indebted for some portion of our information.

[2] Soon after the death of this lamented officer, her Majesty was graciously pleased to place his amiable daughter on the pension list.

his pride and satisfaction in having the honour of receiving her Majesty in one of the ancient palaces of her ancestors. The prince, emulating the queen in her gracious recognition of the brave governor, shook him heartily by the hand.

As they passed the drawbridge they were saluted by a guard of honour; the batteries around were laid with crimson cloth, in expectation that the queen would have visited them, but want of time had probably prevented a more extensive inspection. Her Majesty accordingly proceeded through the deep archway leading into the first court, and passed by the northern side of the palace, adorned with grotesque figures and devices, erected by King James V. She then entered the great upper court-yard, where stands the parliament-hall, 120 feet long, built by James III. It was in this castle that he spent so much of his time amongst the most worthless of courtiers, as already described. He also erected the chapel-royal in which James VI. was baptized, who afterwards caused it to be demolished, to make way for a more costly building, in which to celebrate the baptism of his son Henry, Prince of Wales.[1] The eastern side of the square is formed by the western front of James V.'s palace, uniformly ornamented. The southern side and south-western angle are still occupied by the more ancient palace of the Scottish kings who reigned prior to the house of Stuart. On arriving at the governor's house, Lady Christie was on the steps to receive the queen, attended by her two daughters and by the Countess of Mar, the Honourable Miss Abercromby, the Honourable Miss Lefroy, Lady Seton Stewart, Misses Seton Stewart, Miss Murray, and the Fort Major. The queen entered the house, ascended the stairs, and visited the room where James II. had an interview with William, Earl of Douglas, and had endeavoured by every argument in his power to induce the Douglas to break a treaty he had made with the Earls of Ross and Crawford, when, failing in this, and exasperated by Douglas's obstinacy and insolence, he stabbed him, as already mentioned. The queen was observed to admire the oak ceiling of this room, it being decorated with armorial devices and the name of James I. Her Majesty then visited the governor's garden, which fills the triangular space behind the house, and from thence ascended the ramparts, where a stand was placed against the wall for her use. It was truly unfortunate that on this day a warm haze so bedimmed the atmosphere, that the prospect was much impaired; but nevertheless the queen expressed her delight at the scene spread out beneath her feet. In a clear day the eye looks down from the

[1] See page 68.

lofty height upon the broad and extensive Carse of Stirling, the upper part of the vale stretching away towards the distant west, watered by the sister rivers, Teeth, Allan, and Forth, flanked on each side by picturesque ranges of hills, and adorned with noblemen's and gentlemen's seats: Craigforth, Touch-Seton, Keir, Blair-Drummond, and Doune Castle, once the residences of Mary of Scotland, adding their tributary loveliness to the enchanting scene, and combining a variety of associations connected with this classic ground.

Sir Archibald, attending her Majesty round to the southern part of the rampart, pointed out to the queen the field of Bannockburn, and the bored stone where Robert the Bruce placed his standard before the battle, where now floated the royal standard. The queen looked with great interest down upon the "*Knott*," a mound of earth in the form of a table, with benches of earth reared around, where the Scottish court were wont to enjoy their fêtes champêtres, and where the pastimes of the Knights of the Round Table were celebrated, as before described. The "Knott" is surrounded by what were once the royal gardens, encircled by a canal, on which the court amused themselves in barges. Vestiges of the canal, and some stumps of trees in the garden-ground, are all that remain to mark the site. Immediately beyond the gardens is a hollow called the "Valley," and also the "Lady's Hill," a small rocky pyramid where tournaments were held. The queen was evidently gratified with the graphic descriptions occasionally introduced by the gallant and intelligent governor, and gave orders that these relics of Stirling's former grandeur should be carefully preserved. Opposite, to the north, lies "Gowling Hill," alluded to in our account of Bannockburn; on the northern extremity of which, near the old bridge, is a small mount, well known in the neighbourhood by the uncouth name of "*Hurly-hawky*."[1] It is surrounded at the top with a parapet of earth, and upon it are the remains of artificial works. It was on this mount that Duncan, the aged Earl of Levenax, and his son-in-law Murdo, Duke of Albany, who had been lately regent, were, with Alexander, his younger son, beheaded on the 25th of May, 1425; Walter, the eldest son, having been executed on the same spot the preceding day. North-west of the castle, and leading up to the town, is the steep path of "*Ballengeich*," already mentioned, which also leads to the old postern gate of the castle,[2] where the Roman inscription, before quoted,

[1] From *hurl*, to drive, and *hawky*, a cow; so called from an ancient amusement, in which the skeleton of a cow's head is converted into a sledge or car, and pushed down a declivity. Sir David Lindesay states of James V., when a boy, "*Sum harlit to the hurlie Backit*," (*i. e.*) hurly box or stool—something more elegant, we suppose, than a *cow's skull*.

[2] *Vide* Engraving, No. 6.

once existed; from this locality King James V. borrowed his travelling name, when he doffed his kingship, and condescended to amuse himself, incognito, with the eccentricities of his subjects.

Immediately under the castle are seen the old and new bridges, with the broad majestic river, winding through the rich verdure in gigantic serpentine wreaths; almost converting the pretty fairy spaces into so many little islands, and producing the most beautiful intermixture of green and silver;—

> "Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
> Here earth and water, seem to meet again.
> Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
> And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise!"

It is no wonder that the queen was delighted with the scene; for the windings of the Forth, viewed from the ramparts of Stirling Castle, present a prospect indescribably grand. Imagine that you see the town of Alloa, with its shipping, only *six* miles distant by land, but no less than *twenty-four* miles by the windings of the river; and even then only a faint idea can be formed of this noble stream, distinguishable in certain more distant spots sparkling silvery in the sunbeam, now receding from view, and then re-appearing in an opposite direction. Add to all this the venerable ruins of the monastery of Cambuskenneth, built by David I., rearing its ivied head above the scattered groves and Lombardy poplars, the woods of Stewart-hill, Polmaise, and Dunmore Park, on the south; and Tullibody, Alloa, Kennet, and Tulliallum, on the north; with the picturesque tower of Clackmannan; and in bright weather the distant firth, studded with multitudes of sails, till the eye, which can reach no farther, rests on the castle of Edinburgh, thirty-five miles distant.[1]

But it is high time to conduct the queen back to the governor's house, where a luncheon and dessert were prepared for the royal party; but as her Majesty's time would not permit, she very graciously commanded some superb grapes to be selected and placed in her carriage.

Here another interesting circumstance occurred, which, excited as the queen was by ancient historical reminiscences, she could not fail to enjoy. Her Majesty must have been struck, when introduced to the Countess of Mar, at the coincidence of the presence of a descendant of that ancient house in the very place where her noble ancestors had borne regal sway—where a Countess of Mar nursed the first King of Great Britain, the son of the lovely but unfortunate Mary;—and in Lady Seton, too, her Majesty beheld a Stuart lineally descended from

[1] Miss Fanny Christie presented to her Majesty some sketches of the leading objects seen from the castle, which were most graciously accepted.

Alexander II., Lord High Stewart of Scotland, great-grandfather of Robert II., the first prince of the Stuart line, and who, as a Seton of Touch-Seton, is the lineal representative of the hereditary armour-bearer and squire of the Scotch sovereign. The name of Seton, too, must have been silver-toned, when it was recollected that one of that noble race was one of the four Marys who attended upon Mary of Scotland, on this very spot, three hundred years ago. The other ladies having been severally introduced to the queen, she was retiring; when Sir Archibald Christie solicited her attention to an old chair, placed at the top of the flight of steps leading to the door, which had a piece of satin attached to it, with an inscription stating that it was the identical chair on which James V. sat when entertained by Donaldson, afterwards "King of the Moors," as stated in the preceding description.[1] The queen, smiling to Sir Archibald, carried off the piece of satin, which contained the history of the "*old arm-chair.*"

Having entered the armoury, the governor drew the queen's attention to the antique oak pulpit, from which John Knox, the celebrated reformer, had preached.[2] The advanced hour prevented the queen from visiting the nursery of James VI., where his cradle is still shown, and where the auld Countess of Mar administered to the infant prince's "*mouth and ordering of his person.*" The school-room, too, in which he received the first elements of his education, was not visited, for the same reason. At the outside of the portal gate, Sir Archibald pointed out the bomb-proof barrack-room beneath the ramparts; after which her Majesty re-crossed the drawbridge, and, taking leave of the ladies and gentlemen belonging to the castle, got into her carriage, which moved off at a slow pace through the double line of soldiers, with arms presented, as on her entrance, and amidst loud shouts and waving of handkerchiefs from the immense multitude congregated on the esplanade. The queen then passed Ballengeich, on the left side of which stands an old mansion, the residence of the Duke of Argyle in 1715. At the head of the High-street, "Mar's Work,"[3] another antiquated building, was ornamented with flags. The ancient Gothic church, with its beautiful tower, a little way off the street to the right, from which a flag was displayed, seemed to attract the attention of the royal visitors. The town-hall had a very conspicuous appearance, it being decorated on one wing with a large painting of her Majesty, and the motto—"Wel-

[1] *See* page 58.

[2] Formerly the "Maiden" which was used at the decapitation of the Earl of Morton, was shown here.

[3] So called from its having been partly erected by the Earl of Mar, when Regent of Scotland, in 1572, but never completed.

come to the queen who rejoices in the happiness of her people!" On the other wing was a painting of Prince Albert, with the motto—"Hail, Royal Albert! may your union with the queen be lasting and happy!"

The spectacle was extremely striking on the progress of the procession down Broad Street. On the front of an old house, celebrated as the residence of Henry, Lord Darnley, the second husband of Mary of Scotland,[1] there was an imperial crown, with the initials "V. A.," and the appropriate quotation, slightly altered from the original, which appears at the beginning of this description:—

> "Slowly down the deep descent [2]
> Fair *Scotland's queen* and nobles went,
> While all along the crowded way
> Was jubilee and wild huzza!"

Amongst the numerous and beautiful decorations, the most magnificent and effective was that of Drummond's Agricultural Museum, which particularly attracted the notice of her Majesty, who inquired of a gentleman what building it is. The front was adorned with a beautiful drapery of heath and ears of corn, hung from a star in the centre of the cornice, with a floral crown suspended from it. Over the cornice was a subsoil-plough, surmounted by a wheatsheaf and three flags. Before the central window was a large floral crown composed of dahlias, roses, and other flowers, surmounted by a wreath. This crown was supported by a sheaf of corn on each side; and on the windows to the left were the initials "V." and "A.," also executed in flowers. Had Prince Albert's time permitted, he would (as a farmer) have been doubly gratified by the interior of this superb establishment, stored with agricultural implements, some of them the most unique and rare.

At the burgh-gate barrier was an elegant erection, on the cornice of which were figures of the queen and Prince Albert, and on different parts of the structure were placed beautiful boys in the highland garb, with claymores in their hands, in the costume of warriors; and another group, with jackets and straw hats, as Lilliputian sailors, their hats adorned with royal Victoria tartan ribbons. On passing through this arch at one o'clock, the magistrates, town council, and others, took their leave of the royal pair. On the county side of the arch, Lieutenants Sheriff Handyside and Mr. Forbes, members for the county, were in waiting to escort them. The cavalcade having been instantly formed, they

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[1] Now occupied as the sheriff clerk's office.

[2] This beautiful and appropriate distich was mangled by the painter, who, instead of "*descent*," had inscribed "*descant*;" at which the queen and Prince Albert appeared to smile.

drove off at a rapid pace, amidst the deafening cheers of the assembled multitude and the thunders of the castle ordnance re-echoing over mountain and valley.

The festivities of the day did not terminate here. Rich and poor shared the general joy. While the tables of the great "groaned with the weight of the feast," four hundred of the poor people of the town were supplied with pies, bread and cheese, and a pint of good strong ale, to each person. The munificent Mr. Ramsay, of Barnton, sent a splendid ox, which was roasted entire in the valley we have recently described, where many a gay scene had been enacted in days of yore. Here the ox, when cooked, was cut up and dealt out in pieces to all who, from curiosity or necessity, demanded portions of it. The festivities continued with great spirit till night put a period to this long-to-be-remembered day.

STIRLING CASTLE FROM THE BACK WALK.—No. 10.

The

Priory of Inchmahome.

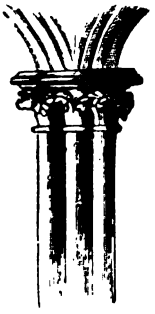
No. 11.

" ALL IS SILENT NOW! SILENT THE BELL,
THAT, HEARD FROM YONDER IVY'D TURRET HIGH,
WARN'D THE COWL'D BROTHER FROM HIS MIDNIGHT CELL,—
SILENT THE VESPER CHAUNT—THE LITANY,
RESPONSIVE TO THE ORGAN;—SCATTER'D LIE
THE WRECKS OF THE PROUD PILE, 'MID ARCHES GREY,
WHILST HOLLOW WINDS THROUGH MANTLING IVY SIGH!"

BOWLES.

Inchmahome.

Inchmahome—its Etymology—Legendary History—First Foundation by the Earls of Monteath—Mandate of Pope Gregory to build a Church—The High Stewards of Scotland—Countess of Monteath disinherited for poisoning the Earl—Walter Stewart made Earl of Monteath—Battle of the Largs—Dispute respecting the Earldom—Walter Stewart retains it—The Monument of the Stewart and his Lady—Legends of the Monteath Family—Adventure with the Fairies—The Red Book of Monteath—Supernatural Attempt to make a Road from the Mainland—The Fairies Outwitted by the crafty Earl—King Robert the Bruce retires here before the Battle of Bannockburn—Rev. Mr. Stirling's Metrical Description of the Warrior—Queen Mary of Scotland sent to the Island; her Residence here—Scenery and Reminiscences—Mary leaves the Priory—King James VI. and the love-sick Earl of Mar—the Erskine Family—Duke of Montrose—The Priory of Inchmahome—Anecdotes—The Roeskin Purse—Sports on the Lake—Fishing with Geese—Island Scenery and Antiquities—Ruins of the House of Talla—The Dog Island—Stables and Pleasure Grounds of the Ancient Lords—Hints to Travellers—A faithful Guide, a Rural Feast; Fruits and Mountain Dew—Stanzas by a young Lady.



INCHMAHOME, one of the islands in the Lake of Monteath,[1] Perthshire, in which the picturesque ruins of the priory now stand, was, like Iona, a resort of the primitive Christians long before the erection of churches, who in this wood-crowned solitude found "a temple not made with hands," ready to be sanctified to the service of its heavenly architect.

Although the ruins are considerable, this religious house does not appear to have ever been distinguished by the name of an abbey. In the appointment to build a church in the "largest island" in the Lake of Monteath it is called "*Inschmaqhomoc*," the etymology of which we cannot pretend to determine. Portmahomac is a small seaport in the Cromarty Firth, but the derivation of this is also a riddle. In a writ by King Robert the Bruce, dated 1310, it is called *Insula sancti Colmoci;* in a writ by his son it is called "*Inchmahome;*" and in acts of parliament, 1401 and 1493, it is spelt similarly. In a subsequent writ by James VI. it is called "*Inschemachame*," a Gaelic word signifying "the island of rest," which happily comports with its secluded and romantic situation, and the pious purposes for which it was early set apart. The legend of the common seal, as appears from an impression in the possession of Mr.

[1] This name is variously given; *Menteith*, *Monteith*, and *Monteath*.

Deuchar, lapidary, in Edinburgh,[1] is "*S. Comune de insula Sancti Colmoci*," probably after St. Colm, or St. Colmack, a bishop and confessor in Scotland, coeval with St. Blane of Dunblane, who flourished in the year 1000. The identity of the isle of *St. Colmoc* and Inchmahome is sufficiently clear. The church of Lany was a cell belonging to the priory of Inchmahome, which has the date A.D. 1214 above the door of its remains; and reference to this fact is made in a *retour* of David the second Lord Cardross, March 17th, 1637.[2]

Spottiswood asserts, however, without any evidence which we can discover, that Inchmahome belonged to Cambuskenneth, near Stirling, which was founded by David I. in 1147, considerably later than the epoch assigned for its first foundation, which is stated by the same authority to have been about 1106; which shows that *St. Colmoc* was the first station of the monks of St. Augustine north of the Tweed.

Walter Bowmaker, who was nearly contemporary with Fordun, states, in his continuation of the Scotochronicon, that Murdacus, Earl of Monteath, had been the founder of the present monastery of Inchmahome. This Murdacus had two daughters, the elder of whom was married to Walter Cumyng, second son of the Earl of Buchan, and the younger sister was married to Walter, High Stewart of Scotland, brother of King Alexander II. Walter Cumyng was born in the year 1190, and in 1220 was present with his father and the other nobles at the marriage of Alexander II. with Joan, Princess of England. In 1230 he acquired by grant from the Crown the vast country of Badenoch. The lady he married being Countess of Monteath in her own right, he therefore became Earl of Monteath in 1231; after which he obtained the authority of the Bishops of Glasgow and Dunkeld to build the church of Inchmahome, as appears from a document quoted at length by the reverend and talented Mr. Macgregor Stirling in his "*Inchemahame*," of which the following is the preamble:—

"To all the faithful of Christ about to see or hear this writing, William and Galfredus, by the grace of God Bishops of Glasgow and Dunkeld, eternal salvation in the Lord. We have received the mandate of our master the Pope in these words: Gregory, Bishop, the servant of the servants of God, to the venerable brothers the Bishops of Glasgow and Dunkeld, health and apostolic benediction. Our venerable brother the Bishop of Dunkeld, health and apostolic benediction: our venerable brother the Bishop of Dunblane hath in our presence represented, that, seeing the church of Dunblane in time past has been vacant for one

[1] "Terris ecclesiasticis de *Lany* cum decemil, proprius pertinentibus ad prioratum de Inchmahomo."

[2] This seal is stated to be the one appended to a grant, by the commendatory prior, of a pension to an organist in 1548.

hundred years and more——" The document then proceeds to show the necessity for this additional foundation—the church of Dunblane had since the building of it been without a roof—and authorises Walter Cumyng, Earl of Monteath, to build a house for religious men of the order of St. Augustine in the island of *Inchmaqhomok*, which it appears was then in the diocese of Dunblane. This deed is dated in the eleventh year of the pontificate of Gregory, anno 1238.

The noble founder makes a conspicuous figure in the annals of that period; in 1249 he was present at the coronation of Alexander III., on which memorable occasion objections were raised to the performance of that ceremony; but by the power and influence of the earl, the Bishop of St. Andrews was constrained to knight and crown the infant son of his benefactor, which was accordingly done.

As the principal subject in Scotland, and one who, had he acted only on the principle of ambition, might have usurped the sovereign power, he was called upon to defend the rights of his fatherland against the insidious arts of Henry III.; and he figured nobly during the struggles of the long minority which followed the coronation of the infant king. This illustrious Walter Cumyng, Lord of Badenoch and Earl of Monteath, died suddenly in 1258, it is said in consequence of poison administered to him at the instigation of his own countess, whose subsequent conduct served but too well to confirm the suspicion of foul play, she having very soon after married an obscure Englishman of the name of Russell.

Walter Stewart, distinguished by the *sobriquet* of Bailloch, "the freckled," who had married the younger sister of the Countess of Monteath, laid claim to the earldom in right of his wife, and by favour of the parliament obtained it. The elder countess, insulted, disgraced, and despoiled of her fortunes, retired out of Scotland with her second husband, with whom she had contracted a low and clandestine marriage; and as she was boldly accused of poisoning her former lord, in the judgment of the Scottish barons of that fierce and unlettered age, they considered they were perfectly justifiable in disinheriting her. Walter Stewart, now Earl of Monteath, distinguished himself as a warrior in the crusade under Louis IX. of France, in 1248; he also signalised himself at the victorious battle of the Largs, where his brother Alexander, the High Stewart, commanded the right wing of the Scottish army, by which Hacco, King of Norway, was totally defeated. The second son of Earl Walter was Sir John of Ruskie, so called from the name of his estate, but commonly known by the name of Monteath, the same who swore fealty to Edward, and who, when governor of Dumbarton Castle, arrested Sir William Wallace and betrayed him into the hands of the English.

In 1273 an attempt was made upon the earldom and estates of

Monteath by William, son of John Cumyng, who had married a daughter of the elder Countess of Monteath; and in 1285 it was at length decided by a parliament at Scone that a division should be made of the estate between Walter Stewart and the said John Cumyng, but that the earldom should remain with Walter Stewart; the one half of the lands being at the same time erected into a borough of barony in favour of the Cumyng.

An antique and beautifully sculptured tombstone, with figures larger than life, in the choir of the priory, has with every appearance of truth been considered the monument of Walter Stewart and his lady, afterwards Countess of Monteath. The monument is much defaced; the male figure, which is represented cross-legged, has the left arm broken off at the shoulder and the wrist; the left hand, detached from its warlike owner and sheathed in a glove, rests on the lady's side. The lady's right hand has been broken off. The figures are represented embracing each other: that of the knight bears a large triangular shield, vulgarly called a "*heater shield*," on which is a label in chief, and a fesse cheque of three tracts, the arms of the Stewarts of Scotland, with the difference in chief of a label of three teeth, a well known mark of cadency for a younger son. Walter, therefore, being a younger son of the High Stewart of Scotland, these are doubtless the arms of that family with the above suitable difference; which arms must have been those of the subsequent Earls of Monteath until the earldom came into the families of Albany and Graham, when the appropriate bearings of these last families were quartered with those of the Stewart.

The Reverend Mr. Macgregor Stirling has given a poetical charm to this monument in the following lines:—

"The steel-clad Stewart, Red-cross knight,
Monteath, his countess fair and bright,
Here live in sculptured stone.
I boast not feat of Holy Land;
He bravely fought on Fairlie's strand,
And Haco bade 'Begone!'
Bless'd pair! in death ye live,
Ye love beyond the tomb;
Your mutual hearts to God ye give,
He gives you welcome home."

There are many legends connected with the Monteath family, the most remarkable of which is of one of the ancient earls, who, while entertaining some friends at his castle, fell short of viands, and his butler was despatched overnight to the town of Stirling, with a cask, for a fresh supply of wine. Next morning the earl, passing through the servants' hall, was surprised to find his butler fast asleep with the barrel beside him, and, as he imagined, without having departed on his mission.

His lordship proceeded to chastise him for his negligence, when the bewildered butler, rubbing his eyes, told his master that he had been for the wine, and, "if he mistook not," he had brought the best that could be had. He then told the astonished earl that upon his way, when nigh the shore of the lake, he espied two *honest women* mounted each on a bulrush (a weed which still grows in profusion along the northern shore)—"the women saying one to another 'Hae wi you, Marion Bowie,' 'Hae wi you, Elspa Hardie,' 'Hae wi you,' says I; and mounting, like them on a bulrush, we instantly found ourselves in the King of France's palace. As for me, I was near the sideboard, where was store of wines; and being invisible to the king's people, I took the opportunity of filling my cask; and I brought with me (*my hand being in*[1]) the cup out of which his Majesty was wont to drink. I returned on my trusty nag as quickly as I went; and here I am, my business done, and at your lordship's service."

At dinner the guests were astonished at the superlative quality of the wine set before them, and were highly interested at the recital from the earl's lips of the way in which it had been procured, which narrative was forthwith confirmed by his lordship ordering the butler to produce an elegant silver cup engraved with the *fleur-de-lis* of the house of Bourbon. At what period this splendid piece of plate ceased to be an heirloom of the family of Monteath, the legend sayeth not.

The family's connection with fairies is further established by another romance, which alleges that they were possessed of what was called the "red book," to open which was always followed by something preternatural.

One of the earls, either from accident or design, unclosed the mystic volume, when, lo! the fairies appeared before him demanding work to do. His lordship set them to make a road from the mainland to the islands. They commenced operations on the north shore, and had formed what is now called "Arnmack," a pleasing peninsula tufted with a grove of Scotch firs of considerable height. They had proceeded so rapidly in their gigantic work, that the earl, dreading they might fall out of employment and become mutinous, or that they might, by fairly completing the work, destroy the insular situation of his water-girt stronghold, bade them desist, and for a new, and, as he sagely thought, a more impracticable task, desired them to make a rope of sand. They therefore left off making "a transit across the wave," which still remains half finished, forming a peninsula in the lake, and to the *rope-making* they

[1] An old phrase tantamount to another: "As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb."

went, but, finding their materials of such an unadhesive nature, the fairies, covered with shame and confusion at their ignoble failure, and at being outwitted by the earl, resolved to depart. The head-quarters of the fairies is said to have been at "Bogle Know," a singular peninsula on the south-eastern shore of the lake, which is still covered with large trees. It is further told that the same peer, in recompense for their Herculean toils, gave them the northern shoulder of one of his mountains of Ben-venue. The reverend chronicler of Inchmahome makes poetic reference to these legends in the following stanzas:—

THE WITCHES OF THE LAKE.

Then did the hospitable hall
  Of Græme display its store,
The sparkling wine, the sprightly ball,
  The pageantry of yore.
"Ere the first cock his matin rings,"
Ere high o'er head the peasant swings
  The merry echoing flail,
  Fleeter than by modern mail
The faithful active butler brings
  The blood-red draught from France.
Then traveller bent on utmost speed
Mounted on bulrush for a steed,
  Or clove on broom the air;
Sometimes the waves in egg-shell skimm'd,
The pigmy bark, so featly trimm'd,
  The ocean wide would dare;
The bulrush now this office fills,
Kind wierd sisterhood so wills;
For Marion Bowie and Elspa Hardie
  Lead forth the airy dance,
And neither cross-inclined nor tardy.
In high-mettled mood,
Over field and over flood;
'Neath the social conjured three,
With mealy muzzles gaily free,
Sprung from the inland tideless sea,
  Three verdant coursers prance.
Then was the time when fairy horde
  Its bustling labour gave,
To make the gravelly road afford
  A transit 'thwart the wave;
When now, a second task they try,
Does then, the rope of sand, defy
  Their very utmost skill;
The baffled, weary goblin troop
Is fain, in one inglorious group,
  To hie to yon lone hill.

King Robert the Bruce visited Inchmahome about the time he was avoiding an encounter with the English, and of which King Edward boasted to the Pope, that "Robert and his associates, when we were first in Scotland for repressing the rebellion, lurked in hiding-places like foxes." But the haughty Edward found soon after to his cost that the foxes were metamorphosed into lions. Here the Scotch monarch sought a temporary asylum in April, 1310, the intermediate point between his coronation at Scone and the battle of Bannockburn. The monarch's appearance is thus described in the poem already quoted:—

I saw the Bruce's mighty form,
What time he view'd the gathering storm
  Hang o'er his much-loved land:
I mark'd his high, undaunted air,
'Mid craving want and sleepless care,
  Resolved to make a stand.
Not lofty thus the hero's look,
When fix'd upon the sacred book
  His speaking falcon eye,
Before the throne of heavenly grace
He bows his supplicating face
  In meek humility.
Yes! firm, the blast he did defy,
He caused th' invading Edward fly,
  Obtaining help of Deity.

There is one beautiful feature in the history of the early times which might well make some of the professing Christians in our enlightened age blush for very shame. Then, religion was immediately connected with, and formed a conspicuous part of, the institution of chivalry. The people of the middle ages, of whatever rank, were not ashamed to avow their respect for religion—nay, they made it their greatest boast; and this the haughty Edward felt to his cost when, on the field of Bannockburn, he imagined he beheld in the prostrate warriors supplicating help from the God of battles, so many dastards begging mercy from his own tyrannical hands.

But how much soever the jars between England and Scotland, when they were separate kingdoms, might have kindled the patriot's flame and stirred up the poet's enthusiasm, it is not our desire, in any part of this volume, while looking back on the heroic ages of our native land, to stigmatise the English monarchy. On the contrary, such is our gratitude for the union of the crowns, that we are frequently led to regret that such a union did not take earlier place by more lengthened days of the Maid of Norway; but it was the fate of both kingdoms to remain mutual enemies, and by this protracted disunion to be rendered comparatively powerless in the scale of nations.

The next illustrious visitor, after the mail-clad liberator of his country, who deserves our especial notice, is the infant Mary of Scotland, who, after the battle of Pinkie, in 1547, was transported hither from the bristling fortress of Stirling, as being more secure from the arts and arms of Henry VIII. To this sacred solitude the infant queen was taken by the Earl of Mar, her governor, accompanied by four young ladies of rank as companions and playmates—Mary Beaton, Mary Fleming, Mary Livingston, and Mary Seton; and these amiable ladies began their studies in conjunction with their royal mistress and playmate. John Erskine, Prior of the monastery of Inchmahome, was appointed Mary's preceptor, under whose careful tuition, and with no other society than that of the four Marys, the young queen experienced for two years the most unalloyed tranquillity which she enjoyed during her eventful life; for of her it might have been said—

> "Happy is she that from the world retires,
> And carries with her what the world admires."

At that delightful period of innocence, amidst the wild beauties of nature, when her infant heart bounded with all the elasticity of joyous hope, when her companions sported round the bower which is still pointed out, or rambled along the margin of the lake, surely the scaffold

could not be for her: when her juvenile hairdresser, Mary Fleming, braided her auburn tresses with her tiny fingers, little did she dream that that much-loved head would be hurled bleeding to the ground by the villain hand of the headsman. It is one of the wise decrees of Providence that—

> "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
> All but the page prescribed—our present state."

After the lapse of more than three hundred years, it would be vain to trace the infant footsteps of the young queen over this romantic isle; but sweet imagination with her silvery wand still "points to each cherished spot, and tells of each a moving tale;" and by such delightful inspiration was the reverend poet of the isle moved, when he gave to the world the following descriptive lines:—

The beauteous Mary, when a child,
For safety hither came;
Then first I saw that face so mild,
And own'd affection's flame.
In thee a mother's eager choice,
Sage Erskine, does the kingdom's voice,
Charm'd with thy liberal fame,
To blend indulgence with control,
And foster gentleness of soul,
A guardian angel name.

Those giant boughs that wave around
My aged, sacred head,
Were then the tenants of the ground
Where walk'd the royal maid.
Oft gliding through my western gate,
When worship took the place of state,
Kindly to regulate her fate,
To make her truly good and great,
I mark'd the lisping infant queen
Implore the mighty Power unseen.

Then did the noble, gallant race
Of Grahame behold her charms.
My orchard's wealth, my boxwood's grace,
(Encircling yet the sylvan place
Embellishing my isle of rest,)
Furnish'd the jocund rural fête,
To soothe the youthful, scepter'd guest,
Each wayward thought obliterate,
And banish all alarms.
When, on gay *Coldon's* feather'd steep,
That views gay *Talla's* circling deep,
The peerless virgin 's seen,
Or where fair Nun-hill's tangled break
O'ercanopies my lucid lake;
Each eye must her a seraph take,
And not for earth-born queen.

In 1549 the estates of the realm ordered Lord Erskine, as he was formerly called, to carry his interesting charge from Inchmahome to the court of France, there to be educated under the auspices of Francis I. Mary, after having spent two years in the island, was accordingly removed, in the fifth year of her age, to Dumbarton Castle, underneath the battlements of which lay the French admiral's fleet ready to receive their regal freight, on board of which she embarked, attended by Lords Erskine and Livingstone, her three natural brothers, and the four Marys, when she sailed from Scotland; and to the French king Erskine personally delivered the beloved object of his affectionate solicitude.

Lord Erskine's second son, Thomas, became Master of Erskine after his father had fallen at the battle of Pinkie. Both died early, without

issue; and then the third son, Commendator of Inchmahome, became Master of Erskine. Immediately after his father's death, in 1553, he was appointed Keeper of Edinburgh Castle, and also governor to the king's children.

On Queen Mary's return from France, Lord Erskine was nominated one of the privy council; he urged his claim to the earldom of Mar, which, notwithstanding his natural brother, the Prior of St. Andrew's, was in possession of it, he succeeded in obtaining. To make room for Lord Erskine, the prior's title was changed from the earldom of Mar to that of Moray. John Erskine, Earl of Mar, was afterwards Regent of Scotland.

His son, the seventh Earl of Mar of the name of Erskine, received his education with, and was companion of, King James VI., under the tutelage of the celebrated George Buchanan, who for many years resided in the neighbourhood, and upon the lands of Robert Erskine, Commendator of Inchmahome,[2] the earl's near relation. Buchanan was probably indebted, in part, to this circumstance, as well as to his transcendent genius, for his connection with the royal family.

King James VI., the earl's royal fellow-pupil and companion, afterwards intrusted him with the education of the young Prince Henry; and he promoted the Earl of Mar, on Somerset's disgrace, to the office of Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain, and gave him the estate of Cardross, in Monteath, and the title of Lord Cardross, with a power of assignment to any one of the heirs male.

Mar, though well educated, was not free from the superstitions of the times; he listened, on one occasion, to the gibberish of an Italian fortune-teller, who showed him the picture of a lady as being that of his future sweetheart and wife; and Mar thought he saw, in the features of the lovely daughter of Lennox, the original of the portrait.

This lady he heard was destined by the king for another, and the earl wrote a plaintive letter to James, stating that his health had even begun to suffer from the fear of disappointment. The king paid a visit to his old fellow-pupil at Cardross, and kindly said to him, "Ye shanna die, Jock, for ony lass in a' the land;" and, in performance of his kingly word, Mar was married to the Lady Mary Stewart, second daughter to Esme, Duke of Lennox, the king's kinsman.

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[1] As governor of this stronghold, he afforded to the queen dowager individual shelter from the Covenanters until her death within its battlements.

[2] Buchanan lost his parents in his infancy. His family held a lease of two farms from the Commendator of Inchmahome, dated 1581, in favour of Agnes Heriot, and her sons, Patrick, Alexander, and George Buchanan.

Mar, who took care to purchase the portrait from the conjuror, had kept it carefully in Alloa Tower, whither, on first getting sight of his destined bride, he despatched from Stirling a messenger to bring it to him. But, alas! the unlucky carrier let it fall in the mud, and, in attempting to clean the besmeared countenance, rubbed it out. It was, however, a very great consolation to the love-sick earl that he had secured the original, who of course could sit for another likeness; and we believe there is a portrait of this lady at Cardross house, with that of her husband the treasurer, and of his father the commendator, afterwards Regent of Scotland.

In 1615 the estate and title of Cardross were assigned to the earl's second son, Henry Erskine, known as the first Lord Cardross.

In a charter by James VI., dated Greenwich, 10th of June, 1610, it is declared that all the lands, &c., which formerly belonged to the priory of *Inschemachame* and to the monasteries of Dryburgh and Cambuskenneth, which benefices were possessed by the blood relations of the family in all time past beyond the memory of man, are by us disponed to the saids "Earl of Mar, to his heirs heritably, constituting the Earl of Mar and his heirs male and successors, in the said lands and barony of Cardross, free lords and barons."

Henry Lord Cardross died in 1636, and was succeeded by his second son, David, as second Lord Cardross.

He was succeeded by Henry, the third lord. David, the fourth Lord Cardross, in 1695, succeeded to the earldom of Buchan, and from him the title of Lord Cardross was transferred to his younger brother, the fifth Lord Cardross.

Henry David Erskine, the present Earl of Buchan, son of the eminent lawyer *Henry Erskine*, succeeded his uncle in 1829. His grandson, Harry Shipley, Lord Cardross, is heir to the earldom.

The priory of Inchmahome belonged to the family of Cardross from the erection of Cardross into a lordship, and has been united to the lands bearing that name since the days of Robert the Bruce; but at the request of the late Duke of Montrose it was transferred to his grace, along with the eastern half of the island on which it stands, and it now forms part of the Montrose estate, which had before comprehended the western part of this romantic retreat, as an orchard, which his ancestor received from the last Earl of Monteath, who died without issue in 1694.

The lake of Monteath is a beautiful circular sheet of water, surrounded on all sides by the richest woods, and adorned by the two islands already named. The ruined foundation of Monteath Castle is still to be seen on the lesser island, and the more perfect remains of the

Priory of Inchmahome on the larger. The latter island consists of about five acres; the orchard-ground formed the gardens of the ancient lords of Monteath, when they inhabited their baronial castle. These water-protected shades, which never felt the encroaching axe, boast of some of the most ancient and magnificent trees. The Spanish chestnuts, which have been reckoned nearly four hundred years old,[1] are the most remarkable sylvan monuments to be found in the whole kingdom; one of them measures at the ground and at the springing of the branches eighteen feet in circumference. These gigantic wearers of so many ages are superior to the famous trees at Duplin and Castle Menzies. Those at Inchmahome are of the *stag-headed* species, which rear their daring antlers to the skies in a thousand fantastic forms, producing the most magnificent yet grotesque appearances. For the preservation of these splendid monarchs of the wood we are indebted to the Duke of Montrose, who has long been attentive to the preservation of his woods, many of which are unrivalled in this country.

The boxwood summer-house, in which the Princess Mary spent her youthful hours, and which is also preserved, is situated on a gentle eminence, on the margin of the lake, in a sheltered recess formed by the shore, and on part of the orchard and garden grounds of the Monteaths. The same care which protected the giant trees has been extended towards this interesting spot. In the midst of the bower stands an ancient hawthorn-tree, exhibiting a vegetable ruin; under this umbrageous shade Mary of Scotland is said to have spent her happy youthful hours. Surrounded by these gardens, the priory of Inchmahome rears its ivied head, presenting one of the most sublime and picturesque ruins imaginable.

The priory of Inchmahome boasted of extensive accommodations. The church, one of the arches of which has fallen, had a square tower for bells, and, without the walls, measures about fifty paces[2] in length, and about twelve in breadth. In the choir is the sepulchral monument of the red-cross knight, already described. On one side of the church was the chapterhouse, and on the other the cloisters; behind which last is the mausoleum, the dormitory, and the refectory, which last measured about nineteen paces by eleven, and also a vaulted kitchen, with apartments above. The cells or chapels dependent on the monastery were, the church of Lany, already mentioned;[3] a chapel on

[1] A fact ascertained in 1775, when they were thinned, and the number of rings was counted by the forester.

[2] Paces—so called by the Rev. Mr. Stirling in his conjectural ground-plan of the priory: we would suppose yards to have been meant.

[3] Camden, 1759.

the east side of the lake; one a mile west from its termination; a third, in the barony of Drummond; and a fourth, at Balquhapple.

The ruins exhibit a beautiful specimen of ancient architecture; the equilateral pointed arches, springing from clustered columns, are of a form similar to those at Holyrood Abbey; the west door of the Priory, selected for the vignette, presents a receding arch, and on each side two smaller arches along the wall with quatrefoils inserted betwixt them. From the entrance is seen the interior of the church, with one of the pillars: the roofless walls being profusely covered with verdure—

> "The air is sweet with violets, running wild
> 'Mid broken friezes and fall'n capitals."

The entrance to the mausoleum is by a plain Roman gateway, with a recess inserted on each side of the wall. Here several gigantic trees, with their romantic entwinings, present a very unusual appearance, which, if transferred to canvass, would certainly look anything but a copy from nature, to those who have not been privileged with a sight of the originals. In this place of sepulture are interred the barons of Monteith and families of the name of Graham. There is an interesting story connected with the last Earl of Monteath, who lies interred in the cemetery, which serves to show that the noblest born have their difficulties in life. The story, which goes by the title of "Malise Graham and the Roe-skin Purse," is highly probable; for during the period alluded to (about 1680) many of the great and noble of the land, and even the king himself, were comparatively beggars; and the courtiers themselves were obliged to keep close to the king's court, to avoid being arrested.

At this period the Earl of Monteath retired from his paternal domain, and sought protection in the precincts of the abbey of Holyrood House from a vindictive creditor, where he resided for a short time until he applied to one of his kinsmen and namesakes, Malise Graham, residing at Glassart, on the south shore of Loch Cathrine, to release him from durance. Faithful to the call of his lord and master, Malise quitted his highland home on foot and alone, attired as

> "A highlandman, a savage loun,
> Wi' barkit houghs and burly croun;"

and in this guise he presented himself at the earl's lodgings near the abbey. A well-dressed lowlander opened the door, and, mistaking his errand, by way of commiserating the poverty of the stranger, offered him charity. Malise was in the act of thankfully accepting the proffered alms, when the earl, having caught a glance of his faithful vassal, chid his well-meaning official for doing what might tend to give offence to

his friend. The highlander, making an appropriate obeisance, with the utmost nonchalance took from his bosom a purse, and, handing it to his lord, he addressed him in Gaelic to the following effect: "Here, my lord, see and clear your way with that; as for the gentleman that had the generosity to hand me a bawbee, troth, I would have no objections to take as many as he had." The earl's temporary embarrassment having vanished by means of the talismanic contents of the roe-skin purse, he accompanied his faithful follower to his ancestral home on the lake of Monteath.

Dying in the year 1694 without issue, he conveyed his landed estate to the descendant and representative of his father's friend the Marquis of Montrose, and bequeathed his own personal estate to Sir John Graham of Gartmore.

Sequestered as were the islands of Inchmahome and Monteath, they were not destitute of their attractive sports. The noble lake which encircles them abounds with different species of wild ducks: during an open winter the surface is literally clothed with them. The trout is abundant, and apparently of the same species and quality as the far-famed trout of Loch Leven in Kinross-shire. Eels are often found the thickness of a man's arm. The salmon formerly ascended the lake, before the erection of the mills on the Goodie, the stream which runs out of it into the Forth. The lake abounds also with perch and pike.

In former times the sport of fishing with geese was practised, which has long since been discontinued. It was performed after this manner: a boat, containing a party, male and female, lord and lady fair, followed a goose, to a leg of which was tied a baited hook; the goose, thus accoutred, was sent into the deep water on an excursive voyage. By-and-by this knight-errant falls in with an adventure: a marauding pike, snatching hold of the bait, puts his gooseship's mettle to the test; he is sometimes pulled under water, such is the sudden dart which the pike makes at his prey; a combat ensues, in which a display is made on the part of both the contending heroes. The sympathetic hopes and fears of the eager spectators are alternately called into continuous exercise; until at length the long-necked, noisy, web-footed champion, vanquishing his wide-mouthed scale-armed foe, drags him exhausted and dying at his heels.

The noble proprietor of this water-girt domain, with his well-known liberality and public spirit, has directed that the public may at all times have free access. A boat is kept on the northern shore of the lake by a lineal descendant of the hereditary gardeners of the Earls of Monteath. For a moderate compensation he transports parties to both the islands, and acts the part of cicerone with excellent effect, being an existing

specimen of a native and untravelled inhabitant, belonging to the old school. He usually conveys his passengers first to Inchmahome, from whence a beautiful prospect is obtained of the lesser island, occupied by the mouldering ruins of the stronghold of the Monteaths, exhibiting its grey outline amidst tall, tufted trees. If desired, he will gladly conduct you through the ruined "halls of Talla," which he describes with great precision: the whole of this little island is covered with foundations, to the water's edge. About a furlong distant from Talla, and only a few yards in circumference, stands the "Dog Isle," said to have been used as a kennel for the lord's dogs; and at the west end of the lake were the stables, which have long since been razed from the foundations. The northern shore, around the hill of Portend, planted with stately trees, is described as the pleasure-grounds of the Monteaths.

After feasting your eyes on the beauties of this terrestrial paradise, and indulging in visions of the past—perchance "*snuffing*" the mountain air until it creates an appetite,—it may be some satisfaction to observe that the guardian of the place is by no means forgetful of "creature comforts." Having the orchards on lease, he has abundance of gooseberries, cherries, plums, pears, apples, and Spanish filberts, which he sells during the season: he is, moreover, at all seasons prepared with a drop of the finest mountain-dew, which he very truly remarks is "fit for the queen herself." There are many old saws narrated by the communicative boatman, which we must leave unrecorded, and take an unwilling farewell of a scene over which solemnity and beauty are the presiding deities.

The following lines from the pen of a young lady, a friend of the Rev. Mr. Stirling, present an appropriate conclusion to our description:—

"A minstrel's powers in magic scenes
May picture what might be;
But all the gayest fancy feigns,
Is here reality.
Did ever fiction's page supply
Such bowers, so gaily green?
Or could a fabled Helen vie
With Scotland's lovely queen?
And thine they were, sweet little isle!
The lords and ladies gay,
Who here within the moss-grown pile
Lie mouldering in the clay.

Full oft these sacred walls have heard,
From saints long since in heaven,
The pious holy vow preferr'd,
The prayer to be forgiven.
O then how sweet that convent's chime,
When morning mass was said!
How passing sweet the evening hymn,
Or requiem for the dead!
The world's gay scenes thou must resign,
Stranger, when youth is past;
Oh, were such bless'd asylum thine
As this, the 'Isle of Rest!'"

The

Abbey and Palace of Holyrood.

No. 12.

"EDINA, SCOTIA'S DARLING SEAT,
ALL HAIL, THY PALACES AND TOWERS,
WHERE ONCE BENEATH A MONARCH'S FEET
SAT LEGISLATION'S SOVEREIGN POWERS!"

BURNS.

"SEE YONDER HALLOW'D FANE! THE PIOUS WORK
OF NAMES ONCE FAMED, NOW DUBIOUS OR FORGOT,
OR BURIED 'MIDST THE WRECK OF THINGS WHICH WERE!"

BLAIR.

The Abbey of Holyrood.

ORIGIN and Foundation of the Abbey—Vision of David I.—His Charter of Foundation—Important Grants in favour of, and Priories belonging to, the Monastery—Ecclesiastical and Civil Jurisdiction of the Abbots—The Canongate made a Royal Borough—General Description of an Abbey illustrative of the Ruins of this structure—Private Altars and Foundations—Monkish Ceremonies—List of Abbots—Robert the Bruce holds his Parliament within the walls—James I. of Scotland and his Queen; James II., and James III. and his Queen, reside in the Abbey—James V. married to Magdalene his Queen, her death and burial—The Abbey destroyed in the reigns of Edward I. and III. and Henry VIII.—Dissolved at the Reformation—Altars, Images, and Monuments violated and destroyed—Description of the Remains of the Scottish Monarchs—Illustrious Personages buried in the Church—Discovery and Re-interment of Mary of Gueldres in 1848—State of the Royal Vault at that period—Architectural Description of the Ruins—The Grand Entrance—The Tower—Transept, Cloisters, Galleries, &c.—Lord Belhaven's Monument, historical Anecdote of—Rizzio's supposed Tombstone—Monuments and Inscriptions of Lady Saltoun—Earl of Selkirk—Baron Maule—Lady Wemyss—Lord James Douglas—Bishop Wishart—Earls of Sutherland—Countess of Eglintoun—Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney—Countess of Errol—Lady Macdonald of Clanranald—Vault of the Countess of Roxburghe.

HE Early English period has been distinguished by the splendour of its ecclesiastical architecture, as well as for the learning of the inhabitants of the cloister. It is to the early monks that we are indebted for the cultivation of that elegant ecclesiastical architecture, of which the numerous specimens still remaining in this kingdom call forth the admiration of the curious, and stimulate the exertions of the artist. In monasteries the arts and sciences were studied; and not a few of the arts, which are now considered indispensable to the convenience and ornament of social life, were derived from the philosophical recluse.

From the sanctity attached to these edifices they were for ages the chief, if not the only, repositories of knowledge, as well as depositories of the ancient records of the kingdom, placed there for security during the incessant wars which for centuries devastated and distracted the nation.

The once magnificent abbey of Holyrood, or "Sancta Crux," was situated on the same spot which the royal palace of Holyrood and its adjoining courts and gardens now occupy, at the eastern extremity of a street called the Canongate,[1] having the hills of Arthur Seat and Salisbury Crags on the south, the Calton Hill on the north, and the ancient city of Edinburgh, towering majestically towards its castle, on the west; the ground eastward being almost a plain, with a gentle inclination towards the firth of Forth.

Like most monastic foundations, that of Holyrood originated in superstition. King David I., who for his *pious extravagance* was called, by his descendant James I. of England, "a *sair* saint for the crown," was the founder of this once opulent abbey. At a loss, no doubt, to justify the unremitting alienation of so much treasure in favour of the church, he had recourse to supernatural agency for assistance—a powerful minister in those times of monkish domination.

The origin of the foundation is narrated with the usual enthusiasm of that age, and the plot reminds us so forcibly of the conversion of Constantine, that we might be excused for supposing the sainted monarch had been well acquainted with that history, which may have supplied material for the following account of the "miraculous interposition of Heaven" manifested in his favour.

"The king, while hunting in Drumselch, one of the royal forests, which surrounded the rocks and hills to the east of the city of Edinburgh, on Rood-day, or the day of the exaltation of the cross, was attacked by a stag, and would in all probability have fallen a sacrifice to the enraged animal, which overbore both him and his horse (as his attendants were left at a considerable distance behind), when, lo! an arm wreathed in a dark cloud, and displaying a cross of the most dazzling brilliancy, was interposed between them, and the affrighted stag fled to the recesses of the forest in the greatest consternation. This having put an end to the chace, the monarch repaired to the castle of Edinburgh, where during the night, in a dream, he was advised, as an act of gratitude for his miraculous deliverance, to erect an abbey, or house for canons regular, upon the spot where the miraculous interposition took place."

In obedience to this command, the pious monarch endowed a monastery for canons regular of the Augustine order in the forest of Drumselch, and transferred a colony of that fraternity from an abbey at Saint Andrew's, an order originally brought to Scotland by Atelwolphus, Prior of St. Oswald, of Nottal, Yorkshire, and afterwards Bishop of

[1] So called from its being originally the residence of the canons and churchmen.

Carlisle, who had established them at Scone, near Perth, in 1114, at the request of King Alexander I. They were either canons, monks, or friars; and their houses where called abbacies, priories, and convents.

This new establishment was dedicated by King David to the honour of the holy cross, which celestial relic, having been left in his possession, was enshrined in silver, and placed with great pomp and ceremony upon the high altar, where it remained for ages, a source of riches, and of comfort to thousands of devotees, until the fatal battle of Durham in 1346, when its celestial and protective virtues appear to have deserted its possessors, who had carried it as a talisman to the field; for it fell into the hands of the English, and was long preserved by them with zealous veneration in the cathedral church of Durham. Tradition has it that the materials of this relic were of such mysterious composition, that no one could discover of what substances it was made; and in the lapse of ages antiquarians have been unable to solve the mystic problem.

The charter of foundation, dated 1128, beautifully written on vellum, and still in the public archives of Edinburgh, is thus translated:—

"In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in honour of the holy cross, the blessed Virgin Mary, and all the saints, I, David, by the grace of God King of Scots, by royal authority, and consent of Henry my son and the bishops of my kingdom, confirmed by my earls and barons, attested by the clergy, and by divine instinct approved by the people, do grant and perpetually confirm to the church of the Holy Cross at Edinburgh the several things hereinafter mentioned—That is to say, I grant to the said church, and the canons regularly serving God therein, in free and perpetual alms, the church of the castle (of Edinburgh), with appurtenances and rights thereof; trial by duel, water, and fire ordeal, as far as appertains to the ecclesiastical dignity; with the town of Saughton and its several divisions; and the church and parish of St. Cuthbert's, with all things thereunto belonging, with the church, town, and its divisions, and the ground whereon the church is situated, together with all the land lying under the castle, viz., from the well which riseth or springeth near the corner of my garden, by the way which leads to the church of St. Cuthbert's, and on the other hand, along the foot of the Castle Hill, to a rock at the east side of the Castle Hill, with two chapels belonging to the said church of St. Cuthbert's, viz., Corstorphin,[1] with two bovates[2] and six acres of land, and the

[1] We have introduced the modern names to render the document more intelligible.

[2] As much land as an ox can plough in a year, usually computed at 15 acres.

chapel of Libberton, with two oxgangs,[1] together with all the rights and tithes as well of the dead as of the living, in Legbernard, which Macbeth gave to the said church, and I have confirmed; also, the church of Airth (Stirlingshire), with the lands thereunto belonging, together with the several lands by me thereunto annexed, as surveyed by my officers and others, I have given to Alwynus, the abbot, with a saltpan and 26 acres of land in the said town of Airth. Which church and lands I will that the said canons of the Holy Cross freely hold and quietly possess for ever. And I hereby strictly enjoin, that no person presume to molest or disturb any of the said canons, their vassals or servants, residing on the said lands, or that any work, auxiliary or secular customs, be unjustly exacted from them.

"I likewise grant to the said canons liberty to erect a mill upon the said lands, and to have and enjoy in Airth all the following rights, customs, and conveniences, viz., in rivers, fishings, meadows, and pastures; and to enjoy all things necessary in as full and ample a manner as when they were in my possession; together with the town of Broughton and its respective divisions; the lands of Inverleith in the neighbourhood of the harbour; half of the fishings and tithes of the several fisheries belonging to the church of St. Cuthbert's; the towns of Pittendrich, Hamar, and Fordam, with their several divisions; and the hospital, with a carucate[2] or plough of land; and a perpetual annuity of 40 shillings out of my town of Edinburgh: and for supplying the said canons with apparel I give to them 100 shillings payable out of my cain[3] at Perth, and from the duties that arise to me out of the first merchant-ships that arrive at Perth; and if none shall happen to arrive, I then give to the said church, out of my revenue in Edinburgh, the sum of 48 shillings; out of Stirling, 20 shillings with a house, and one draught of a fishing-net at the said place; and 40 shillings out of Perth, with a house in my town of Edinburgh, free of all duties and customs whatsoever; together with a house in the town of Berwick, a draught of two nets in Spytwell, a house in Renfrew, five particates,[4] and one draught of a net for salmon, with a right to fish for herrings. And I strictly command that no person whatsoever presume to take of any of the said canons, their vassals or servants, any toll or duty whatever.

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[1] Oxgang—same as a bovate.

[2] Carucata terræ—as much as a plough could till in one month, reckoned 100 acres in England. —Skene de Sig. Verbo.

[3] Kain—petty tithes paid to the clergy for lands held of the church.—Ibid.

[4] Particata terræ—a rood or fourth part of an acre.

"I also give to the said canons, out of my camero,[1] a perpetual annuity of 10 pounds for lightening and repairing the church. And I command my respective officers and foresters, in the counties of Stirling and Clackmannan, that they permit the said abbot and canons to take out of my several woods and forests as much wood as they shall have occasion for towards building their church, houses, and other necessary constructions. I likewise order and direct that the vassals and servants of the said canons shall have liberty to take out of my said woods and forests whatever wood they may have occasion for, without molestation. And I also grant that the swine belonging to the masters or canons of the said church be free from pannage.[2]

"I also give and grant to the said canons one half of the tallow, lard, and hides of the beasts killed in Edinburgh, with the tithes of whales and sea-monsters due to me from the river Avon to Coldbrandspath; with the tithes of all my pleas and profits from the said Avon to the said Coldbrandspath; and the half of my pleas and profits of Kintyre and Argyll; with the skins of all the rams, sheep, and lambs belonging to my castle of Linlithgow, which die naturally; and 8 chalders of malt, 8 of meal, 30 cartloads of brushwood from Libberton, one of my mills of Dean, with the tenths of my mills of Libberton and Dean, and those of my new mill at Edinburgh[3] and Craigendsmark, as far as they appertain to me; with all that belonged to Pineth White on the said rock: to be held in free and perpetual alms.

"I likewise grant to the said canons the town of Hebergare,[4] lying betwixt the church and my town (of Edinburgh), and that the burgesses thereof have the liberty of buying and selling goods and merchandise in open market, as freely and without molestation and reproach as any of my other burgesses.[5] And I strictly enjoin that no person presume to take by force any bread, ale, or other vendible commodity, without the consent of the said burgesses.

"I also grant that the said canons be free from all tolls and customs in my several burghs and lands in all things they deal in. And I strictly forbid all persons from taking a poind, or making a seizure, in or upon the lands of the said Holy Cross, unless the abbot refuse to do justice to the person injured. I will, likewise, that the said canons hold the aforesaid things as fully as I enjoy my lands. And I grant, that

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[1] Exchequer.

[2] A certain duty on swine that fed in the king's wood, upon beech-nuts, mast, &c.

[3] A place called Canonmills is still in existence.

[4] An adjunct to the city of Edinburgh, now called the Canongate.

[5] The burgh of Canongate has for its arms a stag's head, with a cross, in commemoration of the foundation of the abbey and their borough, with the motto "*Sic itur ad astra.*"

the said abbot shall have his court, in as full, free, and honourable a manner as the Bishop of Saint Andrew's, Abbot of Dunfermline, and Abbot of Kelso, enjoy theirs. Attested by these witnesses:—

"Robert, Bishop of Saint Andrew's.
John, Bishop of Glasgow.
Henry, my son.
William, my nephew.
Edward, the Chancellor.
Herbert, the Treasurer.
Gillemichell, Comite.
Gospatrick, brother of Delphin.
Robert Montague.
Robert de Burneville.
Peter de Bruce.
Norman, the Sheriff.
Ogu, Leising.
Gillise.
William de Graham.
Turstan de Creictune Blemo, the Archdeacon.
Alfric, the Chaplain.
Walleran, the Chaplain."

When it is considered that, in addition to this munificent and extensive grant, the abbey was further liberally endowed from time to time, it is no matter of wonder that this foundation rose at length to a pitch of opulence which excited the envy and cupidity of its successive depredators.

The canons of Holyrood had the patronage of churches in almost every part of Scotland; and at the dissolution of the abbey, the following extensive foundations, with their revenues, belonged to it:—

The priories of St. Mary's Isle, in Galloway; Blantyre, in Clydesdale, Rowadil, in the Isle of Herries; Crusay, Oronsay, and Colonsay, in the Western Isles; the church of Melgyinch; the church of Dalyarnoch; the church and vicarage of Kirkcudbright; and several others.

The canons of Holyrood, as will be seen from the charter now recited, had also considerable criminal as well as civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction. To this fraternity belonged "the right of trial, or ordeal, by duel, fire, and water," as also the finding out of noted witches and warlocks, the management of all manner of process and litigation. And such were their protectoral powers, that the precincts of their altars were literally cities of refuge, each a sanctum sanctorum to any thief, criminal, and assassin, who, once within these bounds, was effectually protected from all pursuers; and to violate the sanctuary was deemed more reprehensible than the deed for which the culprit sought protection,—murder alone excepted.

Previous to offering a description of this venerable edifice, it may be of importance to give an account of the uniform situation and distribution of the religious establishments during the prevalence of our ancient ecclesiastical architecture, as it will furnish a just idea of the nature and original extent of Holyrood Abbey.

The principal buildings of an abbey were:—

The church, which consisted of a nave, or great western aisle, choir, transept, and usually a large chapel and quire dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, with smaller chantries or chapels adjoining the side aisles of the choir, and sometimes of the nave; in fact, an abbey church differed little from the present cathedrals.

Attached to one side of the nave, commonly the southern, was the great cloister, which had two entrances to the church, at the eastern and western ends of the aisle of the nave, for the greater solemnity of processions.

Over the western side of the cloister was the dormitory of the monks, a long room divided into separate cells, each containing a bed, with a mat, blanket, and rug, also a desk and stool; and sometimes a skull and cross bones were possessed by each monk;[1] this large hall had a door which opened immediately into the church, for convenience of midnight offices of devotion: attached to the side of the cloister opposite to the church was the refectory, where the monks dined; in the centre of the upper end, raised on two or three steps, was a large crucifix; on the right hand, at a table, sat the abbot, when he dined with the fraternity; and in his absence, the prior, with the guests, of whom there were many daily; and, on the left, the sub-prior; the monks sat at tables ranged on each side of the hall, according to their offices and seniority: near the refectory, under which were cellars, as at Worcester and at other abbeys, was the *locutorium*, or parlour, an apartment answering to the common room of a college, where, in the intervals of prayer and study, the monks sat and conversed together; this was the only room in which a constant fire was allowed during winter: beyond this were the kitchen and offices, and adjoining to these the buttery, lavatory, &c.

On the eastern side of the cloister, in the centre, was the chapter-house, where the business of the abbey was transacted; on one side was a place with stone benches around it, where the tenants and strangers were wont to wait; on the other side, a room in which the records were deposited; and near to it, the library and *scriptorium*, in which the monks employed themselves in copying books and illuminating manuscripts: on this side, also, close to the transept of the church, was the treasury, where the costly plate, church ornaments, and jewels were preserved: beyond the great cloister was the lodging of

[1] Some years ago, while digging in the direction of the cells, a skull was found in one of them with a hole in the cranium, and *memento mori* in rude characters over the brow. This monastic relic was taken possession of by the late Sir Patrick Walker, in whose house we saw it.

the abbot, consisting of a complete house, hall, and chapel: the other officers of the monastery, the cellarer or house-steward, the sacrist, almoner, &c., had also separate houses, and in this part of the establishment were the hostery and gueston-hall, rooms for the entertainment of strangers, also apartments for the novices: westward of the cloister was an open court, round which were the infirmary and the almonry. An embattled gate-house led to this court, which was the principal entrance to the abbey:[1] the whole was surrounded by a high wall with battlements and towers: the precincts which it included were occupied by gardens, stables, granaries, columbarium, &c.

This general account of an abbey is precisely in accordance with the arrangement of the ancient fane of Holyrood.

The abbey church was built in the form of a cross, with a square tower or lantern raised upon four pillars, with lofty connecting arches, in the centre of the building, where the four branches met; the choir and Lady's chapel occupying the branch eastward of the great central tower, and the transept forming the north and south branches.

There were many private altars, dedicated to certain saints, at which chaplains officiated, in virtue of large grants by pious individuals for defraying the expenses of masses for the repose of their souls. We read of two of these altars, dedicated to Saint Andrew and Saint Catherine, and of another to Saint Anne, by the tailors of Edinburgh, and of a fourth, founded by the cordwainers, which was dedicated to their patron saint, Crispin, with images placed upon them.

The origin of these altars is traced to the Crusades, one of the religious delusions of former times. Such of the crusaders as returned from Jerusalem were consecrated knights of the cross, with innumerable privileges and immunities; each knight assumed the banner of the cross upon his shield of arms, which has occasioned this device to be frequently exhibited on sepulchral stones, and on many of the old houses in Edinburgh.

The following remarkable private foundation of this description, from Maitland, will afford an apt specimen of the manner of proceeding in such erections:—

"George Creichton, by divine mercy Bishop of Dunkeld, and of love to God, for the augmentation of his worship, and for the welfare and prosperity of his Lord James V., by the grace of God present King of Scotland; his dearest son, James, Prince and Steward of Scotland and Duke of Rothesay; and for the souls of the illustrious Princes James

[1] The gate-house of Holyrood, which entered into the outer or western court, under a portico of pointed arches, surmounted by turrets, was only taken down in 1755. The court-house of the abbey is built on one of the side walls, where the arches are still to be seen.

III. and IV. Kings of Scots, their father and grandfather, and Mary Queen of Scotland, consort of the said James III.; the soul of Magdalene, daughter to Francis King of France, and consort of the said James V.; for the Serene Prince John Duke of Albany; for his own (the founder's) soul, and that of his dearest son John Earl of Mar, brother to the said James IV. King of Scots; the souls of the founder's father and mother, brethren, sisters, and all his relations, predecessors, and successors; and of all those whom he had in any ways offended, from whom he had received any benefit, and for such as he was obliged to pray, and all others departed this life; gives and grants in pure and perpetual alms, to the honour of Almighty God, the most blessed Virgin Mary his mother, and all saints, all the lands of Lochflat, with their appurtenances, lying within the sheriffdom of Edinburgh, which he devised in trust to James Greg and John Fair, chaplains, and their successors celebrating divine service at the altars of Saint Andrew and Saint Kaithrine, within the monastical church of *Holyrood House*, near the town of Edinburgh, in the southern chapel, adjoining to the high altar of the said church; the rents and profits thereof to be disposed as follows, viz.,—to each of the said chaplains twenty-four merks yearly; forty shillings to the canons of said conventual church of Holyrood, to celebrate the founder's *obit*, by solemnly singing in the choir of the said church, on the day of his death yearly, the *placebo* and *dirge*,[1] with a mass in the same place on the day following, for the repose of his soul and those of the above-mentioned; sixteen shillings for eight wax candles, viz. two in each of the said chapels, two on the high altar, and two upon the founder's tomb, decently adorned; ten shillings for six tapers, of three pounds weight, to be lighted up and burnt on the said anniversary during mass; three shillings for ringing the great bells,[2] and eight pennies for ringing the small or hand bell through the towns of Edinburgh and Canongate; two shillings to the bearers of the torches about the said altar and founder's tomb; thirty shillings for the support of four wax candles to be kindled and burnt on the said altar, decently adorned, during the first and second vespers and respective festivals throughout the year; thirty shillings to be given to thirty poor persons; ten shillings for bread and wine for the celebration of masses at the foresaid altars; twenty shillings to repair the decorations of the

[1] The *placebo* was a certain ceremony performed in the ancient churches for the repose of the *dead*, and consisted in the frequent repetition of prayers and *Ave Maria*. The *dirge* was a funeral lament, sung over the tomb of the deceased.—Anglo-Saxon Antiquities, p. 253.

[2] The bells on these occasions were tolled in a particular manner. "Hæc (sanctimonialis Begu) dum in dormitorio sororum pausans, audivit subito in *aere* notum *campanæ*, quo adorationes excitare vel convocari solebant cum quis earum de sæculo fuisset convocata."

said altars; an annuity of four pounds to the church of St. Mary-in-the-Field; and eight pounds yearly to the abbot and canons of the said monastery, as a feu-farm or quit-rent for the said lands of Lochflat; and to seven poor old men, and their successors, to be lodged in an almshouse to be built by the founder near the abbey of Holyrood House aforesaid, the yearly sum of twenty-four merks each."

And for defraying the annual expenses above mentioned, certain lands and tenements were appropriated by the founder, and the charge thereof vested in the chaplain who officiated at the altar of Saint Andrew aforesaid and his successors, for which he and they were to receive an annual salary of twenty shillings; and the surplus of the revenues to be employed in repairing the house, &c. In the monastery were several relics and bones of saints, which were produced when any public acts were expede, and the retours of the services of heirs mentioned, such as "In Capella Domini nostri Regis."

> "And silver saints, by dying martyrs given,
> Here bribed the rage of unrequited Heaven."

There is only another item necessary to complete this portion of our historical description—the duties performed at these private altars in consideration of such bequests as we have briefly exemplified.

"The chaplains shall say mass daily at the said altars, and at the beginning of each mass to exhort the people to say one *Pater Noster* and one *Ave Maria* for the soul of the founder, and for those of the persons above mentioned; and, after celebrating the mass, clothed in white, shall repair to his grave, with a sprinkler dipped in holy water, and there say the psalm *De Profundis*, with prayers requisite for the souls aforesaid. When done, the said chaplains shall sprinkle the tomb and the people present with holy water, and weekly celebrate the *placebo* and *dirge* for the repose of his soul, and of those of the persons named in the grant."

"The duty of the almsmen began at 8 o'clock in the morning, by saying fifteen *Pater Nosters*, the same number of *Ave Marias*, and three *Credos in Deum Patrem*, in honour of God, the blessed Virgin Mary his mother, and St. Andrew and St. Kaithrine; and to sit and pray before the said chapel for the founder's soul, and for those of the persons mentioned; and on Sundays and festivals, as often as they enter the church for divine service, to put on their red gowns, and at high mass sit before the altar of the chapel in the said conventual church, and there say fifty *Ave Marias*, five *Pater Nosters*, and one *Credo*, and in like manner in time of vespers to say two rosaries of the blessed Virgin; and in their red gowns to walk at all processions; to leave their red

gowns to their successors; and not to beg, under the pain of ejection, seeing that they had sufficient allowances for their maintenance. Anno 1541."

Such was Holyrood in the golden days of "monkish supremacy;" but now—

"The sacred tapers' lights are gone,
Grey moss has clad the altar-stone,
The holy image is o'erthrown,
The bell has ceased to toll;
The long-ribb'd aisles are broke and shrunk,
The holy shrines to ruin sunk;
Departed is the pious monk;—
God's blessing rest his soul!"

The following imperfect enumeration of the abbots, &c., may be interesting.

The first abbot of Holyrood was Alcucius, who relinquished his charge in 1129, having held it only one year. To him succeeded Osbert, who died the same year. William was the third abbot. In 1150 Alwin was abbot. In 1160, Fergus, Lord of Galloway, was abbot, and one of its noblest and earliest benefactors, having sought an asylum in this abbey during the troubles of that period: he died within the sacred walls, and was interred near to the high altar with all the pomp and splendour of monastic solemnity. In 1178 William was the abbot. In 1206, John, Bishop of Candida Casa, relinquished his bishopric and became a monk here, where he died and was buried in 1209. Walter, Prior of Icolmkill, was made abbot of Holyrood the same year. In 1226, William, the son of Owin, resigned his charge as abbot, and entered as a hermit on the island of Inchkeith. In 1231, Osbert, Bishop of Dunblane, canon of Holyrood, died here. In 1296 the abbot of Holyrood did homage to Edward for the lands of the abbey lying in the counties of Stirling, Dumfries, Edinburgh, and Berwick. In 1355, Henry, abbot of Holyrood, was chosen Bishop of Candida Casa, and was consecrated by the Archbishop of York; he was one of the arbiters chosen in the dispute between Bruce and Baliol for the crown of Scotland. In 1492 Robert Ballantyne, founder of the chapel of St. Ninian, Leith, was abbot. In 1515 we find John, and in 1546 Robert, abbots of Holyrood. In 1570 Adam Bothwell was abbot and commendator of Holyrood; he was son of Francis Bothwell, one of the senators of the College of Justice, and born in 1532. He was preferred to the see of Orkney by Queen Mary in 1562, and he was one of the four bishops who embraced the protestant religion; but it does not appear that he exerted any ecclesiastical jurisdiction under that government. He was the bishop who married his unfortunate sovereign to

Bothwell, and afterwards persecuted her. Subsequently he became one of the judges of the Court of Session, to which he was nominated two years after his elevation to the episcopal dignity, and was afterwards designed Bishop of Orkney and Abbot of Holyrood House. He died in 1593, aged sixty-seven, and was interred near the great altar of the abbey church. In 1516 John Bothwell, his son, was commendator of Holyrood, and in 1607 was advanced to the peerage of Scotland by the title of Lord Holyroodhouse.

The imaginary sanctity which was attached to monastic establishments during the ages of superstition, and the extensive and convenient accommodations they generally afforded, rendered them desirable residences of the kings and nobles of the land. David I., its royal founder, dated some of his charters from the abbey of Holyrood. John, Bishop of Whithorn, in Galloway, closed a long life of religious labour and devotion at its holy altars in 1206; and the renowned John Duke of Lancaster lived some time in the abbey, where he died in 1399. David II., who had meditated, along with other Christian princes, an expedition to the Holy Land, but who died in Edinburgh Castle without accomplishing this purpose, made choice of Holyrood for his final resting-place, and he was buried near the high altar, where a sepulchral stone had been placed, with an elaborate epitaph, commencing—

"Hic Rex sub lapide David inclitus est tumulatus."[1]

During the earlier reigns of the House of Stuart the abbey became the frequent resort of the court and parliament, and by this means gradually gave rise to a distinct royal establishment. We have no direct information, however, when or by whom a palace separate from the monastery was first erected, and it is difficult to distinguish the early history of the one from that of the other; but no doubt a royal establishment must originally have formed a part of the extensive range of the abbatical structures. Maitland and Arnot, the historians of Edinburgh, supposed that James V. gave rise to the palace; yet an attentive consideration of the following details will make it apparent that there must have been a royal residence here, distinct from the religious establishment, before the period of James V.

On the 8th day of March, 1326-7, King Robert Bruce held his fourteenth parliament within the abbey, and in February, 1333-4, Edward Baliol held his parliament in the same place. Robert III. made the abbey his residence when he came to Edinburgh, and in this

[1] The whole inscription is preserved by Fordun, vol. ii., p. 380, Ruddiman's Notes. Hearn's MS., lib. x.

place granted the remission to Albany and Douglas for the murder of his son the Duke of Rothesay, who was starved to death in the palace of Falkland. James I. of Scotland and his queen also resided at Holyrood; where, on the 16th of October, 1430, she was delivered of male twins, one of whom, James II., succeeded his father, and was crowned in the abbey on the 25th of March, 1437. In June, 1449, that prince was married in this favoured place to Mary of Gueldres; he was also buried here in August, 1460. Holyrood was thus the scene of four of the principal incidents in his personal history—his birth, coronation, marriage, and burial. James III. also took up his residence at the abbey while he gladdened Edinburgh with his presence; and on the 13th day of July, 1469, "was married in Holyrood House, in great state, to Margaret the King's daughter of Norway, Dasie, Swasie, and Denmark."[1]

All these important transactions are in favour of the supposition that there was a palace separate from the monastery long before the period of King James V., and this assumption receives confirmation from the following important fact. In the accounts given by Young, the herald, of the marriage of King James IV., then 30 years old, to Margaret of England, in her fourteenth year, at Holyrood Abbey, on the 7th of August, 1503, it is stated that, "after all reverences done at the church, in order as before, the king transported himself to the *palace* through the cloister, holding always the queen by the body, and his head bare, till he brought her within her chamber." It was reserved, however, for Dunbar, the old Scottish poet, to celebrate the nuptials in a strain of versification wherein he emulates the elegant tales of Chaucer:—

> "To see this court; bot all were went away;
> Then up I leyint, halflings in affray,
> Calt to my muse, and for my subject chois
> To sing the ryel Thrissil and the Rose!"[2]

King James IV., on the 16th of February, 1505-6, ratified in parliament his gift of 20 merks from the great customs of Edinburgh for the maintenance of a chaplain to sing in the chapel within his *palace* of Holyrood, and for his fee in keeping the *palace*.[3] About the same time he granted a charter to the Earl of Huntley, in which were recited the earl's title-deeds, which had been lately consumed by fire in his lodgings within the royal palace, dated at Holyrood, 17th of April, 1506. From this it would appear that there had been a destructive fire in the "*royal palace*."

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[1] Old Chronicle of Winton.

[2] "Chalmer's Caledonia," vol. ii., notes of pp. 604-5. Leland's Collections, iv., 290.

[3] Parliamentary Records, 523; and MS. Donations.

When James V. arrived from France, with Magdalene, his first consort, at Leith, on the 19th of May, 1537, he and his queen immediately passed to the palace of Holyrood, where she remained until preparations were made for her triumphal entry into Edinburgh. She was afterwards conducted through the capital, attended by a magnificent procession, and received with great rejoicings. But these were of short duration. Forty days afterwards she was carried back to Holyrood Abbey amidst mournful lamentations.[1]

During the inroad of the Earl of Hertford, in the minority of Mary of Scotland, the abbey and the palace were burnt by the English army.

This abbey was frequently exposed to the rage of conquest and the ferocity of savage depredators. In 1305 it was burnt, when the furious Edward II. made his descent upon Scotland; and in August, 1332, when the army of Edward III. was about to retire into England, the soldiers, actuated by a spirit of furious devastation, laid waste the precincts of this venerable asylum, despoiling the shrines, and carrying off the vessels of gold and silver used in the solemnities of its appointed festivals. Not satisfied with this sacrilegious plunder, they committed every species of outrage on the trembling and unoffending inmates of its venerable cloisters. Dallaway, in his "Anecdotes of Architecture," states that the chapel of Holyrood was *finished* about the year 1440, by King James II.

In 1457 Archibald Crawfurd, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, a man of high reputation for his talents and integrity, was Abbot of Holyrood: he was employed as ambassador to the court of England, and was commissioned with other lords to negotiate a marriage of James II. with a daughter of Edward IV., which, however, failed. The name of this illustrious dignitary is here introduced as having contributed considerably to the repairs and embellishment of the monastery, and particularly in altering the old Norman fabric, built by David I., into the pointed style of architecture which the present ruins exhibit. His arms are to be seen, beautifully cut, upon one of the flying buttresses on the north side of the nave. This abbot died in 1483.

As the various alterations made in the buildings of the palace of Holyrood are described in the sequel, we have only to pursue our descriptive account of the abbey a little farther. After the church and abbey had remained four hundred years in the fields, apart from any other building (although doubtless containing within its courts a palatial residence for the king), JamesV., about 1528, erected a house for his own

[1] Pitscottie; Leslie.

residence near the south-west corner of the church, with a circular tower at each angle, which towers still remain, forming the north-west corner of the present palace.

In April, 1544, during the irruption of the Earl of Hertford, both the abbey and the palace were nearly reduced to ashes by the fury of an unprincipled soldiery. The choir and transept of the church were then destroyed, and nothing was left standing but the nave, of which the ruins only now remain. At this time a brazen font of curious workmanship, ornamented with scriptural subjects, in which the children of the Scottish kings were usually baptized, was carried off by Sir Richard Lea, captain of the English pioneers, who presented it to the church of St. Alban's, in Hertfordshire, after he had caused a haughty and imperious inscription in Latin to be engraved upon it, of which the following is a translation:—"When Leith, a town of good account in Scotland, and Edinburgh, the principal city of that nation, were on fire, Sir Richard Lea, knight, saved me out of the flames, and brought me into England. In gratitude to him for his kindness, I, who hitherto served only at the baptism of the children of kings, do now most willingly offer the same service even to the meanest of the English nation. Lea, the Conqueror, hath so commanded. VALE. A.D. 1543, in the 36th year of Henry VIII." "No doubt," says Sir Walter Scott, "this mighty *conqueror*, who had achieved so glorious an enterprise as that of taking away a brass font in the midst of the tumult occasioned by a conflagration, hoped to inform posterity of his renown by the memorial engraven upon the trophy won by his exploits; but, alas! ambition knows not its own destiny; the victor's spoil became, in its turn, the plunder of rebellious regicides; for, during the civil wars that raged under the unfortunate Charles, this sacred emblem was taken down, sold for its weight, and ignobly destroyed;"[1] nor would the memory of Sir Richard Lea's highly boasted prowess have survived but for the diligence of our accurate Scottish antiquarian.

After the battle of Pinkie, in 1547, the Protector Duke of Somerset sent two of his generals to suppress the monastery of Holyrood. On their arrival they found the fraternity had fled; and the church and palace being well covered with lead, these ignoble pillagers stripped it off, took down the bells, and committed every species of outrage.[2]

Until the Reformation the church of Holyrood continued to be used for the coronations, marriages, baptisms, and funerals of the Scottish monarchs, when it shared the fate of almost every similar establishment

[1] Border Antiquities, Descrip. No. vi., p. 77.
[2] Patten's Expedition, Dalziel's edit., p. 22.

in Scotland, in the heat of that infuriate zeal which was most injudiciously exercised against the unconscious structures, thereby depriving the nation of its noblest architectural monuments of antiquity, and the people themselves of commodious places of worship. But it was one of the maxims of the times that, "to get rid of the rooks they must destroy their nests."

On the 10th day of June, 1569, two days after Mary of Scotland had been imprisoned in Lochleven, the Earl of Glencairn laid waste the beautiful church, broke in pieces its valuable furniture, and destroyed most of its statues, altars, and ornaments. When the monastery was dissolved at the Reformation, its revenues were immense. If not the richest, it was one of the most opulent religious establishments in Scotland.[1]

On this disastrous visitation, all was defaced, and hardly anything was spared that could throw light upon eras prior to that catastrophe; and, but for a few mutilated chartularies, &c., we should have been left completely in the dark with regard to so interesting a period of Scottish history.

The popish hierarchy having been abolished in Scotland by the Reformation, and the protestant religion established in its stead, the superiority of the Canongate, together with the town of North Leith, part of the barony of Broughton, and part of the village called the "Pleasance," from a chapel there dedicated to our Lady Placentia, all belonging to the canons of Holyrood, were vested at that time in the person of the Earl of Roxburghe. From him the town-council of Edinburgh purchased these superiorities, in August, 1636, for the sum of 42,100 merks Scots, and obtained a charter of confirmation in their favour from King Charles, which is dated the 11th of December, 1639.

In 1607 the district belonging to the abbey was erected into a temporal lordship, in favour of John Bothwell, the commendator, son of Adam, Bishop of Orkney and Abbot of Holyrood, who was advanced to the peerage by the title of Lord Holyroodhouse, which title is now extinct.

After its erection into a temporal lordship, the inhabitants of North Leith purchased the chapel of St. Ninian, the chaplain's house, tithes of land, houses, and fishings, &c., from Lord Holyrood House; and North Leith, formerly belonging to the abbey, was now rendered an independent parish.

When Edinburgh was erected into a bishopric by a charter of

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[1] Its revenues and other statistical data are mentioned by Maitland: see also the "Original History of Holyrood," by the Author, 1832, p. 46.

Charles I., dated the 29th of September, 1633, and afterwards ratified by Charles II., the church and abbacy of Holyrood House were annexed to the new see, and the minister of Holyrood was appointed one of the prebendaries in the cathedral of St. Giles. The English liturgy was read twenty years in the abbey church, then the place of worship for the inhabitants of Canongate, and frequented by all ranks and conditions, during the reigns of James VI. and Charles I.; and, but for an occurrence which took place in 1639, might have continued for a longer period. The event is thus recorded by Arnot:—"It having been reported, in the harvest of that year, that the liturgy was to be read as usual before the Marquis of Hamilton, then at the palace in the character of commissioner sent by Charles I. to treat with the Covenanters, a notice was sent him by the people, that, if the liturgy should be used there any more, the clergyman who officiated should be certainly put to death." This is only one of the instances of the determination of the Scots to oppose that monarch's rash attempt to force a liturgy into the national church, and reminds us of the tumult which took place in St. Giles's and other churches in Edinburgh when compliance with Charles's command was attempted on Sunday, the 23rd of July, 1637. On that memorable occasion neither the presence of the nobility, the judges and the other civil authorities, nor even the solemn admonition of a venerable bishop, could entirely quell the expression of dissatisfaction manifested by the people, nor prevent the eloquence and even the missile weapons of the much-famed female Presbyterian, Janet Geddes, from being exercised, to the no small danger and annoyance of the preacher, at whose sacred head she hurled the stool on which she sat.

The abbey church of Holyrood was used as the parish church of Canongate till the reign of James VII., as appears from a letter from that king, dated at Windsor, the 28th of June, 1687, ordering the magistrates of Edinburgh to deliver up the keys of this church to the Earl of Perth, Lord Chancellor, that it might be fitted up as a royal chapel for the king's household while residing in the adjoining palace, as well as for the instalment of the knights of the most ancient order of the Thistle.[1]

Having thus obtained possession of the conventual church, James VII. caused it to be completely repaired in the most sumptuous manner. It was paved with marble of various colours, enriched also with armorial devices and Saxon inscriptions, equal in beauty (according to Slezer, Captain Grose, and other antiquaries) to the fine marmoral pavement in Gloucester cathedral. A throne for the sovereign, and

[1] Maitland's History of Edinburgh, p. 142.

twelve stalls for the knights companions of the Order of the Thistle,[1] with a large and beautiful organ, were likewise erected in it. Workmen were sent from London to execute the statues of the prophets and the twelve apostles, as additional ornaments to the exterior of the building. This design, however, was sternly resisted by the citizens, and was finally rendered impracticable; for, in consequence of a mass having been performed in it at that time, and of the king's well known attachment to popery, they apprehended it was his intention to re-establish the rites and ceremonies of the popish church, and that those statues for the decoration of the place were ultimately designed as objects of worship. The populace accordingly took the law in their own hands. They broke into the church, tore up the stalls, and, setting fire to the ornamental parts of the building, left only the naked walls.

Fanatical fury and political apostacy went even further. They violated the sacred habitations of the dead, and profaned the very sepulchres of their kings; tearing open the coffins that held the mouldering ashes of James V., of Magdalene of France his first queen, Lord Darnley, and others who had held the Scottish sceptre. Avarice seems to have maintained a divided empire with religion over the minds of these depredators. They sold the lead of which the coffins were made, and left the bodies an unseemly spectacle and a degrading memorial of popular frenzy.[2]

The only account now left us of the *Regalia Sepultura* is a MS. note in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, of a search made in 1683, which, as being an important document and a literary curiosity, we give verbatim:—"Upon ye XXIV. of Jan. MDCLXXXIII., by procurement of ye Bishop of Dumblayne, I went into ane vault in ye south-east corner of ye abbey church of Halyrudehouse, and yr were present ye Lord Strathnaver, and E. Forfare, Mr. Robert Scott, minister of ye abbey, ye Bishop of Dumblayne, and some others. We viewed ye body of King James ye fyfth of Scotland. It lyeth withine ane wodden coffin, and is coveret with ane lead coffin. There seemed to be haire upon ye head still. The body was two lengths of my staff, with twa inches mare, that is, twa inches and mare above twa Scots elnes;[3] for I measured the staff with an ell-wand afterward.

"Ye body was coloured black with ye balsam that preserved it, which was lyke melted pitch. Ye Earl of Forfare took ye measure with his staff lykewayes. There was plates of lead, in several long pieces, loose upon and about ye coffin, which carried the following in-

[1] Spottiswood's ap. Slezer's; Original History of Holyrood.
[2] Border Antiquities, No. vii., p. 78, &c. [3] Upwards of 6 feet 4 inches.

scription, as I took it before ye bishop and noblemen in ye isle of ye church.

"'ILLUSTRIS SCOTORUM REX JACOBUS EJUS NOMINIS V. ÆTATIS SUÆ ANNO XXXI., REGNI VERO XXX. MORTEM OBIIT IN PALLACIO DE FALKLAND, 14 DECEMBRIS ANNO D'NI MDXLII., CUJUS CORPUS HIC TRADITUM EST SEPVLTVRE.'

"Next ye south wall, in a smaller arch, lay a shorter coffin, with ye teeth in ye skull. To ye coffin in ye narrow arch seemeth to belong this inscription, made out of long pieces of lead, in the Saxon character: 'MAGDELENA FRANCISCI REGIS FRANCIAE PRIMOGENITA, REGINA SCOTIÆ, SPOUSA JACOBI V. REGIS, A.D. MDXXXVIII. OBIIT.'

"There was ane piece of a lead crown, upon ye syde of whilk I saw two floor de leuces gilded; and upon ye north side of ye coffin lay two children, none of ye coffins a full elne long, and one of them lying within ane wod chest, ye other only ye lead coffin.[1] Upon ye south side, next ye king's body, lay ane great coffin of lead with ye body in it. The muscles of ye thigh seemed to be entire; ye body not so long as King James ye fyfth, and ye balsam stagnating in some quantity at ye foote of ye coffin: there appeared no inscription upon ye coffin.[2] At ye east syde of ye vault, which was at ye feet of ye other coffins, lay a coffin with ye skull sawn in two, and ane inscription in small letters gilded upon a square of ye lead, making it to be ye bodye of Dame Jane Stewart, Countess of Argyle, MDLXXXVI. or thereby; for I do not well remember ye yeare."[3]

While on this subject, and to save repetition in the subsequent pages, we may state that, in addition to the royal tenants now mentioned of the abbey tombs, we find the following illustrious individuals have been also buried in the abbey:—King David II., in 1370; King James II., killed at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, by the bursting of a cannon, 1460; the infant Prince Arthur, third son of James IV., 1510; James V. of Scotland, father of Mary Queen of Scots, who died at Falkland, a few days after the birth of his daughter, the 14th of December, 1542; Magdalene, Queen of James V., 1537; Arthur Duke of Albany, second son of James V.; Henry Lord Darnley, husband of Mary Queen of Scots, 1567; Jane, countess of Archibald, fifth Earl of Argyle, before mentioned, natural daughter of James V. by Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Carmichael, the same who was at supper with her

[1] These we take to be the remains of Prince Arthur, son of James IV., who died in 1510, and Arthur Duke of Albany, second son of James V.

[2] This was doubtless Lord Darnley's remains.

[3] MS. in Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, Ad. V. III.

sister Mary when the blood of Rizzio was shed at her feet. She stood sponsor for Queen Elizabeth at the baptism of James VI., for which she was condemned to do public penance in the church of St. Giles.[1] She was enclosed in one of the richest coffins ever seen in Scotland, the compartments and inscriptions being, as is said, of gold. She was interred beside her relations. The Duchess de Grammont was also buried in the royal vault, she having been a considerable time an exile in Scotland, and having had apartments in the palace of Holyrood. On Charles X. of France attaining the throne, her remains were conveyed to France, and deposited in the mausoleum of her kindred.

About the year 1758, the roof of the abbey church having become ruinous, the Barons of the Exchequer ordered its reparation, and with this view engaged an architect and mason to inspect and report upon the building. Instead of making a new roof of wood, and slating it, which would have been sufficiently heavy for such old walls to sustain, the injudicious builders placed over the fabric a roof of large flag-stones, with a considerable accompaniment of stone-work. The consequence of course was, that during the night of the 2nd of December, 1768, the walls and vaulting gave way, when—

> "At once
> The labours of whole ages tumbled down,
> A hideous and misshapen mass of ruins!"

Thus fell the abbey church of Holyrood, after it had braved the fury of man and the war of the elements upwards of six hundred years.

Arnot, in his History, states that, "when last we visited this stately edifice, we beheld in the middle of the chapel the broken shafts of the columns, which had been borne down by the weight of the roof, through the extreme avarice of a stupid architect. Upon looking into the vaults, the doors of which were open, we found that what had escaped the fury of the mob at the Revolution had become a prey to the rapacity of those who ransacked the church after its fall. In 1766 we had seen the body of James V., and those of several others, in their leaden coffins. These coffins were now stolen. The head of Queen Magdalene, which was then entire, and even beautiful, and the skull of Darnley, were then also stolen; his thigh-bones, however, still remain, and are proof of the vastness of his stature." These promiscuous remains were afterwards placed in a large case, and deposited in the royal vault, which was closed by strong doors, secured by two locks, one key of which was kept by the Barons of the Exchequer, and the other by the sexton, so that it

[1] Dalyell's Scottish Poems, vi., 36: Description of Stirling, page 64.

was impossible to open the same unless in the presence and by authority of the barons, who we trust may have still an inventory of the remains. Be this as it may, since the keeping of the chapel-royal has been under the surveillance of the Duke of Hamilton, hereditary keeper of the palace, this vault was opened for public inspection, and the bones taken out and exhibited for some time, until the recent re-interment of the remains of Queen Mary of Gueldres, when the vault was closed once more over what may now remain of the dust of Scotland's former kings.

The remains of Mary of Gueldres, queen of James II. of Scotland, who was interred in the Holy Trinity Church, Edinburgh, in 1463, were, on taking down that ancient edifice in 1848, exhumed and conveyed to the Exchequer Chambers to await the commands of the queen: meantime a new coffin was prepared, and a cast of her head was taken by the Antiquarian Society in presence of the magistrates of the city and several distinguished literary and scientific gentlemen.

On the 5th of July these royal remains were re-interred in the royal vault at Holyrood. On this occasion the sacrilegious exhibition of the bones of the kings and queens of Scotland was pointedly alluded to in the Edinburgh newspapers, from one of which we copy the following account:—"The Lord Provost, magistrates, and town-council, several members of the Society of Antiquaries, and about three hundred ladies and gentlemen, were present on the interesting occasion. At eight o'clock the coffin containing the royal remains was conveyed in a hearse from the Exchequer Chambers to the gate of the Chapel Royal, and was there borne on the shoulders of four men to the royal vault in the south-east corner of the chapel. The agent of the Duke of Hamilton, as deputy-keeper of the palace, acted as chief mourner, while the right side of the coffin was taken by the Lord Provost. As the procession moved slowly along to the royal vault, which had been previously prepared for the reception of the royal remains, the company remained uncovered, and the ceremony at this stage was of a singularly solemn and impressive character. Passing into the royal vault, *the floor of which was strewn with all that is left of the kings and queens of Scotland,* the pall-bearers deposited the royal remains in a recess in the south wall, and soon emerged from the fetid atmosphere of the tomb."

The "Edinburgh Mail," another journal, alluding to the re-interment of the queen of James II. in the royal vault, expresses an anxious hope "*that the opportunity will be embraced for encasing in coffins the other skeletons that are presently seen, through the grating of the royal vault, bleaching in the sepulchral damp.*" These and many such remonstrances appear to have put a stop to such a sacrilegious exhibition, but not until some of the relics had been carried away.

There are few subjects on which it is more difficult for Scotchmen to write with any sort of temper, than when it becomes their duty to record the contemptuous manner in which the palaces and regal antiquities of Scotland have been treated since James VI. left behind him his paternal palaces, which were more or less valuable as the repositories of many precious relics connected with the independence of Scotland, as well as associated with the characters and legends of the distinguished dead.

We have the highest possible respect for the heritable Keeper of the Palace of Holyrood. No nobleman could be more entitled to the honour of watching over and protecting the memorabilia of the house of Stuart, than the lineal descendant and representative of a family who have sacrificed both wealth and liberty in the service of Mary of Scotland. We could have desired that this our humble commendation could have been extended to his menial representatives; but the flagrant and utter heartlessness of exposing the fragmental remains of ancient monarchy to vulgar gaze has been animadverted upon by the public press; and when in addition to this we are told that, piece by piece, those sepulchral relics have been vanishing away, we cannot, in justice to the important task before us, suppress our honest indignation.

We have been informed that certain relics have been sold or abstracted from the royal vault, since their reckless public exhibition took place; and in order to ascertain the truth of our information, we addressed his Grace the Duke of Hamilton on the subject, being resolved to avoid misrepresenting a circumstance which, however lightly it may be considered by some, is pregnant with importance to every patriotic mind.

It was reported to us that the sexton or his servant had been parting with relics from the royal vault, and that on one occasion a piece of a leaden coffin, with Saxon letters, corresponding with that described as forming part of Queen Magdalene's coffin, had been sold to a gentleman, who was an antiquarian, for fifteen shillings. We were first informed of this in 1847, and the consequence was that the parties, being aware of it, became alarmed, and by prayers and entreaties re-obtained two pieces of coffin stamped "Holyrood," being stated as the only portion which had been purchased from the servant. But this is not the piece which we refer to, nor the one which the sexton stated he had missed from within the royal vault, as will be seen from the correspondence in the Appendix.[1]

The Lord Provost and magistrates of Edinburgh have on several occasions remonstrated on the avarice of the menials intrusted with the

[1] Vide Appendix No. 2, Holyrood.

exhibition of the palace and chapel, but it would be of much more national importance if any of the representatives for Edinburgh would move in Parliament for an inventory of the box containing the "Regalia Sepultura," which would at once solve the doubts that exist as to the fidelity of the parties to whom these relics have been intrusted. Should these relics be still preserved from sacrilegious hands, we cannot account for the late exhibition of royal bones, but by supposing the whole affair to have been a despicable imposture to make money by opening the royal vault as a museum.

We come now to a description of the ruins of the abbey church, afterwards chapel-royal, the only vestige remaining of the once extensive monastery. The building, which is of freestone, is of an oblong form, extending over walls about 148 feet long from west to east, and 66 feet from north to south, being, as before stated, the nave of the original church, which, when entire, consisted of a centre and two side aisles communicating with each other by a double range of equilateral pointed arches, consisting of eight in either row, and springing from clustered columns with highly ornamented capitals. Above each of these rows, a second range, of smaller pointed arches, of double the number, formed the front gallery, over the stone vaulting of the side aisles; and on the top of each of these second rows was a third range of similar small arches, open towards the inside of the church, and forming a gallery or passage in the thickness of the walls, by which a communication was obtained with either extremity of the building, the same as in the cathedrals of Melrose and Dunblane, and in many other ancient churches. In the outside of the upper gallery or passage, which rose a story higher than the side aisles, were a number of long, narrow, lancet-topped windows, which conveyed light into the upper part of the middle aisle, as will be seen from an outside view of the church, with the roof entire as in 1753, in Maitland's "History of Edinburgh." The roof of the upper part of this building was vaulted, with groins and intersecting stone ribs, in a manner similar to the roofs of the churches of St. Giles and Trinity College, in Edinburgh. The roof fell down in 1768, when the walls, and the flying buttresses which crossed to the tops of the side aisles, gave way, and destroyed in their fall the upper windows, and the galleries on both sides, the roof on the north side, and the range of pillars and arches that divided it from the middle aisle of the church. The pillars and large arches of the southern range, with the south side aisle, escaped this destruction, and are still entire; also the smaller arches of the second story, which formed the gallery immediately over the south side aisle; but the gallery itself is hidden by a low modern roof, which protects the only part of the stone vaulting that now remains.

This building has long been considered an elegant specimen of what is generally called Gothic architecture. From its appearance it partakes of both the first and second orders of the pointed style, or what chiefly prevailed in ecclesiastic fabrics from the beginning of the 12th to the latter end of the 13th centuries. Upon a minute inspection, however, the pointed work in many places appears to have been superinduced upon old Norman work, such as generally prevailed during the 11th and early part of the 12th centuries, and which was not altogether superseded by the pointed style until the latter end of the 12th century. Several characteristic features, indeed, of the old Norman style, may still be observed in the various parts of the building; such as the semicircularly-topped window, the chevron, or zigzag, and billet mouldings, the interlacing arcades along the basement story, and the flat pilaster on the outside walls, which preceded the projecting buttress. These, with the parts immediately adjacent to them, appear to be the original work of David I., which was begun in 1128.

The western front and principal entrance, consisting of a highly pointed arch, now built up, and over it two large windows, which lighted the rood-loft and organ gallery, presents itself to the eye of the spectator on entering the outer court of the palace. The columns and mouldings of the door-piece are of the most exquisite carving, and executed in rather a bold style, exhibiting sculptured ornaments representing dogs, serpents, cherubs, and a profusion of foliage. Immediately above this door, and upon the wall forming the division of the two windows, a square tablet projects with the following inscription:—

No. 18.

"HE SHALL BUILD ANE HOUSE
FOR MY NAME, AND I WILL
STABLISH THE THRONE
OF HIS KINGDOM
FOR EVER."

and under it—

"BASILICAM HANC SEMI
RUTAM, CAROLUS REX
OPTIMUS INSTAURAVIT,
ANNO DONI.
CIↃ. IↃC XXXIII."

Above these inscriptions are fragments of the arms of Scotland, cut in oak, and which are considered to be as old as the abbey. The centre-piece, containing the shield, inclosing the lion rampant and crown, preserved in the interior of the chapel, is represented in the above engraving.

To the left of these windows is the north-west tower of the church, which served as a vestry when used as a parish church, and in which were hung the bells. One of these bells is said to have been placed in the Tron Church steeple, which was burnt in the great fire of Edinburgh, in 1824; another in St. Cuthbert's Chapel of Ease; and a third in St. Paul's Church, York-place; this last having been granted to the episcopalian congregation when their former place of worship was erected in the Cowgate, about 1771. The bell in the Tron Church was melted by the great fire, which reduced the steeple to ashes; a modern spire has since been erected.

The tower of the abbey rose to a considerable height, and was continued in the form of an *Ogee* turret, resembling the upper part of the college steeple of Glasgow; the lower part of this tower is ornamented with arcades, corresponding to the grand entrance. The windows, which are evidently more modern, are in the upper part of the tower, each being divided by a plain central mullion and quatrefoil in the centre above. This tower, after having remained roofless for some time, was only covered in with a leaden roof in 1816, and is now inhabited by a grotesque fraternity of owls, wild pigeons, and bats. The north aspect of the chapel exhibits the upright buttresses assigned to James II., but really the work of Abbot Crawfurd, with the small pointed windows which lighted the north aisle; the north door from what was formerly the churchyard, and a part of the second row of inside arches, are seen overtopping the wall, with a part of the east end, and the ruins of the large altar-window. This is all that remains of the unroofed nave, or western branch of the conventual church, being precisely what was in more modern times fitted up by King James VII. as a royal chapel, with only a few fragments of the transepts and cloister. From these remains we can trace exactly where the cloister joined this part of the church on the south, having communication with it by two doors; the top of the easternmost still appears above the royal vault. This door is of beautiful Norman work, with a semicircular top, and surrounded with the billet and chevron, or zigzag mouldings. From traces yet visible, the choir and our Lady's Chapel appear to have extended about 150 feet eastward into the park; whence it may be inferred that the great lantern tower, before mentioned, as is usual in such edifices, had stood at equal distances from the eastern and western extremities of the church. The north-west tower, just described, must have belonged to the original structure, and have formed one of the two towers which flanked the great western entrance, in the same manner as those of Westminster, York, Lichfield, Aberdeen, Dunfermline, and Elgin; and a practised architect may soon discover that the south-west tower

must have stood upon the site of the wing of the palace built by James V., and where it is closely joined to the church. The western door, leading to the cloisters, has also been concealed by the intrusion of the palace. The basement story on the outside of the small wall, westward from this door, and which formed the northern boundary of the cloister, is also adorned with an arcade of small pointed arches, rising from slender pillars; and both this and the north wall are lined alongside of the basement story with similar arcades, rising from slender pillars, with ornamented capitals. Those against the north wall are peculiarly beautiful, being interlaced; and, by intersecting each other, they describe a pointed arch. The other parts of the fabric which are in the pointed style, must have been superstructed upon the original work at the successive periods of its embellishment and repairs. Most of our ecclesiastical structures have experienced similar alterations; nor is the abbey of Holyrood more free from "the struggle of the styles." These are evidently the remains of the original Norman fabric. The door in the north wall, opening into the north side aisle, ornamented with niches, has probably been the ordinary entrance of visitors to the monastery; while the two doors entering from the cloisters afforded a ready access to the canons and other *religieux* of the establishment.

The flying buttresses, with several other embellishments, were added by Abbot Crawfurd in the reign of James II. Of these, the under range still remains, on the south side of the church. They spring from piers placed about ten feet distant from the wall, and, crossing the walk of the cloister, rest against the top of the flat Norman pilasters to the wall of the south aisle.[1] Evident marks on the roof of a covered walk round the cloister are still visible upon the south wall of the church, and on these buttresses. A range of upright buttresses, with canopies, niches, and pinnacles, of more recent date,[2] remain against the north wall of the church; but the flying buttresses across the north and south side aisles, which supported the upper walls that rose above the arches of the nave, have shared the same fate as the roof and internal arches, with which they were connected.

On the canopied niches are a number of armorial devices, greatly defaced; among these are the arms of Abbot Crawfurd, viz., "*a fessermine* with a star of five points in chief, *or*, surrounded by a bishop's mitre, *proper*, resting upon a cross and salter, cross lettered *proper*." As a

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[1] For a south-east and other views of the church, see Arnot's "History of Edinburgh," 4th Edition; and the "Original History of Holyrood."

[2] Probably the ornamental work of James VII.

corroborative proof of the change from the circular to the pointed style, already noticed, we have remarked, that the small windows of both the north and south aisles correspond, in their dimensions and general appearance, with those of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Those of the north wall bear evident marks of alteration, from the narrow semicircular tops of the Norman school, to the slightly pointed tops of about the middle of the twelfth century; while the original capitals and bases of the small pillars, which stood at either side of these windows, still remain.

We shall now conduct the visitor to the interior of the celebrated ruin, by a clumsy, shapeless doorway, which seems to have been opened for that purpose, at the extremity of the piazzas, and directly under the most ancient wing of the palace, built by James V. On entering the door, which closes with a gloomy sullen sound, re-echoed through the ruins, we are ushered into the once proud abbey—

> "With the broken arches over our head,
> And beneath our feet the bones of the dead."

Instead of the song of praise, the solemn dirge, the peals of the organ, all is dark and dumb, hushed as the foot of night, save the harsh scream of the jackdaw, or the ungracious cry of the owl, which nestle in the broken tower. Immediately on entering the doorway there is, in the passage, a sepulchral stone, much worn out and decayed, which is supposed to mark the burial-place of David Rizzio; whose history and death are given in our description of the palace. The stone bears traces of a shield with Saxon characters, but so defaced, that all attempts to decipher them have been unsuccessful. Near this spot is a doorway, now closed up, which led to the palace above. It was through this passage that the murderers of the Italian musician gained admission; so that they must have traversed this sacred place, without compunction or hesitation, to perform their deed of murder; and we think it highly probable that Rizzio may have been brought down this stair and buried at the bottom, near to where the stone now lies. Along this wall is a door to the rood-loft, and, farther on, another, leading into the north-west tower of the conventual church, in more recent times used as a vestry, and in which were hung the bells of the chapel-royal. It was covered with a leaden roof in 1816, as already mentioned.

This dark and dismal hole is the receptacle of one of the most finished pieces of sculpture to be seen anywhere, Westminster Abbey not excepted. This magnificent sepulchral monument is that of Viscount Belhaven, page of honour to Henry, Prince of Wales; and, on the

death of that prince, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to James VI., and also to Charles I.

Upon an altar-tomb is placed his lordship's statue, in a recumbent posture; the right arm rests upon a cushion, which is so exquisitely finished that it seems to yield to the pressure; the left hand grasps the pommel of the sword, which inclines negligently towards the feet. He is arrayed in robes of state, and the flowing folds of the drapery have the ease and grace of the finest Italian statuaries. The head is encircled with a viscount's coronet. It is of Parian marble, brought from Italy. The columns and pediment, forming the recess in which the statue is placed, are of a fanciful order; the columns fluted, and the pediment open, in which is a shield charged with the armorial bearings, viz., "*A head crowned imperially, gules; three stars of five points, argent; three piles issuing from the chief gules;* within a double tressure flowered, and counter-flowered." The shield is surrounded by a helmet *sable*, supported on the dexter side by a naked savage *wreathed* and *girded* with laurel, holding in the right hand a *baton proper;* on the sinister side a lion, langued and rampant, *proper*. Motto, "Toujours sans tache." The marshalling of these arms indicates his lordship's near relation to the Douglases, Earls of Morton. On an arched recess is a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

"Here are interred the remains of Robert Viscount Lord Belhaven, Baron of Spot, &c., Councillor to King Charles, and most intimately in favour with him, because formerly he had been most dear to Henry Prince of Wales, and Master of his Horse: he being dead, and Charles his brother now reigning, he was made Chamberlain to the King's household, and entertained with a singular degree of favour, and advanced to great honours and wealth. In his youth he enjoyed the sweet society of Nicholas Murray, daughter to the Baron of Abercairney, his only wife, who lived with him not above eighteen months, and died in child-bed with her child (as weary of bad times and customs): withdrawing himself from the noise of the Court, he returned to his country. He nominated Sir Archibald and Sir Thomas Douglas, Baronets, sons to his elder brother, to be his heirs, dividing equally between them all his lands and goods, except some legacies: and they erected this monument to his memory, as a token of their gratitude.

"Nature supplied in him, by sagacity, what his mind wanted of education. He was inferior to none in a good capacity and candour. He would soon be angry, but was soon calmed; this is one thing he had in his life, which scarcely could be alike acceptable to all. For loyalty towards his prince, love to his country, kindness to his relations, and charity to the poor, he was singular. In prosperity he was meek

and moderate, in adversity his constancy and magnanimity prevailed to his very end. He died at Edinburgh, the 12th day of January, from the Incarnation of the Messiah MDCXXXIX., and of his age the third year above his great climacteric."[1]

Bishop Burnet relates the following anecdote of this illustrious nobleman:—"When the Earl of Nithsdale came down to Scotland for the redemption of church lands and tithes, those who were principally concerned agreed, that, if nothing could make him desist, they would fall upon him and his party, and put them to death: Lord Belhaven, who was then blind, desired to be placed by one of the party, of whom he might make sure. Accordingly, he was seated next the Earl of Dumfries, whom he held fast all the time of the meeting: being asked what he meant, he replied, that ever since the blindness came upon him he was always afraid of falling, and clung fast to the one nearest to him. In the other hand he grasped his dagger, with which he would have stabbed the earl, had any disorder taken place."

From the belfry door a good inside view of the church is obtained. On the right is a remaining row of pillars, from which spring large equilateral pointed arches, with the second row of smaller pillars and arches, that formed the front of the first gallery. Each of these upper arches is divided, by a slender pillar or mullion, into two smaller arches with trefoil heads, with an open quatrefoil in the centre above each. Through the under arches the groining of the south aisle is discerned, with three of the windows that looked into the cloister; also the arcade of small pillars and pointed arches along the basement story of the south aisle. The only burial-vaults now remaining are immediately under the two easternmost of the large arches. The large east window forms a conspicuous feature from this point of view, occupying the western and only remaining one of the four large arches which we have described, on which the great lantern-tower in the centre of the abbey had rested, and pointing out, even at the present time, by its sweep, the curvature of the original vaulting of the middle aisle.

The mullions of the window have been executed subsequently to the destruction of the choir and transept, probably by James VII. or Charles I., by the latter of whom the church was repaired in 1633.

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1 Pennant, in his *Survey of London*, states that in the chancel of the Savoy Chapel there is a monument to the memory of the wife of Lord Belhaven. The lady, who died in 1612, is but a secondary figure, and is placed kneeling behind her husband, dressed in a vast and distended hood. Before her is his lordship, in an easy attitude, reclined and resting on his right arm; the other hand on his sword. He is in armour, with a robe over it. Pennant adds,—The sculpture is very similar to that in Holyrood Abbey, and there is great merit in the figure. Pennant's London, p. 202; Stow, vol. ii., p. 108; Wood's Peerage, vol. i.

The mullions, which had lain scattered around since the great storm in 1795, were replaced in 1816. To the left of this window is an arch, now built up, that divided the transept from the east end of the north aisle of the nave. In the under part of this arch there appears, within and without the wall, some screen-work in stone, containing a door of communication with the transepts, which exactly corresponds with the general description introduced at the commencement of this history of the abbey, and must have formed the entrance to the private chapel or chantry. In the foreground are the two fragments of the northern row of pillars; and on the upper part of the east wall, at the sides of the large window, there are still remains of the walls and galleries that fell with the roof in 1768.

Instead of the tessellated marble pavement, the chapel is now paved with tombstones: a great many of these stones are highly interesting, being covered with sculptures of Saxon characters and armorial bearings; other intermediate stones have been placed over the graves of the more opulent burgesses, during the time of episcopacy, and some have been brought from the churchyard.

On the north side of the chapel, about an equal distance from either end, is the tombstone of Bartoulme Foliot, a Frenchman, who, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, paved, for the first time, the streets of Edinburgh.

Proceeding along the north aisle of the church, over a fragmental pavement, rich in Saxon characters, though now much dilapidated, we meet with the tombs of those who had formerly been deposited within its consecrated walls. Near the vestry door is that of Sir George Stirling, of Keir, which is mentioned in Monteath's "Theatre of Mortality," as covering the remains of Dame Margaret Ross, daughter to James Lord Ross, and Dame Margaret Scott, daughter to Walter Lord Buccleuch, who was married to Sir George Stirling, of Keir, knight, and chief of that name, and her only daughter; also of "D. Georgius Stirline de Keir, eques auratus; familiæ princeps, conjugi dulcissimæ poni curavit, 1633." At each corner, below five roses, with a scroll, and a motto, "*Mors scientibus arquat.*"

On a stone farther east is inscribed "Here lyis an honorrable Voman, calld Margaret Erskin, Lady Alerdes,[1] &c., 1599."

On a neat monument, near the remains of the two north pillars, is an elliptical marble tablet to the memory of Dowager Lady Saltoun, who died in 1800, aged seventy years.

Next the wall, between these pillars, on a plain slab, is described the

[1] Lady Allardice.

burial-place of Dunbar Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, who died in 1799, and of Lady Isabel Margaret, his eldest daughter, who died in 1830, aged seventy.

South of the above, if the stone speaks truth, "lyis an honest man, Robert Votherspone, Burges and Decon of ye Hammermen, R.V., 1520." And a little east of the monument is a stone recording the sepulture of the Honourable John Maule, Baron of Exchequer, 1781; and another, that of Lieutenant-Colonel Woodford, of the Gordon Highlanders, 1800; and beside the latter, as the inscription on the stone sets forth, "lie the remains of the Right Honorable Lady Wemyss, 1803."

Between the broken columns, in this direction, is a remarkable tombstone, the inscription of which goes round the border of the stone first, and then proceeds regularly across the body of it, in Roman characters, and is as follows:—

"HEIR LYIS YE NOBIL AND POTEN LORD JAMES DOVGLAS, LORD OF CAIRLELL AND TOTHORALL, VHA VAS SLAINE IN EDINBURGHE YE XIIII DAY OF JVLY, IN YE ZEIR OF GOD 1608. VAS SLAIN IN 48 ZE L.I.D.E.C."

Lord Douglas was killed in an affray in the streets of Edinburgh, on the 14th of July, 1608. Under the inscription are enchased, upon an antique shield, the patent arms of the house of Douglas, quartered with those of the noble family of Carlisle and Tortherwold, viz., beneath a *chief* charged with three pellets, a saltier *proper*; the crest, a star of the first order.[1]

A little to the south-east is a handsome monument erected to George Wishart, Bishop of Edinburgh, of the family of Logie, in Angus. He was deposed from the church of North Leith, for refusing to subscribe to the Covenant in 1638. Some correspondence having been intercepted between him and the royalists, he was frequently plundered of all his goods, and reduced to the greatest hardships, having been immured in the thieves' hole, one of the most abominable cells in the old jail of Edinburgh; a circumstance which he did not forget in after life, for every day at dinner, he sent off the first mess, after blessing, to the poor prisoners. On his delivery from persecution, he went abroad as chaplain to the gallant Marquess of Montrose. After the fall of his patron, he was appointed Chaplain to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, sister to Charles I., with whom he came back to England, on a visit to her royal nephew, Charles II., after his happy restoration. Shortly after this, Mr. Wishart had the rectory of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he was held in great veneration for his piety and unshaken fidelity. On the restoration of episcopacy in Scotland, he was presented to the see of

[1] The family of Mr. Carlysle, advocate, in Edinburgh, are the lineal descendants of this once illustrious family.—The domains now belong to the Marquess of Queensberry.

Edinburgh, and consecrated, in 1662, at St. Andrew's, where he continued until his death, and was buried here.

This bishop wrote a Latin history of the war in Scotland under Montrose. He was of an ancient family, the true name being *Guiscard*, that of a Norman family, who came to Britain with Baliol, their countryman.

His arms are finely cut over the top of an arched recess; being a bishop's mitre on a shield, with a pastoral staff, and cross of coral *saltiere*-ways; motto, "Pro Deo et Patria." A Latin inscription, containing his history, occupies the centre of the monument.

To the east of the Bishop's is placed another monument, a small cenotaph with pillars of the Corinthian order, in memory of George, nineteenth Earl of Sutherland, with the arms of his house quartered with those of the various noble families to which his was allied. On the pillars are placed, within lozenge circles, the coronets of several of the nobility, particularly Gordon, Lennox, Perth, Eglintoun, &c. A Latin inscription describes his lordship as Hereditary Sheriff of Sutherland and Strathnaver, &c.; one of the Keepers of the Great Seal to King William; one of the Lords of the Privy Council; descended in a right line from Allan, Thane of Sutherland, whom Macbeth, in the rage of his usurping tyranny, about 1057, made away with for endeavouring to restore the kingdom to Malcolm III., the lawful heir to the crown. "His mournful widow, Jane Wemyss, daughter to David Earl of Wemyss, erected this monument of everlasting fame," &c. The earl was born at his own castle of Dornoch, on the 2nd of November, 1633, and died at Edinburgh, on the 4th of March, 1703.

Here are also deposited the remains of William, the twenty-first earl, and his countess, who died at Bath within sixteen days of each other, of the same disorder:

> "They were lovely in their lives,
> And in their deaths they were not divided."

The bodies of this illustrious and affectionate pair were brought to Scotland, and were interred in one grave, in Holyrood Abbey, on the 9th of August, 1796:—

> "Beauty and birth a transient being have;
> Virtue alone can triumph o'er the grave!"

Between this last monument and the east wall, that of the Countess of Eglintoun, originally a most beautiful structure, is now miserably dilapidated. An almost obliterated inscription, placed within an arched recess, describes the resting-place of "Lady Dame Jeane Hamilton, Countess of Eglinton, daughter to James Duke of Chatelherault, sometime governor of this realm, 1696."

On the east end of the church, over some fine Gothic niches, is placed a neat marble *cippus*, to the memory of Henrietta Drummond, with an elegant classical epitaph, November 28th, 1802; a few yards towards the centre of the church is a plain slab erected to the memory of Mary Dunbar, widow of Lord Basil Hamilton, mother to the Earl of Selkirk, May, 1760; and nearer the royal vault is a neat monumental stone, with fluted pilasters and carved roses, erected to the memory of Thomas Lowes, Esq., of Ridley Hall.

In the south-east corner is the royal vault, destitute of ornament, and by no means calculated to excite the idea of a royal sepulture. Into this gloomy recess have been collected the bones of our ancient kings, who had been interred in various parts of the abbey, as before described. On beholding this fragmental pile, paved with sepulchral stones, with emblems graven and foot-worn epitaphs, covering the bones of kings, patriots, statesmen, philosophers, and churchmen, all mingling in dust, we are reminded of the solemn apostrophe of "Dart:"—

> "While thus in state on buried kings you tread,
> And swelling robes sweep spreading o'er the dead;
> While, like a god, you cast your eyes around,
> Think then, oh think! you walk on treacherous ground.
> Though firm the chequer'd pavement seems to be,
> 'Twill surely open and give way to thee."

Next to the royal vault is the burial-place of the noble family of Roxburghe, in which is interred Jane Countess of Roxburghe, daughter of Patrick, third Lord Drummond. She was a lady of the rarest accomplishments, and was on that account preferred to the important office of governess to the children of James VI. She died on October 7th, 1643, and was interred in this vault. Her funeral was appointed for the rendezvous of the Royalists, who contemplated that opportunity of assembling to massacre the chief Covenanters; but they found their number too inconsiderable for the attempt.[1]

On the front of the third pillar from the east end is placed a small tablet to the memory of Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney and Zetland, Commendator of Holyrood, Senator and Counsellor to the King: died 23rd August, 1593, aged 67. A laudatory Latin epitaph follows the inscription, with the initials M. H. R.

In the centre of the southern aisle is a plain altar-tomb, to perpetuate the virtues of the illustrious Isabella, Countess Dowager of Errol, who died on November 3rd, 1808.

On the south wall, opposite the middle distance, between the third

[1] Lang's History, iii., p. 244. Gentleman's Magazine, Feb., 1790.

and fourth pillars from the east end, is a monument to the memory of Hay of Kennett, 19th of September, 1594. Underneath are two very elegant tombstones, erected over the burial-place of Macdonald of Clanranald. The stone nearest the wall has the armorial bearings of the Macdonalds, the other that of the Edgecumbes, with the motto, "*a plesire fort de Dieu*," and an inscription to the memory of Lady Caroline Anne Edgecumbe, wife of Ranald George Macdonald, Chief of Clanranald, and daughter of Richard Earl of Mount Edgecumbe: born in October, 1792, died on 10th April, 1824. A little farther west, under a plain slab, is engraved the name of the Honourable Mary Murray, daughter of Lord Edward Murray, 1804.

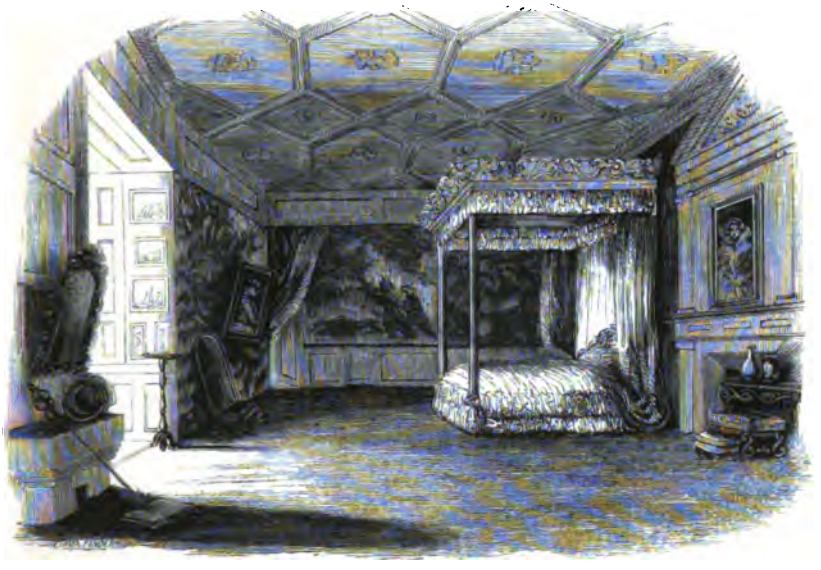
In the south side of the church, below the fifth window, is a neat carved stone over the remains of Baillie Hunter and his lady: the family arms of *Polmood* are sculptured on the stone, 1619.

In addition to the illustrious persons recorded in the preceding pages, there is a long list of the nobles who have been buried in this church, for more than 150 years, to be found in the "Original History of Holyrood;" the abbey-church having continued during that period to be a burial-place for the Scottish nobility. It is only on these solitary occasions of sepulture, few and far between, that

> "We see the well plumed hearse come nodding on,
> Stately and slow; and properly attended
> By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
> The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
> By letting out their persons by the hour
> To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad.
> * * * *
> Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st!
> Below the envy of the private man!"

INTERIOR OF THE ABBEY CHURCH OF HOLYROOD.—No. 14.

The Palace of Holyrood House.

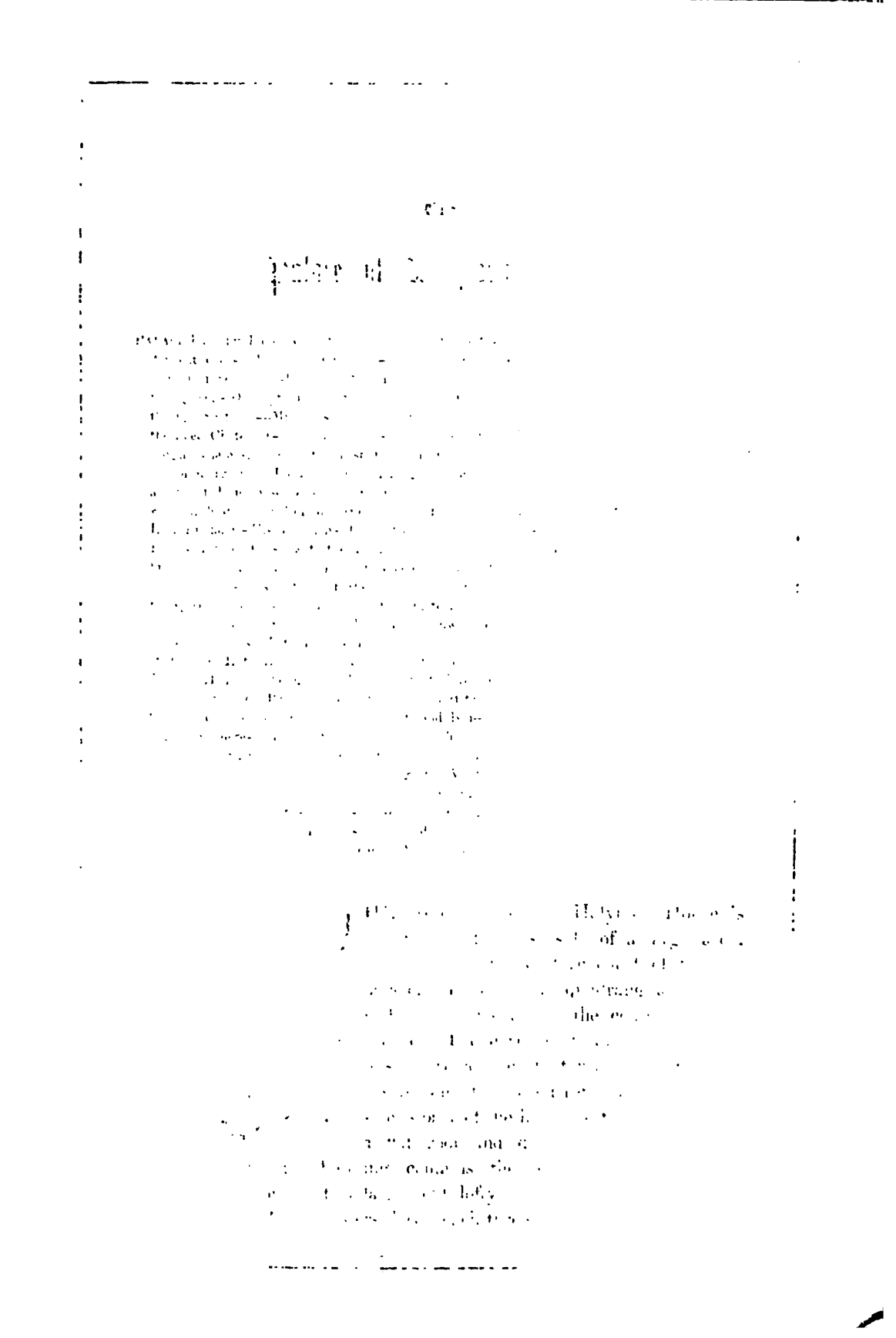


QUEEN MARY'S ROOM, HOLYROOD HOUSE. p. 198.

"NO LOUVRE THERE UNFOLDS ITS GAY ALCOVES,
ITS BOWERS FOR DALLIANCE APT, AND MYRTLE GROVES;
BUT HIGH IN SOMBROUS PRIDE, AND GRIMLY GREAT,
THE SCOTTISH PALACE FROWNS IN SULLEN STATE;
NO BALLS, NO FESTAL SCENES AWAIT THEE THERE,
NO SPRIGHTLY SONG, NO SOFTLY-WARBLED AIR,
BUT TUNELESS HYMNS BY HOARSE HARSH VOICES SUNG,
THROUGH THE LONG AISLES AND GLOOMY GALLERIES RUNG!"

QUEEN MARY'S ARRIVAL AT HOLYROOD, p. 146.

PICTURE GALLERY, HOLYROOD-HOUSE, 1745. p. 141.



The Palace of Holyrood House.

PALACE built by James V.—Its Architectural Description—Mylne, Master-Mason to the King—Ancient Clock—Death of James V.—Mary Queen of Scots—Her Voyage from France, and Arrival in Scotland—Progress to the Palace—Festivities and Rejoicings—Knox's Interview with the Queen—Description of her Majesty's Person—Her Pursuits and Amusements—Progress through Scotland—Murray's unjust Persecution of the Earl of Huntly—Audacious Conduct of the Poet Chatelard—His Execution—The Queen visits several Places, and returns to Edinburgh, where she holds her first Parliament—Queen Elizabeth proposes Mary to marry—Queen married to Lord Darnley—His gross Misconduct—Conspiracy to murder Rizzio—Is assassinated in presence of the Queen, who escapes from the terrible Scene—She returns to Edinburgh at the head of an Army—Birth of a Son, afterwards James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England—His Baptism—Lord Darnley's Misconduct—Is seized with the Small Pox—Removed from Glasgow to the Kirk-of-Field—Conspiracy to murder the King—Gunpowder brought from Dunbar—Mask at Holyrood House—The Kirk-of-Field blown up, and Murder of the King—Description of the Scene after the Explosion—Bothwell gets possession of the Queen's Person—She is carried by him to Dunbar—She is forced to marry him—Dreadful situation of Mary—Her Flight from Borthwick to Dunbar—Her Imprisonment—Curious Letter of James VI. to Elizabeth, for the liberation of his Mother—James's Marriage—Visit of Charles I. to Edinburgh—Resides at the Palace, where he is crowned—Charles II.—James VII. resides here, where he attempts to introduce a Popish College, which is destroyed by the Populace—Prince Charles Edward Stuart takes possession of the Palace—The Duke of Cumberland occupies the same Apartments and Bed—The Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., resides here—Visit of King George IV.—The Palace fitted for his Reception—He holds his Court here, where he appears in the Highland Garb—Sir William Curtis assumes the same Dress—Interesting Particulars respecting this Visit—Visit of Queen Victoria and the Prince Albert—Descriptive Account—The Prince's Excursion to Arthur Seat—Royal Progress from Holyrood House to the Castle—Description of the Interior of the Palace—Queen Mary's Apartments—Furniture, Pictures, pretended Relics—Adventures of a Block of Marble—The Picture Gallery—Earl of Breadalbane's Apartments—Furniture, Paintings, &c. &c.

THE present palace of Holyrood House is situated on the east side of a large area, which formed the western court of the old palace. It is of a quadrangular form, with an open court in the centre, 94 feet square. The north, east, and south sides of this court are each three storeys high, besides an attic or garret storey; the west side is only of the height of two storeys, with a flat roof and double balustrade. This lower front of the building contains the main entrance into the palace, and connects two large and lofty castellated towers, of four storeys each. These towers have each three circular turrets at their

exterior angles, rising from the ground to the battlements, above which they are finished with pinnacled roofs and gilt balls. The fourth angle of each great tower is concealed by the other parts of the buildings, which surround the inner court, and unite with the eastern walls of the towers respectively.

On a square compartment on the outside of the north-west turret of the northern great tower (the only remaining part of the palace built by James V.) is the inscription—

"JAC. REX SCOTORUM."

In April, 1544, during the minority of Mary of Scotland, the palace and the abbey were burnt by the English army, commanded by the Earl of Hertford; they were both, however, soon repaired, when the palace became a much larger building than the present, and consisted of five courts, the outer or western one of which was considerably greater than any of the others,—bounded on the east by the front of the palace, on the north by the king's garden wall, on the west by the keeper's house, porter's lodge, and grand entrance, the arches of part of which are still to be seen in the outer wall of the abbey-prison and court-house. The second court occupied the same site as does the present palace, and was surrounded by buildings. There was another court, towards the east bounded by the chapel royal, on the west by a line of buildings covering and occupying the same space with the present east front of the palace, on the south by a row of buildings long since demolished, and on the north by a wall which divided it from the large field called St. Anne's Yards.

This eastern court appears to have been the original cloister of the abbey, and is now an enclosed grass-plot on the east side of the present palace; and there is some probability indeed that the greater part of the former palace consisted of the monastic dwellings, repaired and adapted for the residence of royalty; which supposition is borne out by the fact of the enlargement of the palace, subsequently to the dissolution of the abbey at the Reformation.

The southern great tower is of later construction than, though manifestly built to correspond with, the northern one. The whole of the western front, including the two castellated towers, extends 230 feet; but in consequence of these towers forming two projecting wings to the modern palace, which is in the Greek or Roman taste, it exhibits a mixed architecture. The more modern buildings, which complete the quadrangle of the palace, were erected by King Charles II., who found it in a ruinous condition, from its having been destroyed by the soldiers of Cromwell. Sir William Bruce, the celebrated architect, designed the

present magnificent fabric, which was finished in 1678. At the north-west angle, and towards the inside of the piazza, is inscribed on one of the stone piers of the arches—"FVN . BE . RO . MYLNE . M . M . JVL. 1671." [1]

The grand entrance to the palace is in the centre of the low building which unites the two projecting wings or towers before mentioned; the gateway is ornamented with four columns affixed to the wall, with a corresponding entablature, over which is an open pediment, surmounted by an octagonal cupola, containing a clock. The cupola is formed by eight small arches and Corinthian pillars between them, which support a roof in the form of an imperial crown. Immediately over the door are the royal arms of Scotland, exquisitely cut in stone; those borne since the Union are placed on a large triangular pediment over the central division of the east side of the inner court. Passing through the west door, we enter the piazzas which surround the court, and to which they present, on each of the four sides, nine small arches, with fluted Doric pilasters between them, and over them a corresponding entablature which is continued round the whole building, having the thistle, Scottish crown, sword, and sceptre, placed alternately in the frieze: and although, in the interior elevation of the court, the introduction of these orders, the Ionic and Corinthian respectively over the Doric, has rendered the parts minutely small, yet, the outlines being free from unnecessary projections and recesses, and the two upper rows of windows being large and plain, the whole exhibits correctness and simplicity at once unusual and striking. On the eastern extremity of the north side of the piazzas is a passage leading into the chapel-royal. Two scale-stairs, or "French flyers," are placed at the north-east and south-east corners of the piazzas, and lead to the upper floors of the edifice.

At the south-west angle of the piazzas is a great hanging stair, about 24 feet square, which leads to the royal apartments; eastward of this stair, at the middle of the south side, there is a passage through that part of the building, which conducts from the south piazza to the

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[1] Founded by Robert Mylne, master mason, July, 1671. There is a splendid monument at the back of the abbey to the memory of the father of this man, describing him as the sixth royal master mason: indeed the family must have resided at Holyrood for centuries. A clergyman in Glasgow possesses a clock "made for George Mylne, Holyrood House, Edinburgh;" and on the dial-plate—

"Remember, man, that die thou must,
And after that to judgment just.
"John Sanderson, Wigton, fecit, 1512."

This is the oldest pendulum-clock we have seen, except one in the possession of Mr. Sharp, watchmaker, Dumfries, dated 1507; which is considerably prior to the date of Galileo's first application of the pendulum to mechanism.

King's Park, to which and to the eastward the palace presents a noble and extensive front of three storeys with seventeen windows in each, divided from one another by pilasters of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, corresponding to those of the inner court; and their respective entablatures being continued along the whole front without a break, produce a very agreeable effect. The roof is, after the French fashion, high and concave. The north and south sides of the palace exhibit nothing remarkable. The ugly dead wall which surrounded the palace has, however, been removed, and a splendid iron railing has been substituted for it, which not only imparts a lightness and elegance to this venerable structure, but also opens a view of the monastic ruins formerly described. This balustrade cost about 7000*l.* out of a grant of 24,000*l.* made by King George IV., in 1824, for the reparation of Holyrood.

Having described the exterior of this ancient seat of royalty, through the various changes it has undergone before and after the considerable foundation of King James V. (the father of Mary of Scotland), whose bones rest in the royal vault in the abbey, we approach an epoch of its history replete with the most touching incidents.

While others of her race were born, baptized, crowned, married, and buried in this sacred spot, Queen Mary was ushered into existence beneath the battlements of the strong castle of Linlithgow, where no father welcomed the pretty little stranger into the bleak atmosphere of the world; for he lay on his deathbed, disappointed and heartbroken after his discomfiture at Solway Moss, and only survived the news of his daughter's birth for a very brief period. The queen-mother had to soothe herself with no other consolations than such as hollow-hearted courtiers trafficked in; and the minions of Henry VIII. of England no sooner looked at the innocent babe than they reported that it was a sickly infant, a report which the queen-mother quickly falsified before the lords and ambassadors at Linlithgow, as stated in the preceding history.

We do not read of Mary having visited the palace of Holyrood prior to her departure for France.

In 1561, Mary, as the widowed Queen of France, was destined to return to her kingdom of Scotland. She was accompanied to Calais, the place where she was to embark, in a manner suitable to her dignity as queen of two powerful kingdoms. Here she lingered six days; but the solemn farewell was at length pronounced, the last glance exchanged with the friends so dearly loved. Habitually superstitious, in embarking on board the royal galley Mary was appalled by the mournful spectacle of a vessel striking against the pier, and sinking to rise no more; over-

whelmed with the sight, the unhappy queen exclaimed, "O God! what fatal omen is this for a voyage!" With a sad presage of misfortune, and with eyes bathed in tears, she left her beloved France, the short but only scene of her life in which fortune seemed to smile upon her. France was to Mary, what Eden was to Eve; and her beautiful address on quitting the vine-covered hills of that dear and lovely country, the land of refinement, of sentiment, of poetry, and of romance, will never be forgotten.

The exquisite original in French is too well known to be quoted in this volume; and the following English translation, it is presumed, will be more interesting:—

Thou lovely land of France, farewell!
My country! dearer to my heart,
More cherish'd, than my tongue could tell,
One last adieu, before we part!

Nurse of my infant years, adieu!
My earliest joys by thee were given;
And still will I remember you,
Where'er by adverse fortune driven.

The bark in which I quit thy plains
My poorest half does with it bear;
My soul entire with thee remains,
Confiding in thy genial care.

It may awaken thoughts of one
Who now, an exile from thy shore,
Lives in remembering thee alone,
Lives, thy sad loss but to deplore.

During Mary's voyage she was very melancholy, uttering the most tender expressions of regret. The voyage was not unprosperous; and in after-life she perhaps recollected with peculiar tenderness that brief interval of ten days, during which she was still permitted to enjoy, within that narrow space, the courtesies, the blandishments, the sympathies of a French circle; when for the last time she found herself surrounded with friends and kinsmen, to whom, as a queen and a woman, she was equally endeared; who held sacred her religious faith, participated in her tastes, sympathised in her weaknesses, and spontaneously echoed her every sentiment. Soothed by their attentions, her grief subsided into a tender melancholy, never wholly unoccupied by feelings of complacency; and on being shown certain perilous shoals, which the vessel had escaped, she observed that, "for the sake of her friends, and for the common weal of Scotland, she ought to rejoice, but that for herself she should have esteemed it a privilege so to end her course." [1]

From the land where all her hopes were buried Mary brought a green and living memorial—a little sycamore tree, which she planted and nursed at Holyrood; and in time, though she was not destined long to witness its progress, it expanded to a fair and stately tree, which, if tradition may be credited, has been the parent stem of all those beautiful groves so often celebrated in Scottish song.[2]

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[1] Brantome; Miss Benger's Life of Mary, vol. ii., p. 119.

[2] This sylvan monument was blown down during a storm about the year 1818, and its wood carried off, to be manufactured into trinkets and sold as precious relics. In our youthful days we have seen this ancient tree standing, almost dead.

On the 21st of August, 1561, Mary landed at Leith; where she remained a whole day, partly because the preparations for her reception at the palace of her ancestors were not completed, and partly on account of the inclemency of the weather.

The only road which at that time existed betwixt the town of Leith and the city of Edinburgh was by Restalrig. The curious and eager multitudes from Edinburgh continued, in the interval of the queen's delay at Leith, to pursue their course over this rugged path towards the place of her disembarkment. The different trades and incorporations of the city were drawn up in order, lining the way with their banners and bands of music. Towards the evening, horses were brought for the queen and her attendants. When Mary saw these, after having been accustomed to the richly caparisoned steeds of the Parisian tournaments, she is said to have been struck with the vast inferiority of the animals and the meanness of their trappings. As she passed along, however, her countenance and demeanour became more animated and cheerful, being everywhere greeted with the most enthusiastic cheers, and with that involuntary homage which the beauty of her countenance, the elegance of her person, and the graceful dignity of her bearing, could not fail to command.

"Onward she rode in beauteous majesty,
* * * *
While round her presence clustering far and nigh,
On horseback some, with silver spurs and whips,
And some afoot, with shoes and dazzling buckles,
Attendant knights and lairds, and celts with horny knuckles."

Bonfires were lighted on all the heights; and although the practice of illuminations was but indifferently understood in Scotland, something of that sort is said to have been mingled with the other external marks of rejoicing.

On Mary's arrival at the palace, all the musicians in Edinburgh and from the surrounding country assembled in the palace-yard, and, almost under her window, discoursed strains of the most discordant music, and in this manner continued during the whole night to testify their joy at their queen's return. The bagpipes sounded loudly in the court, and assailed the ears of the most profound sleepers in the palace. Brantome complained bitterly of this, and, shrugging up his shoulders, exclaimed "Hé! quelle musique! et quel repos! pour sa nuit!"

Affairs in Scotland were in an unenviable posture when their administration thus fell into the hands of a queen not nineteen years of age. The rage of religious controversy was still unabated: Mary was unacquainted with the laws of her realm, and was without experience, without allies, and without a friend.

On the other hand, however, her subjects, long deprived of the presence of a monarch, were inspired with reverential attachment to their queen. The nobles crowded from all parts and corners of the kingdom to testify their duty and affection, and studied by every art to wipe out the memory of past misconduct. The amusements and gaiety of the court were enhanced by the presence of the most accomplished of the French nobility who attended her. It was no wonder, therefore, that the beauty and gracefulness of her person excited universal admiration; while the elegance and politeness of her manners and demeanour commanded the utmost respect.

The park and gardens witnessed many a chivalrous exploit, the performance of which Mary in her enthusiasm revived.

> "And Holyrood was now a palace
> Where the rich viol answer'd to the lute,
> And maidens flung the flowers from their hair
> Till the halls swam with perfume; here the dance
> Kept time with light harps, and with lighter feet;
> And here 'Mary of Scotland' kept her court,
> Where sighs and smiles made her regality,
> And dream'd not of the long and many years
> When the heart was to waste itself away
> In hope, whose anxiousness was a curse;
> Here, royal in her beauty and her power,
> The prison and the scaffold, could they be
> But things whose very name was not for her?"[1]

Among the nobility by whom she was welcomed, Mary cordially recognised as her nearest relatives the illegitimate offspring of James V. Besides the Lord James, whose mother, the high-spirited daughter of the Earl of Mar, had become the wife of Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven, James left two sons and one daughter by different mistresses. In common with their brother, the Lord John of Coldingham and the Lord Robert of Strathdon had both been trained to the church, and enriched with its patrimony, although they had subsequently seceded to the reformers; they were both of ordinary talents, addicted to pleasure, and willing by flattery to purchase preferment. To their sister Jane, married to the Earl of Argyle, Mary became tenderly attached, and often sought to alleviate the hardships she afterwards experienced.

In the Lord James alone, however, of all her male relatives, she thought she had discovered a kinsman worthy to afford her counsel or protection, and to him she willingly surrendered the state and the superintendence of her own conduct.

While all parties were contending who should exhibit the most dutiful attachment to the young queen, the zealous, impatient, and

[1] Holyrood Abbey, by L. E. L.

fanatical spirit of the age broke out in a remarkable instance. On the Sunday after her arrival the queen commanded mass to be celebrated in the adjoining chapel. The first rumour of this occasioned a secret murmuring among the protestant courtiers; complaints, and even threats, succeeded; the servants belonging to the chapel were assaulted; and if the Prior of St. Andrew's had not fortunately interposed, the rioters would have proceeded to the most direful excesses. It was immediately after this riot that the queen had her first celebrated interview with John Knox, in which he "knocked at her heart so rudely as to cause her to shed tears."

Queen Mary had gardens at all her residences, in which she received and conversed with her ministers and ambassadors, and transacted much important business in her long walks. At Holyrood there were two gardens, the southern and northern—the one the old garden of the monastery, and the other formed by James V. It was in the old garden at Holyrood that the queen planted the young sycamore tree which she had brought from France, as already stated.

When in the council-chamber, surrounded by her ministers, hearing their discussions, Mary always sat sewing, raising her eye at intervals from her work, and regarding the assemblage. To her taste for needlework we are chiefly indebted for the family embroidery which at that epoch became a fashionable pursuit amongst the ladies of rank, many specimens of which are still preserved in the halls of the great.

The queen's women partook largely of her attachment: the four Marys—Fleming, Beaton, Livingston, and Seaton—who had been the companions of her infancy, shared her constant affection.

Hawking was one of Mary's most favourite sports: James Lindsay, probably the same who shot with her at the butts, was continued her master-falconer after the death of her royal father. Her hawking excursions were very frequent in both Lothian and Fife, always accompanied by the lords and ladies of the court. In 1562 she sent a present of hawks to Queen Elizabeth; and in 1565 two additional falconers were added to the royal establishment, which made nine under-falconers.

Such were the habits and pursuits of Mary of Scotland. Now for a brief outline of her person.

As Mary's mother had been one of the tallest of her sex, so was Mary higher in stature than Elizabeth: her hair was light brown, she had chestnut-coloured eyes, her features were Grecian, with the nose somewhat disproportionally long, as had been her father's. As dancing was an almost daily amusement in the court of Elizabeth, she was peculiarly fond of this exercise, as had been her father Henry VIII.; and a part of the leisure of the court being spent in dancing and festivity,

on one of these occasions Elizabeth asked Melville whether she or his queen danced best. He cautiously replied that his queen danced not so high and disposedly as Elizabeth did. He could and probably would have added, that his queen danced most gracefully; but his Scotch caution saved him a box on the ear, as she used upon occasion to bestow on her generals. But we must not be too critical with Melville when we consider that he was then at the English court to confirm the peace lately made, and to press Elizabeth to declare Mary the next heir to the English crown, a proposal which Elizabeth could never stomach, and which only aggravated and augmented those calamities that successively befell the hapless Mary. Elizabeth's special ground of animosity was Mary's right of eventual succession to the throne.[1] She was not content with the great superiority which she had over the latter in a hardy vigour of understanding, in a deep knowledge of the world, and in the mysterious refinements of policy, in the strength of her nation, and in the splendour of her government; but she must forsooth triumph over her in beauty, in dancing, and in dress. If Elizabeth was a *man* in other respects, she was certainly a woman in this.

The queen, soon after her arrival from France, began to think of making a progress through some of the principal towns of her kingdom. Her horses and mules having been detained in England, she was obliged to purchase ten horses at Stirling, for the use of her household, preparatory to her excursion. On the 6th of September, 1561, ten *hackneys* were brought to Holyrood House, for each of which 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* is charged in the treasurer's book, as also charges for saddles and bridles for the use of twelve of the queen's ladies, and for fifteen black riding-cloaks for the ladies.

There being no state carriage in those days, the queen set out on horseback on the 11th of September.

In the summer of 1562, Mary, being entirely under the influence of her illegitimate brother, who then bore the title of the Earl of Mar, (afterwards Murray,) the Earl of Morton, and Maitland, set out on a progress to the northern parts of the kingdom. It was during this progress that the harsh and unjust proceedings against Gordon, Earl of Huntly, impelled him to resort to arms, and involved in ruin that nobleman, who was at the time the most powerful in the north of Scotland. In this progress, which had more the air of a military expedition than of a royal visit, the queen came to Inverness in September, when the castle was surrendered, and Lord Gordon's deputy was immediately hanged, and his head stuck upon the walls.

[1] Bell's "Life of Queen Mary."

The queen arrived in Edinburgh about the end of November, when she was seized, as Randolph informs us, with "a new disease that is common in this town, called the 'new acquaintance,' which passed also nearly through her whole court, sparing neither lord nor lady, nor damsel, whether French, English, or Scots." The queen kept her bed six days. There was no appearance of danger, nor did many die of the disease, except some aged persons. From the symptoms which are mentioned by the same authority, this disorder, regarded as a new one in those days, was doubtless the same as that which is now so well known by the name of influenza.

In 1563 Holyrood was the scene of an occurrence which created much excitement in the Scottish court.

When the queen arrived from France, there came in the train of Mons. d'Anville, one Chatelard, a gentleman by birth, a scholar from education, a soldier by profession, and a poet by choice. Nothing particular is recorded respecting him on his first visit. After participating in the gaieties of the court he returned to France with his patron, but not without being smitten by the charms of Mary. In November, 1562, he revisited Scotland, as the bearer of letters from d'Anville and others, to the queen, by whom he was hospitably received. At length, presuming too much on the favour shown him, the infatuated man, on the 12th of February, 1563, audaciously ventured to conceal himself in the queen's bedchamber, with his sword and dagger, as she was about to retire for the night. He was fortunately discovered by the female attendants, who prudently concealed the circumstance from their mistress until next morning, when Chatelard was banished from her presence.

On the following day Mary and part of her retinue left Holyrood for Dunfermline, and next day proceeded to Burntisland, where she was to sleep. Thither Chatelard also repaired in spite of her prohibition; and, when she retired to her bedchamber, he entered it immediately after, for the purpose, as he alleged, of clearing himself from the imputation upon his conduct. Astonished at his audacity, "the queen was fain to cry out for help." The Earl of Murray was sent for, and Mary ordered him to put his dagger into the intruder. Murray, however, only caused him to be apprehended.

The Chancellor, Lord Justice Clerk, and other councillors, having been summoned from Edinburgh, the offender was brought to trial at St. Andrew's, and was there executed on the 23rd of February,—the madman (for he was no better) reading over on the scaffold Ronsard's hymn on death, as his only preparation for the fatal stroke.[1]

[1] Brantome.

As a future safeguard from such intrusions, the queen took for her sleeping companion Mary Fleming, a daughter of Lord Fleming, one of the four Marys who had accompanied her to France; and this lady continued to be one of her maids of honour till her own marriage with the Secretary Maitland.[1]

The queen on the 15th of February, 1563, proceeded from Burntisland to Falkland. On the 16th she dined at Coupar, and in the evening arrived at St. Andrew's, where she remained, amusing herself with the sports of the country, till the 18th of March. About the 16th of this month news was brought to her of the assassination of her uncle the Duke of Guise. On the 19th she retired to Falkland, where she tried to dissipate her melancholy during the 20th, 21st, and 22nd. On the 29th she returned to St. Andrew's, and afterwards revisited Falkland, where she remained till the 19th of April, when she visited her future prison-house, the castle of Lochleven.

Having sent for Knox to meet her at Lochlevin, on the 13th of April he had an interview with her, when she desired him to endeavour to reconcile the Earl and Countess of Argyle.

On the next day Knox again met her at the hawking, in the neighbourhood of Kinross.

On the 17th of April we find the queen again at St. Andrew's, where she remained till the 16th of May.

On the 18th she arrived at Holyrood, after an absence of nearly five months.

On the 26th of May the queen came to parliament in her robes, and was crowned. The Duke carried the crown, Argyle bore the sceptre, and Murray the sword. The queen delivered her speech to parliament in her native language. On the same day she gave a feast at the palace to the ladies of Scotland. From the affection which the queen bore her people, she passed an act of oblivion for all acts done from the 6th of March, 1558, to the 1st of September, 1561; thereby pardoning all the violence of the Reformation. This parliament being ended on the 4th of June, soon afterwards the queen, attired in the highland garb, left the palace on an excursion to the north.

The queen returned to Holyrood about the 1st of September, where she remained during the first eight days; riding out sometimes to dinner, and returning generally, but not always, to her own bed in the palace. On the 8th she set out for Linlithgow and Stirling, where she remained from the 10th to the 13th, when she went to Drummond Castle; she

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[1] Strickland's Letters and Documents, App., 256.

remained in Glenfinlas on the 14th, 15th, and 16th. On the 18th she returned to Stirling, where she remained till the 30th of September.

About the end of this year the queen's attention was wholly engaged with lovers whom her kind cousin Elizabeth had found for her. Many were importunate to know whether Lord Ambrose Dudley, the Earl of Leicester, or Lord Darnley, was to be the happy man. But we must leave the enigmas of the enigmatical Elizabeth, and the long train of negotiations on this subject.

The Queen of Scots, now turned of two-and-twenty, was in good health and spirits, animated, perhaps, with the hope of having an end at last put to the solicitudes which had so long and so fully occupied her mind. Darnley was probably born in 1546, and was, of course, four years younger than Mary; he was, however, remarkably tall, and Mary, like her mother, was of the largest size of her sex.

A few particulars respecting the dresses of the queen may not be an unsuitable appendix to the description of her person. Cotgrave states that Mary, after the death of her husband Francis II., was called by the people of France "the white queen," because she wore white for mourning; a fashion which was altered in 1559, at the funeral of Henry II., by the queen-mother. "Mary had a great variety of dresses, such as gowns, kirtles, skirts, sleeves, doublets, veils, fardingales, and cloaks. She had ten pairs of woven hose of gold, silver, and silk;[1] three pairs of woven hose of worsted Guernsey; thirty-six pairs of velvet shoes, laid with gold and silver; and six pairs of gloves of worsted Guernsey. Her ordinary gowns were made of camblet, damis, and serge of Florence, bordered with black velvet. Her riding cloaks and skirts were usually of black serge of Florence, stiffened at the neck and other parts, and mounted with lace and ribbons."

For some time after her return to Scotland the clothes and equipments for herself and attendants were black, and some of the servants wore steel-grey. On comparing this statement with Cotgrave's, it would appear that the queen wore black, instead of white, on her return from France.

The queen, perhaps as early as the 17th of March, 1564-5, seems to have secretly fixed her affections on Darnley; for, some time after, she sent to communicate her purpose to Elizabeth. On the 20th of July she created him, who was already Earl of Ross, Duke of Albany, with all the property and privileges of a dukedom.

In the "Buick of the Kirk of the Canagait" is the following entry:— "21st July, A.D. 1565: the which day, John Brand, minister, presented to the kirk ane writing written by the justice clerk's hand, desiring the

[1] Cotgrave; Strickland.

kirk of Canagait, and minister thereof, to proclaim Harie Duk of Albany, Erle of Rosse, on the one parte, and Mary by the grace of God Quene of Scottis, Souerane, on the other part. The which the queen ordainis the minister to do with invocation of the name of God." On the 28th of July the queen issued a proclamation that the Duke of Albany should be styled king.

On Sunday the 29th of July, at six in the morning, Mary Queen of Scots, and Henry Darnley, now Duke of Albany, were married in the chapel of Holyrood House, by Henry Sinclair, the Dean of Restalrig, and President of the Court of Session.

The following curious account of this ceremony is from the pen of the English ambassador:—

"They were married with all the solemnities of the popish time, saving that he heard not the mass. His speech and talk argueth his mind, and yet he would fain seem to the world that he were of some religion;—his words to all men against whom he conceiveth any displeasure, how unjust soever that be, so proud and spiteful, that rather he seemeth monarch of the world, than he that not long since we have seen and known as the Lord Darnley.

"All honour that may be attributed to any man by a wife, he hath that wholly and fully; all praise that may be spoken of him he lacketh not from herself; all dignities she can endue him with are already given and granted. No man pleaseth her that contenteth not him. And what may I say more? she hath given over unto him her whole will, to be ruled and guided as himself best liketh. She can as much prevail with him in anything against his will, as your lordship may with me to persuade me that I should hang myself. This last dignity, out of hand to have him proclaimed king, she would have had it different until it were agreed by parliament, or had been himself twenty-one years of age, that things done in his name might have the better authority. He would in no case have it deferred one day, and either then or never. * * * Upon Saturday afternoon these matters were long in debating, and before they were well resolved upon, at nine hours at night, by three heralds at sound of the trumpet he was proclaimed king; and on Monday the 31st of July, at twelve o'clock, the lords, all that were in this town, were present at the proclaiming of him again, when no man said so much as Amen, saving his father, that cried out, 'God save his grace!'

"The manner of the marriage was in this sort. Upon Sunday in the morning, between five and six, she was conveyed by divers of her nobles to the chapel. She had upon her back the great mourning gown of black, with the great wide mourning hood, not unlike to that which she wore the doleful day of the burial of her husband Francis II. She was led

into the chapel by the Earls of Lennox and Athole, and there she was left until her husband came, who was also conveyed by the same lords. The ministers, two priests, did then receive them, the banns are asked the third time, and an instrument taken by a notary that no man said against them, or alleged any cause why the marriage might not proceed. The words were spoken; the rings, which were three, the middle a rich diamond, were put upon her finger; they kneel together, and many prayers said over them. She carrieth out the * * *; and he taketh a kiss, and leaveth her there, and went to her chamber, whither in a space she followeth; and there being required, according to the solemnities, to cast off her care, and lay aside those sorrowful garments and give herself to a pleasanter life, after some pretty refusal, more I believe for manners' sake than grief of heart, she suffereth them that stood by, every man that could approach, to take out a pin, and so, being committed unto her ladies, changed her garments, but went not to bed, to signify unto the world that it was no impatience of celibacy moved them to marry, but only the necessity of their country, not, if she will it, to leave it destitute of an heir. To their dinner they were conveyed by the whole nobles, the trumpets sound, a *larges* cried, and money thrown about the house in great abundance to such as were happy to get any part. They dine both at one table upon the upper hand. There serve *her* these Earls—Athole, sewer; Morton, carver; and Crawfurd, cupbearer. These serve *him* in like offices—Earls Eglinton, Cassillis, and Glencairn. After dinner they dance a while, and retire themselves until the hour of supper; and as they dine so do they sup. Some dancing there was, and so they go to bed."

On the marriage of the queen she sent to her fair cousin of England a diamond ring in the form of a heart, in commemoration of the event, and as a token of her regard. Buchanan is said to have been the author of the Latin verses which accompanied it, and of which the following is a translation:—

"This gem behold, the emblem of my heart,
From which my cousin's image ne'er shall part;
Clear in its lustre, spotless does it shine,
'Tis clear and spotless as this heart of mine.
What though the stone a greater hardness wears?
Superior firmness still the figure bears."

This ring was afterwards discovered to have been given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Essex, during his happy days, as a token. When he lay under sentence of death, he was desirous of obtaining her Majesty's mercy by forwarding this emblem of her former favour, and in token of his distress. The ring was sent by a boy who had instructions to deliver it to Lady Scroope, a sister to the Countess of Nottingham, for the pur-

pose of its being presented to the queen; but by some mistake it was carried to the Countess of Nottingham, whose husband was an enemy of the earl's, and by whose wicked advice she retained the ring. The countess on her deathbed made this disclosure to Elizabeth, of whom she implored forgiveness; but her Majesty replied, "God may forgive you, but I never can," and left the room, overcome with deep emotion. The countess died on the 25th of February, 1603, and was buried on the 28th of the same month. Her funeral was kept at Chelsea, March 21st; and Queen Elizabeth died three days afterwards.[1]

The memorable ring passed as a matter of course into the hands of Queen Elizabeth's successor, the son of the original donor, King James I. of England, who seems to have put little value on it; for Sir Thomas Warner, Governor of the Tower, on his return from establishing some of the West India colonies, was, as a mark of gratitude and respect, presented by James with this identical gem; and being justly proud of so valued a gift, he adopted the ring on the family escutcheon, with the motto, "I hold from the king." The ring, a plain circle, is of a size fit for the thumb, with a rose diamond in the form of a heart fastened upon and across it at one part of the circle.

During several days there was nothing heard in Edinburgh but rejoicing, nothing seen but sports, and nothing enjoyed but banquets. In this manner, then, was Mary's marriage effected, opposed and maligned by a powerful faction in Scotland and by the government of England; and to this marriage did the future King James owe his birth and his succession to the crowns of both kingdoms.

The rebellious nobles, unable to face the queen after her marriage, had retired for a while to their several castles, and from those disconnected seats of discontent propagated their clamours against the queen's measure of declaring her husband a nominal king, as a despotic act, which could not be borne by an oppressed people, whom the rebels invited to resist it as the beginning of tyranny.

The return of Elphinston, the messenger of Murray, from the English court, who brought with him 10,000*l.* sterling, gave the insurgents fresh spirits; and the rebels continued to assemble in greater numbers, but were still unable to meet the queen's forces in a pitched battle. The queen and Darnley were in Edinburgh from the end of the bloodless but hazardous campaign which followed, to the close of this memorable year.

Murray and the other rebels moved to Newcastle on the 15th of

[1] Lysons' "Environs of London," ii., 120. Knight's "Old England," vol. ii., p. 74, where an engraving of the ring is given.

October, 1565, in order to wait till Elizabeth should have mailed up her conscience as to how she should receive those nobles who had perilled their lives and fortunes in promoting her malignant artifices.

The interview betwixt Murray and Queen Elizabeth is already recorded in our description of Linlithgow; her dissimulution was a happy piece of hypocritical imposture, which silenced the French and Spanish ambassadors, for whose benefit it was enacted.

On the 22nd of February, 1565-6, the reprobate Earl of Bothwell was married to the Lady Jane Gordon, his fourth-cousin, and sister to the Earl of Huntly, in the chapel of Holyrood House, amidst great rejoicings. The queen and Darnley made the banquet the first day; and the feast continued five days, with jousting and tournaments, at which were made six Knights of Fife. This marriage was neither fruitful nor fortunate.

On the 7th of March, 1565-6, the queen opened the parliament in person: Darnley refused to be present, and little did she dream of a conspiracy at that moment hanging over her head.

We are now arrived at the epoch of a most extraordinary deed, which is not outdone in atrocity by any event in the history of Scotland. The palace of Holyrood became polluted by blood, and will be for ever pointed at as the accursed scene of the assassination of Rizzio, the queen's secretary.

What renders that tragedy the more awful was, that it was perpetrated by a conspiracy of the whole of the officers of state, including Secretary Maitland. Darnley and his father, also, were two of the most active conspirators. Elizabeth and Cecil were by joint letter from Bedford informed of the whole detail of this conspiracy, and received the same with great satisfaction; and they took into their protection Morton, Ruthven, and others of the complotters: so that Elizabeth and her secretary may be properly considered as accessories, both before and after the fact:—

> "Now were they all transform'd
> Alike to serpents, all as accessories
> To this bold riot."

When it was settled that Rizzio should die, the manner of his murder was debated. Nothing would satisfy Darnley, save that the victim should be seized in the presence of the queen herself, that she might share the alarm, and hear the taunts with which it was his purpose to upbraid her favourite. Considering that the queen was seven months advanced in her pregnancy, we recoil with horror from the brutality of him who planned, and of those who performed such a horrid tragedy.

Before proceeding with an account of this murder, it may be interest-

ing to preface it with a short history of the man whose assassination stained the sacred recesses of the palace :—

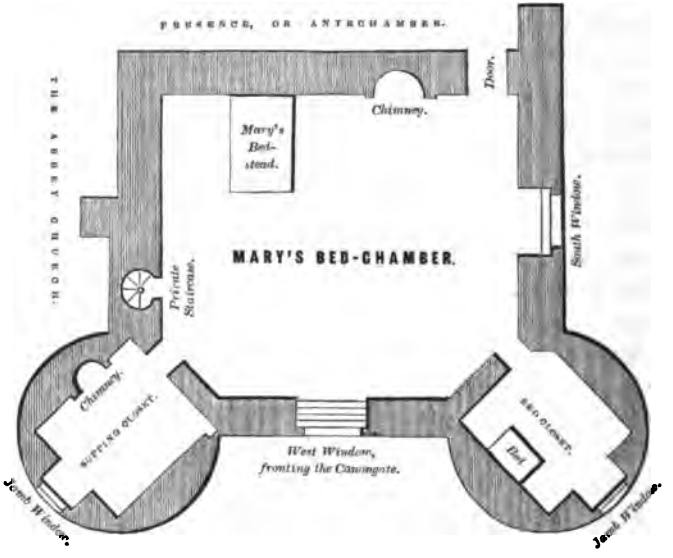
David Rizzio was a native of Piedmont; he came over from France, in December, 1561, in the suite of Monsieur Moret, the ambassador of Savoy, who was probably commissioned to propose a marriage between the queen and the Duke de Nemours. Soon afterwards Rizzio was appointed a valet of the queen's chamber. The queen had previously three valets, all vocalists, who sang three parts, and she required a bass for the fourth. Rizzio was recommended to the queen as a person capable of supplying the desideratum, he being also skilled in poetry as well as music. He continued in her Majesty's service as one of her valets and singers until December, 1564, when the queen appointed him her private secretary for the French language, instead of Roulet, who was discharged for misconduct. In this new post Rizzio not only rendered himself extremely useful, but he actually laboured most perseveringly in promoting the marriage of his mistress with Lord Darnley, and was for some time on good terms with the king. But the recreant lords raised base suspicions in the weak-minded Darnley, and very easily made him a willing agent in the conspiracy they had formed against Rizzio, the chief object of which was the prorogation of parliament, which, if it had met, would have attainted the late rebels, and prevented the pardon of Murray and his traitorous associates, who were then harboured by the queen's cousin, Elizabeth of England. Randolph and the Earl of Bedford both state that the king was wound up to such a pitch of impatience, that he daily pressed upon Lord Ruthven that there should be no longer delay; and "in order that it might be made manifest to the world that he approved of the deed, he was content to be at the doing of it himself."[1]

Accordingly, on the 9th of March, the Lord Chancellor Morton, with an armed force, entered the palace, the queen being then within it, and far advanced in pregnancy. The husband conducted the assassins through the sacred aisles of the abbey church, by a private passage, to the queen's apartments in the palace, which passage is still to be traced in the ruins of the church, and in the north wing of the palace,[2] leading almost to the queen's closet, in which she was sitting at supper with her paternal sister the Countess of Argyle. In their progress Huntly, Bothwell, Sutherland, and others, attempted resolutely to resist Morton; but they were overpowered by numbers and obliged to save themselves

[1] Randolph and Bedford's letters: Berwick, 27th March, 1565–6. Miss Strickland's Appendix, 267.

[2] *Vide* accompanying plan of the scene of the murder of Rizzio.

by flight. Maitland, the able but insidious secretary of state, entertained in another part of the palace the Duke of Athole, neglecting to reveal to the queen what he knew of this odious deed.



THE SCENE OF RIZZIO'S ASSASSINATION.—No. 15.

The murder is thus described by the queen herself:—

"Upon the 9th day of March, we being, at even, about seven hours, in our cabinet at our supper, sociated with our sister the Countess of Argyle, our brother the Commendator of Holyrood House, the Laird of Creich (Beaton), Arthur Erskin, and certain other our domestic servitors, in quiet manner, especially by reason of our evil disposition (illness), being counselled to sustain ourselves with flesh, having then passed almost to the end of seven months in our birth, the king our husband came to us in our cabinet, and placed himself beside us at our supper. The Earl of Morton and Lord Lindsay, with their assisters, bodin in warlike manner (properly armed), to the number of eighteen persons, occupied the whole entry of our palace of Holyrood House, so that they believed it was not possible for any person to escape forth of the same. In the mean time the Lord Ruthven, bodin in like manner (equally armed), with his complices, took entry per force in our cabinet; and there seeing our secretary David Riccio,[1] among others our servants, declared he had to speak with him. In this instance we required

[1] This is the proper spelling of the name.

the king, our husband, if he knew anything of that enterprise, who denied the same. Also we commanded the Lord Ruthven, under the pain of treason, to avoid him forth of our presence. He (Riccio) then for refuge took safer guard, having retired him behind our back; but Ruthven, with his complices, cast down our table upon ourself, put violent hands on him, struck him over our shoulder with whinyards (daggers), one part of them standing before our face, with bended dags (cocked pistols), most cruelly took him out of our cabinet, and at the entry of our chamber gave him fifty-six strokes with whinyards and swords. In doing whereof we were not only struck with great dread, but also by sundrie considerations were most justly induced to take extreme fear of our life. After this deed immediately the said Lord Ruthven, coming again into our presence, declared how they and their complices were highly offended with our proceedings and tyranny, which was not to them tolerable; how we were abused by the said David, whom they actually put to death, namely, in taking his counsel for maintenance of the ancient religion, debarring of the lords who were fugitives, and entertaining of amity with foreign princes and nations with whom we were confederate; putting also upon council the Lords Bothwell and Huntly, who were traitors, and with whom he (Riccio) sociated himself."

Such, then, was the deed, and such were the causes assigned for its perpetration. The queen was confined a close prisoner during the whole of the night, without any communication with her ordinary servants.

On the morrow the king, without her knowledge or consent, issued a proclamation commanding the lords of parliament to depart from Edinburgh.

The queen was continued a prisoner during that day, and guarded by the conspirators and about 80 citizens of Edinburgh under the provost.

Murray arrived that very evening with his expatriated associates, having been allowed to come into Scotland by order of the king.

These ruffians pretended to feel for the queen's condition; but to show how insincere that feeling was, Murray assembled the whole conspirators and his own associates, to consult what ulterior measures should be taken with the queen.

It was thought expedient to commit their sovereign to Stirling Castle, till she should approve in parliament all their wicked enterprises, and give to the king the *crown matrimonial*, and the exclusive government of the realm. And it was even proposed by these *worthy* nobles to put Mary to death, or to detain her in perpetual captivity.

In the mean time the queen, by great efforts of address and resolution,

persuaded her guilty husband to flee with her from so terrible a scene to Dunbar Castle, where she was safe from Morton's violence, Maitland's perfidy, and Ruthven's venom. Athole, Fleming, Livingston, and others, who were then present in Holyrood House, unconscious of the approach of such a storm, hardly escaped from the spears of the conspirators. On Monday, the 11th of March, 1566, the queen and Darnley left the city at midnight, and proceeded to the palace of Seaton, whence she pursued her journey to the safer retreat of Dunbar. Huntly and Bothwell, who assisted the queen's escape, accompanied her to the same stronghold, where she was joined by so many considerable nobles, with their forces, that she marched back to Edinburgh on the 18th of March, in triumphant array, with 8000 warriors in her train. The friends of the conspirators now fled in their turn from that turbulent city, which, under Provost Preston's influence, had aided the conspirators. Morton, Ruthven, and other traitors, found their safest shelter under Queen Elizabeth's wings.

Bothwell, on this occasion, acted so faithfully, when the officers of state acted so foully, that Preston, the Provost of Edinburgh, and Keeper of Dunbar Castle, was deprived; and Bothwell was, on the 24th of March, appointed governor in his room.

The fame of Mary was as yet untinged by scandal; for we may treat as a fiction of later date the gross impeachment of a criminal intrigue with Rizzio (who was, by all accounts, an ill-looking personage); and, indeed, the tale of calumny must be regarded as totally impossible, unless by those who conceive her, contrary to the report of all who approached her person, to have been a monster of unlimited depravity.[1]

Henry Darnley was induced, it is said by the queen, to publish a declaration in which he boldly denied all accession to the act of violence which had been committed under his express instigation. But this mean step only brought upon him hatred and contempt. The queen certainly prosecuted seven of the murderers of Rizzio, and it is recorded to the praise of her clemency that only two men were executed for a conspiracy of so odious a character, in which so many persons of influence had been implicated. Meantime Darnley resumed his vicious and offensive habits, and, by his low company, debauchery, and disrespect, frequently brought tears from the queen's eyes.

The birth of a son, afterwards James VI., of whom Mary was delivered in June, 1566, created no reconciliation between his parents; while Queen Elizabeth, who had never looked upon the Queen of

[1] Sir Walter Scott's "History of Scotland," vol. ii., p. 106.

Scots save with an evil eye, was so mortified by the news of the birth of the infant prince, which gave her rival such a decisive superiority, that she left the dance in which she was then engaged, sat down, and, reclining her head upon her hand, burst out to her ladies with the melancholy exclamation that the Queen of Scots was mother of a fair son, while she herself was a barren stock. Next day, recovering her self-command, she accepted the honour of being godmother to the infant with well-affected good humour. But she must have felt acutely when she reflected that the birth of a son gave Mary a popularity in England which she did not before possess; while she found additional reasons for disliking her kinswoman, and for being heartily desirous of embroiling her in fresh troubles, an opportunity for which fate and Mary's misfortunes soon placed in her power.

The baptism of the prince was scarcely performed at Stirling Castle, when the lords, who had remained without the chapel-royal, as is stated in the history of that fortress, with Bedford at their head, began a negotiation with the queen for the pardon of Morton and his guilty associates for their participation in the murder of Rizzio. These culprits had, since the perpetration of this enormity, been protected by Elizabeth. The Scots queen had with good reason resisted, hitherto, all applications for their restoration; but their pardon was now granted at the instigation of Bedford, and by the influence of Elizabeth and Cecil, and of Murray, Athole, and Bothwell.

On the 24th of December, 1566, the queen signed Morton's pardon, with those of the late Lord Ruthven, William, now Lord Ruthven, Lord Lindsay, and seventy-five other conspirators. George Douglas and Andrew Kerr were, however, specially excepted, Douglas having snatched the king's dagger and struck Rizzio with it over the queen's shoulder; and the other having presented a pistol at her bosom.

It is remarkable how often Mary pardoned her traitor lords:—These very men, who were now received into favour (Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, and others), in less than six months assisted in dethroning the queen!

Darnley remained at Stirling till the 24th of December, when Morton's pardon had passed the privy seal, of which he heard, and therefore he left the castle, highly offended, without taking leave of the queen. It was after this, on his visit to Glasgow, that he was seized with the small-pox, then prevalent in that city.

As soon as Mary heard that her husband had been thus infected, she sent her own physician to attend upon him. Buchanan and others have imputed much blame to Mary for not attending her husband in person. But what could she have done with a babe under her care?

The queen set out from Stirling with the prince, and arrived at

Holyrood on the 14th of January, 1566-7. She continued to be disquieted, as she had before been at Stirling, with rumours that the king intended to crown the prince, to take the government on himself, and to place the young king in ward; and, in consequence of another report from Paris, she doubled her guards.

On the 20th of January the queen was reconciled to Darnley,[1] who, during his dangerous illness, had been open to a conviction of his many errors; she therefore resolved to visit him in Glasgow, and to bring him with her to Edinburgh, as soon as he "should be able to stand the cold air." From Glasgow the queen brought her husband in a chariot to Linlithgow, where they rested two days, and whence they arrived in Edinburgh on the 31st of January.

We find that the queen at first suggested the pleasant castle of Craigmillar for Darnley's abode; but, for some reason which does not appear, he objected to Craigmillar; and she wrote to Secretary Maitland to procure convenient lodging for her husband in the town of Edinburgh: Darnley disliked the lords of the privy council too much to think of the palace, and, besides, it was the opinion of the physicians that the young prince might catch the infection from the servants who would be about the persons of both. When Mary wrote to her secretary, she little knew she was addressing an accomplice of her husband's future murderer. The secretary showed this letter to Bothwell, who made choice of the Kirk-of-field, which was certainly in an airy situation; but it was on account, it is presumed, of its solitary position, that it was thus selected for the residence of the devoted Darnley.

The house in which Darnley was lodged was the mansion of the provost of the collegiate church of St. Mary-in-the-field, usually called the Kirk-of-field, which belonged to Robert Balfour, the provost of the same, and which had been fitted up as an infirmary, under the direction, no doubt, of the queen's physician.

After Darnley was lodged in this house the queen left the infant prince to attend to him; and she sometimes slept in the same house herself.

The Kirk-of-field, with the grounds pertaining to it, occupied the site of the present university of Edinburgh and of those buildings which now stand between the Royal Infirmary and Drummond-street. In the extended line of the ancient city wall, what was afterwards called the Potter-row Port was at first denominated the Kirk-of-field Port, from its vicinity to the church of that name. The wall ran eastward from

[1] Darnley had not quarrelled with the queen, but only with her ministers; so that his danger reawakened all the gentleness of her heart, and she forgot the wrongs she had endured.

this port, along the south side of the present university, and the north side of what is now Drummond-street and Roxburgh-terrace, where part of the city wall is still to be seen in good preservation.

The house of Kirk-of-field stood at some distance from the kirk itself, which had fallen into decay. The city had not yet stretched, in this direction, much farther than the Cowgate. Between that street and the city wall was the Dominican convent of Blackfriars, with its alms-houses and gardens, covering the sites of the old high school and the royal infirmary, and also the Kirk-of-field, with its provost's residence. The Kirk-of-field itself stood very nearly on the site of the north-west corner of Drummond-street.

This house fronted the west, having its southern gable so close upon the town wall, that a little postern door entered immediately through the wall into the kitchen. It contained only four apartments, but these were commodious, and were fitted up with great care. Below, a small passage went through, from the front door to the back of the house, upon the right of which was the kitchen, and upon the left a room furnished as a bed-room for the queen when she might choose to remain all night. Passing out at the back door, there was a turnpike stair, which, after the old fashion of Scotch houses, led up to the second story. Above these were two rooms corresponding with those below. Darnley's chamber was immediately over Mary's; and on the other side of the lobby, above the kitchen, a "*garde-room*," or "*little gallery*," which was used as a servants' room, and which had a small window, looking through the town wall, and corresponding with the postern door below. Immediately beyond the wall was a lane, called the "Thief's Raw," shut up by another wall, to the southward of which were extensive gardens.[1]

During the ten days which Darnley spent in his new residence Mary was a great deal with him, and slept several nights in the room just described. Darnley was still an invalid; and his constitution had received so severe a shock, that every attention was necessary during his convalescence.

Mary herself, after sitting for hours in her husband's sick chamber, used sometimes to breathe the air in the neighbouring gardens of the Dominican convent; and she frequently brought up from Holyrood her band of musicians, who played and sang for her own and Darnley's amusement. Thus everything went on so smoothly that neither the victim nor his friends could in the least suspect that they were all treading on the brink of a precipice.

It was on Sunday, the 9th of February, 1567, that the final pre-

[1] *Vide* accompanying plan of the scene of murder. No. 16.

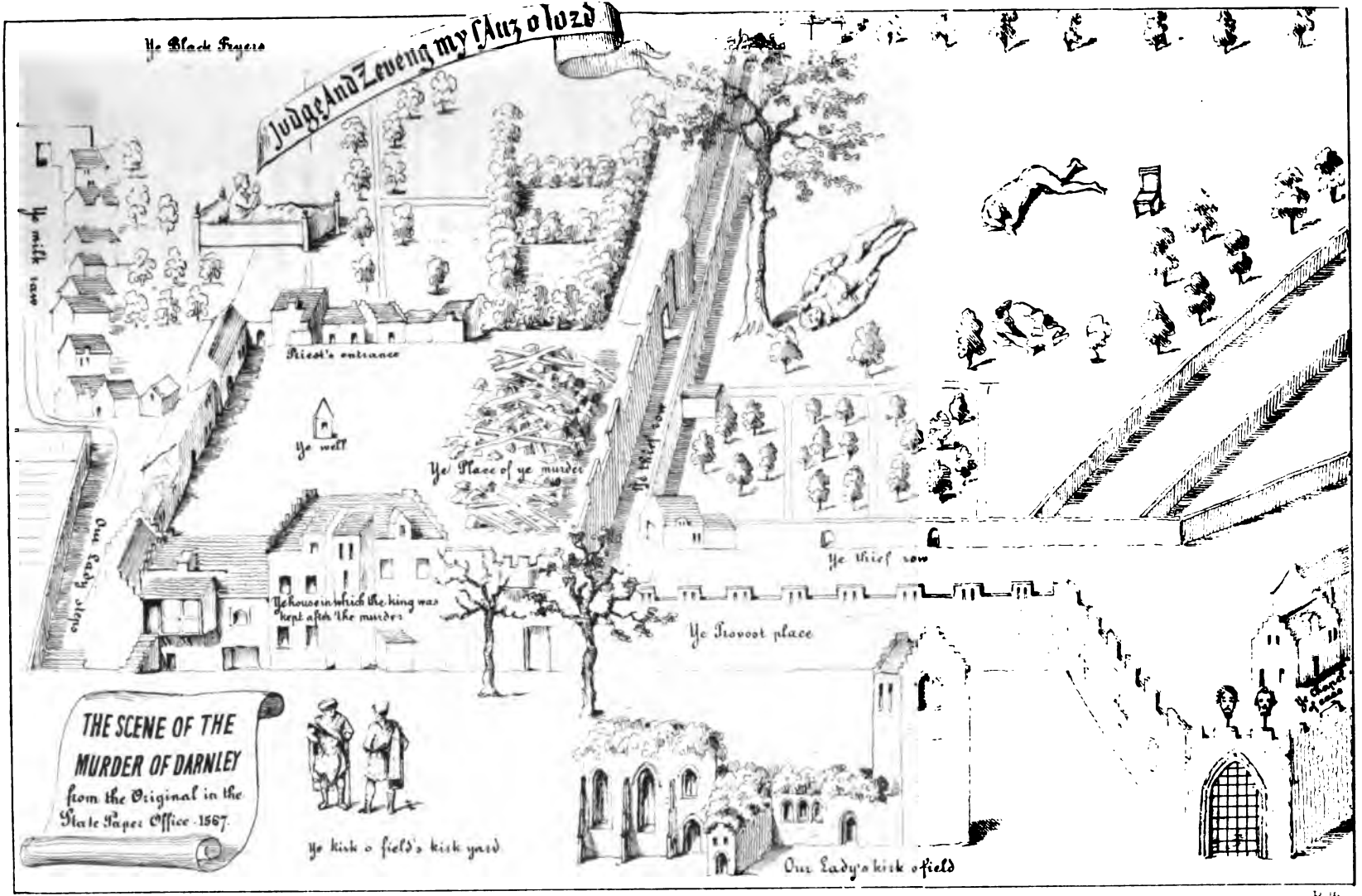
parations for the murder of Darnley were made. To execute the atrocious deed, Bothwell was obliged to avail himself of the assistance of some of those ready ministers of crime who are always to be found for money. There were eight men whom he thus used as the tools with which to work his guilty purpose. Four of these were menials, viz., Dalgleish, Wilson, Pourie, and Haubert, the last of whom was better known by the name of French Paris. He was a native of France, and had been long in the service of Bothwell; but, on his master's recommendation, who foresaw the advantages he might reap from the change, he was taken into the queen's service shortly before this period. Bothwell was thus able to obtain the keys to some of the doors of the Kirk-of-field house, of which he caused counterfeit impressions to be taken.[1] The other four accomplices in the murder were the Laird of Ormiston, Hob Ormiston, John Hepburn of Bolton, and John Hay of Tallo.

Archibald Douglas, who had linked himself to the fortunes of Bothwell, was also in the immediate neighbourhood, with two servants, when the crime was perpetrated.

After much deliberation, it at length occurred to the conspirators that gunpowder might be used for the accomplishment of their purpose; and that, if the entire premises were blown up, they were likely to bury in their ruins everything that could fix suspicion on the parties concerned. Gunpowder was, therefore, secretly brought from Dunbar Castle, and carried to Bothwell's own lodgings, in the immediate vicinity of the palace.

The conspirators now awaited an opportunity; and Bothwell learnt, on Sunday, that the queen intended to honour with her presence a mask to be given on that night at the palace, on the occasion of the marriage of her French servant Sebastian to Margaret Carwood, one of her waiting-maids; Bothwell knew, therefore, that she could not sleep at Kirk-of-field that night, and he took measures accordingly. At dusk he assembled his accomplices, and desired them to be ready; he himself supped between seven and eight at a banquet given to the queen by the Bishop of Argyle, which he left to join in the assassination, having taken Paris aside, and conveyed him to the lodgings of the Laird of Ormiston. There he met Hay and Hepburn, and they passed down the Blackfriars-wynd together. The wall which surrounded the gardens of the Dominican monastery ran near the foot of this wynd. They passed through a gate in the wall, which Bothwell had contrived to open by stealth, and, crossing the gardens, came to another wall which separated the convent-grounds from the Kirk-of-field.

[1] Paris's deposition, Laing, vol. ii., p. 296. Bell's History, vol. ii.


Ye Black Rogers
Judge And Zeveng my Cauz o lozd
Ye mylk row
Priest's entrance
Ye well
Ye Place of ye murder
Ye thief row
Our Lady alone
Ye house in which the king was kept after the murder
Ye Provost place
THE SCENE OF THE MURDER OF DARNLEY
from the Original in the State Papers Office 1567
Ye kirk o field's kirk yard
Our Lady's kirk o field

Dalgleish and Wilson had, in the mean time, been employed in bringing up, from Bothwell's residence in the abbey, the gunpowder he had lodged there. It had been divided into bags; and the bags were put into trunks, which they carried upon horses. Not being able to take it all at once, they were obliged to go twice between the Kirk-of-field and the palace. They were not allowed to come nearer than the convent gate at the foot of Blackfriars-wynd, where the powder was taken from them by Ormiston, Hepburn, and Hay, who carried it up to the house. When they had conveyed the whole, they were ordered to return home; and, as they passed up the Blackfriars-wynd, Pourie, as if suddenly conscience-struck, said to Wilson, "Jesu! whatana gait is this we are ganging? I trow it be not good."

Meantime Paris, who, as the queen's valet-de-chambre, kept the keys of the lower flat, was now in Mary's apartment, ready to receive the powder, which, with some delay, was deposited.

Bothwell, who was walking to and fro, was alarmed, and inquired if all was ready. He was afraid that the company up stairs, among whom was the queen, with several of the nobility and ladies in waiting, might come suddenly out upon them and discover their proceedings. He bade them make haste, before the queen came forth.

At length, everything being put into the state they wished, they all left the under part of the house, with the exception of Hepburn and Hay, who were locked up in the room with the gunpowder, and left to keep watch until the others should return.

Bothwell then went up stairs, and joined the queen and her friends in Darnley's apartment, as if he had that moment come to the Kirk-of-field.

Shortly after, Paris also made his appearance; and the queen, being either reminded of, or recollecting, her promise to return to the mask at the palace, arose about eleven o'clock p. m. to take leave of her husband.

Accompanied by Bothwell, Argyle, Huntly, Cassillis, and others, Mary now proceeded to the palace, going first up the Blackfriars-wynd, and then down the Canongate. Just as she was about to enter the palace she was met by one of the Earl of Bothwell's servants (either Dalgleish or Pourie), when she asked where he had been, as he smelt so strongly of gunpowder. The fellow made some evasive reply, and no further notice was taken of the circumstance.

The queen then proceeded to the apartments in which Sebastian's friends were assembled; and Bothwell, who was very anxious to avoid any suspicion, and, above all, to prevent Mary from suspecting him, continued to attend her assiduously.

Paris, who carried in his pocket the key of the queen's bedroom at

the Kirk-of-field, in which he had locked up Hay and Hepburn, had followed in Bothwell's train. Upon entering the festive apartment, the Frenchman, who had neither courage nor cunning to carry through such a deed of villany, retired in a melancholy mood to a corner. Bothwell, observing this, and fearing it might excite surprise, went up to him and angrily demanded why he looked so sad, telling him, *that, if he retained that lugubrious look before the queen, he should be made to suffer for it.*

Paris answered, despairingly, that he did not care what became of himself, if he could only get permission to go home to bed, for he was ill. "No!" said Bothwell, "you must remain with me: would you leave the two gentlemen, Hay and Hepburn, locked up where they now are?" "Alas!" answered Paris, "what more must I do this night? I have no heart for the business."

Perceiving that Paris was not in a mood to be trusted, Bothwell put an end to the conversation by ordering the Frenchman to follow him immediately.

As soon as Bothwell came to his own lodgings in the abbey, he exchanged his rich court-dress for a common suit. Instead of a black satin doublet, bordered with silver, he put on a white canvas doublet, and wrapped himself up in his riding-cloak.

Taking Paris, Pourie, Wilson, and Dalgleish with him, he then went down the lane which ran along the wall of the queen's south gardens, and which still exists, extending to the foot of the Canongate, where the gate of the outer court of the palace formerly stood, and where the abbey court-house and gaol now stand.

Passing by the door of the queen's garden, where the sentinels were always stationed, the party was challenged by one of the soldiers, who demanded "Who goes there?" They answered, "Friends." "What friends?" "Friends to my Lord Bothwell."

They then proceeded up the Canongate till they came to the Netherbow Port, or lower gate of the city, which was shut. They called to the porter, John Galloway, and desired him to open to friends of my Lord Bothwell. Galloway, displeased at being roused at so late an hour, kept them waiting for some time.

As they entered, he asked "what they did out of their beds at that time of night?" but they gave him no answer. As soon as they got into the city, they called at Ormiston's lodgings, who lived in a house called Bassington's House, a short way up the High-street, on the south side; but they were told he was not at home. They then went without him down a close below the Blackfriars-wynd, till they came to the gate of the convent gardens already mentioned. This gate they entered;

and, crossing the gardens, stopped at the back wall, a short way behind Darnley's residence.

Here Dalgleish, Wilson, and Pourie were ordered to remain; and Bothwell and Paris passed on over the wall.

Having gone into the lower part of the house, they unlocked the door of the room in which they had left Hay and Hepburn; and the four together held a consultation of some length, regarding the best mode of setting fire to the gunpowder, which was lying in a great heap upon the floor. They then took a piece of lint, three or four inches long, and, kindling one end of it, they laid the other on the powder, knowing that it would burn slowly enough to give them time to retire to a safe distance. They then returned to the convent gardens; and having rejoined the servants whom they had left there, the whole group stood together, anxiously awaiting the explosion.

Darnley, in the mean time, wholly unaware of his impending fate, had gone to bed within an hour after the queen had left him. His servant, William Taylor, lay, as he was wont, in the same room. Thomas Nelson, Edmund Simmons, and a boy, lay in the gallery, or servants' apartment, on the same floor, and nearer to the town wall.

Bothwell must have been quite aware, that, from the mode of death he had chosen for Darnley, there was every probability that his attendants would also perish. But when ruthless ambition once commences its work of blood, whether there be only one or one hundred victims seems to be a matter of indifference.

The conspirators waited for upwards of a quarter of an hour without hearing any noise. Bothwell became impatient; and, if the others had not interfered and pointed out to him his danger, he would have returned to see if the light was still burning.

> "What anxious moments pass between
> The birth of plots and their last periods!
> Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
> Made up of horrors all, and big with death!"

At length every doubt was terminated by an explosion so tremendous, that it shook nearly the whole city, and startled the sleeping inhabitants. The house of Kirk-of-field blew up in a thousand fragments, leaving scarcely a vestige standing of its former walls.

Paris, who describes the noise as that of a storm of thunder condensed into one clap, fell, almost senseless from terror, with his face to the earth. Bothwell himself, though "a bold man," confessed a momentary panic. "I have been," said he, "at many important enterprises, but I never felt before as I do now."

Without waiting to ascertain the full extent of the catastrophe, he and his accomplices then left the scene of their guilt with all expedition.

They went out at the convent gate, and, having passed down the Cowgate, they separated and went up by different roads to the Netherbow Port. They were very desirous to avoid disturbing the porter again, lest they should excite suspicion. They therefore went down a close, which still exists, on the north side of the High-street, immediately above the city gate, calculating that they would be able to drop from the wall into Leith-wynd; but Bothwell found it too high, especially as the wound he had received at Hermitage Castle still left one of his hands weak. They were forced, therefore, to apply once more to John Galloway, who, on being told that they were friends of the Earl of Bothwell, does not seem to have asked any further questions.

On getting into the Canongate some people were observed coming up the street; to avoid them Bothwell passed down St. Mary's-wynd, and went to his lodgings by the back road.

The sentinel at the door of the queen's garden again challenged them, and they made their usual answer, that they were friends of the Earl of Bothwell carrying despatches to him from the country. The sentinel asked if they knew what noise it was that they had heard a short time before; and they replied that they did not.

When Bothwell came home he called for something to drink; and, taking off his clothes, went to bed immediately.

He had not lain there above half an hour when news was brought him that the house of the Kirk-of-field had been blown up, and the king slain.

Exclaiming that there must be treason abroad, and affecting the utmost alarm and indignation, he rose and put on the same clothes he had worn when he was last with the queen. The Earl of Huntly and others soon joined him, and, after hearing from them as much as was then known of the matter, it was thought advisable to repair to the palace, to inform the queen of what had happened. They found her already alarmed and anxious to see them, some vague rumours of the dreadful occurrence having reached her.

They disclosed the whole of the melancholy truth as gradually and gently as possible, attributing Darnley's death either to the accidental explosion of some gunpowder in the neighbourhood, or to the effects of lightning.

Mary's distress knew no bounds; and seeing that it was hopeless to reason with her in the first anguish of her feelings, Bothwell and the other lords left her, just as the day began to break, and proceeded to the Kirk-of-field.

Here they found everything in a state of confusion, the edifice in

ruins, and the townpeople gathered round it in dismay. Only one of the five persons who were in the house at the time of the explosion survived. Darnley and his servant Taylor, who slept in the room immediately above the gunpowder, had been most exposed to its effects, and they were, accordingly, carried through the air over the town wall, and across the lane on the other side, and were found lying at a short distance from each other, in a garden to the south of the lane, both in their night-dresses, and with little external injury.

Simmons, Nelson, and the boy, being nearer the town wall, were only collaterally affected by the explosion. They were, however, all buried in the ruins, out of which Nelson alone had the good fortune to be taken alive. The bodies were, by Bothwell's command, removed to the adjoining house, and a guard from the palace was set over them.

Darnley and Taylor having been found at so great a distance and so little injured, it was almost universally supposed at the time, and for long after, that the bowstring had been used, and that they had been first strangled and then carried out to the garden. This supposition is, however, now proved to have been erroneous. If Darnley had been first murdered, there would have been no occasion to have blown up the house; and if that had been done to make his death appear to have been the result of accident, his body would never have been removed to such a distance as might seem to disconnect it with the previous explosion. Before the expansive power of gunpowder was thoroughly understood, it was not conceived possible that it could have acted as in the present instance: and various theories were invented, none of which was so simple or so true as that which accords with the facts now established.

The depositions from which Sheriff Bell, in his work, from which we have liberally copied, deduced the present account, prove the facts. Hay deposed that Bothwell some time afterwards said to him, "What thought ye when ye saw him blown into the air?" Hay answered, "Alas! my Lord, why speak ye of that? for whenever I hear such a thing, the words wound me to death." There was nothing wonderful in the bodies having been carried so far, when it is considered that great stones, of the length of ten feet and the breadth of four feet, were found blown from the house to a far distance. In recent times, however, authors of good repute have allowed themselves to be misled upon this point by the exploded errors of earlier writers. The medical men who met by the queen's command, to view and consider of the manner of the king's death, were almost unanimously of opinion that he had been blown into the air, although he bore no mark of fire upon his person.[1]

[1] Knox, p. 404; Bell's Life of Mary, vol. ii.

Thus perished Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, Duke of Albany, and King of Scotland, whose fortune and whose fate became so tragically interwoven with the history of Holyrood, in the 21st year of his age and the 18th month of his reign.

The suddenness and severity of Darnley's fate excited a degree of compassion, and attached an interest to his memory, which, had he died in the course of nature, would never have been felt. He had been to Scotland only the cause of civil war; to his nobility an object of contempt, of pity, and of hatred; and to his wife, a perpetual source of sorrow and misfortune. With all his faults, there was not one in Scotland who lamented him more sincerely than Mary; and her whole life proves that she was incapable of indulging that violent hatred which prompts to deeds of cruelty and revenge, of which it is sufficient to make us feel convinced if we only consider how often she had forgiven the treasons of her cut-throat lords.

Mary during the whole of the day that succeeded her husband's death (Monday, the 10th of February, 1567) shut herself up in her own apartment and would see no one. In the mean time all was confusion and dismay in the city, and when the news of this dreadful murder transpired a thousand contradictory reports were abroad.

Resolved rigorously to seek out and punish her husband's assassins, a proclamation was issued on Wednesday, the 12th of February immediately after an inquisition had been taken before the Justice-General, offering a reward of 2000*l.* and "an honest yearly rent" to whomsoever should reveal the persons, devisers, counsellors, or actual committers of the said mischievous and treasonable murder, and promising to the revealer, although a party, a free pardon.

Meantime the queen, alarmed for her own safety, removed from the palace to the castle of Edinburgh, where she remained shut up in a dark chamber till after Darnley's funeral. His body lay in the chapel of Holyrood from the 12th to the 18th; and, having been embalmed, it was interred in the royal vault in which lay King James V., his queen, and Mary's infant brothers.

As the queen desired her husband to be buried after the Roman Catholic form, there were few at the funeral; which gave opportunity for Mary's enemies to assert that he was privately buried, and without state. Had the poor queen wished to act the hypocrite, nothing could have been easier than to have made a great display at the funeral of her unfortunate husband.

Worn out by her griefs and her perplexities, her doubts and her fears, Mary's health began to give way, and her friends and physicians prevailed on her to leave her confinement in Edinburgh Castle, and to

visit Seaton House, a country residence of Lord Seaton, about nine miles distant. Accordingly, on the 16th of February, she proceeded thither accompanied by a considerable train, among whom were the Earls of Argyle, Huntly, Bothwell, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, the Lords Fleming, Livingston, and Secretary Maitland. It was here that a correspondence took place between the queen and the Earl of Lennox, which brought about the trial of Bothwell for the murder of his son.

On Saturday, the 12th of April, 1567, Bothwell was tried and acquitted. He was supported by his guilty associate Morton, and assisted by the artful Maitland. The Earl of Murray absented himself both from attending the trial and the parliament of that session, at which a law was passed renouncing all foreign jurisdiction in ecclesiastical affairs, giving toleration to all the queen's subjects to worship God in their own way, and engaging to give some additional privileges.

The guilty Bothwell, having now triumphed over both law and justice, had only one more step to take to attain the summit of his ambition. Mary's hand and Scotland's crown were ever the objects of his cupidity.

The parliament, which met on the 14th of April, continued to sit till the 19th only; and in the evening of the following day Bothwell invited nearly all the lords who were then in the city to a great supper in a tavern kept by a person named Ainsley; from which circumstance it was subsequently called "Ainsley's supper." After plying his guests with wine, Bothwell produced a document, or bond, which he had himself previously drawn up, and which he requested them to sign, expressive of their opinion of the innocence of Bothwell touching the death of the king; representing the solitary state of the queen's majesty, being destitute of a husband; proposing Bothwell; and binding and obliging themselves to further, advance, and set forward the marriage to be solemnized and completed betwixt her Highness and the said noble lord, with their votes, counsel, fortification, and assistance, in word and deed, and to oppose all persons who should presume to hinder, hold back, or disturb the said marriage, and to hold all such as their own common enemies and evil-willers, and to spend and bestow their lives and goods against all who should oppose it. This bond was signed by all the lords present, except the Earl of Eglinton, who slipped out unperceived while the paper was receiving the signatures of the other lords.

Among the names attached to this remarkable document are those of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, the Bishops of Aberdeen, Dunblane, Brechin, and Ross; the Earls of Huntly, Argyle, Morton, Cassillis,

Sutherland, Errol, Crawfurd, Caithness, and Rothes; and the Lords Boyd, Glammis, Ruthven, Semple, Herries, Ogilvie, and Fleming.

Meantime the queen was kept in ignorance of this meeting; but it was not Bothwell's temper to dally long on the brink of any plot. Ascertaining that Mary was to return from Stirling on the 24th, he left Edinburgh with a force of nearly one thousand men, well mounted, under pretence of proceeding to quell some riots on the borders. But he had only gone a few miles southward, when he turned suddenly to the west, and, riding with all speed towards Linlithgow, waited for the queen at a bridge over the Almond, about a mile from that town. The queen soon made her appearance, with a small train, which was easily overpowered, and which, indeed, did not venture to offer any resistance. The Earl of Huntly, Secretary Maitland, and Sir James Melville were the only persons of rank who were with the queen. Bothwell himself seized the bridle of Mary's horse, and, turning off from the road to Edinburgh, he conducted her with all speed to the castle of Dunbar.

It being no part of our object to enter on the leading features of this forcible abduction, represented as it has been in numberless shapes by different historians, we hasten to close our summary, which has already assumed a more voluminous shape than is consistent with the limits or the plan of this work.

For ten days Bothwell kept Mary in Dunbar, sequestered from the company of her servants, and importuned and threatened by turns by the assiduous ruffian into whose hands she had fallen. Not a sword was raised in her defence; and on the 3rd of May, 1567, he conveyed her to Edinburgh, closely guarded. At the foot of the Canongate, Mary was about to turn her horse to Holyrood; upon which Bothwell seized the bridle and conducted her up the High-street to the castle, then in the keeping of Balfour, a minion of Bothwell's.

Thus Bothwell, by murder, fraud, and villany, had made himself for the time being absolute in Scotland; and the ruined queen had now to be governed by a remorseless tyrant and ruffian.

It was not until the banns of marriage had twice been proclaimed, that Bothwell allowed the queen, on the 12th of May, to come forth from the castle of Edinburgh for the first time, so sure did he make of his purpose. The queen and Bothwell were married in the council-chamber, or hall of the palace, on the 15th of May, by Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney; whereupon, after sermon, the council separated with little demonstrations of mirth. Bothwell having thus obtained by the aid of Murray's faction his sovereign's hand by circumvention and force, the marriage was made legal and ostensibly voluntary, although

the queen's assent was obtained by secret coercion, imprisonment, and force.

Mary's peace of mind was now wrecked for ever; the very days usually set aside for nuptial festivity were marked by suspicions and wranglings. Mary was still guarded by two hundred arquebusiers, night and day, wherever she went; and, thus environed, she remained at the palace of Holyrood from the 15th of May until the 7th of June.

The unhappy queen was now heartbroken. In moments of despondency and despair she was heard to express an intention of committing suicide; and she often prayed for death; and no wonder; her honour was now questioned,—that which was dearer to her than life. She was a queen without subjects—a wife without a husband's love. The humblest peasant in Scotland was more to be envied than this beautiful and accomplished woman, the last daughter of the Stuart line.

On the 16th of May, 1567, Monsieur de Croc, in a letter to Catherine de Medicis, Queen of France, writes thus:—"On Friday her Majesty (Queen Mary) sent to seek for me. When I came I perceived an estranged demeanour between her and her husband, for she wished me to excuse her, saying that, 'if I saw her sad, it was because she could not rejoice, for she did nothing but wish for death' (this was the day of her wedding with Bothwell). Yesterday, being shut up in her cabinet with Bothwell, she screamed aloud, and then sought for a knife to stab herself,[1] and those who were in the chamber adjoining the cabinet heard her. They think that, if God does not aid her, she will become desperate. I have comforted and counselled her the best I could these three times I have seen her. Her husband will not remain so long, for he is too much hated in this realm, as he is always considered guilty of the death of the king. There is here, besides the Earl Bothwell, but one noble of note; this is the Earl of Crawfurd: the others are sent for, but will not come.

"She has summoned them to meet in a place she has named; if they convene, I am to speak to them in the name of the King of France, and see if I can do aught with them. After saying all that is possible for me to say, it will be better to withdraw myself, as I have sent word to you, and leave them to play out their own game."[2]

On the 7th of June, Bothwell took the queen with him from the palace of Holyrood to the castle of Borthwick, about eight miles to the

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[1] See also Melville's Memoirs.

[2] Miss Strickland's Letters of Mary.

south of Edinburgh; this castle was soon after invested by the nobility, and it was with great difficulty that Bothwell and the queen escaped to Dunbar.

Here ends the connection of Mary with the royal seat of her ancestors, she having never again set foot within its halls. The rest of her life was one continued scene of imprisonment and privation, which she endured with such patience and magnanimity as to be inconsistent with any participation in the deeds laid to her charge.

After Mary's removal from the palace, the articles of value belonging to her were seized by the nobles, and her plate was coined for answering pecuniary demands.

King James VI., son of Queen Mary, occasionally resided at Holyrood, from which palace many of his charters and letters are dated, the most remarkable of which last is his letter to Queen Elizabeth, which we give from the original :[1]—

"Madame and dearest Sister,—If ye could have known what divers thoughts have agitated my mind since my directing of William Keith unto you for the soliciting of this matter, whereto nature and honour greatly and unfeignedly bind and oblige me—if, I say, ye knew what divers thoughts, what just grief I had, weighing deeply the thing itself, if so it should proceed as God forbid! what events might follow thereupon, what number of straits I should be driven unto, and, amongst the rest, how it might peril my reputation amongst my subjects—if these things, I yet say again, were known to you, then doubt I not but ye would so far pity my case, as it would easily make you at the first to resolve your own *hest* unto it.[2]

"I doubt greatly in what fashion to write on this purpose, for ye have already taken so evil my plainness, as I fear, if I persist in that course, ye will rather be exasperated into passions by reading my words, than by the plainness thereof to be persuaded to consider rightly the simple truth. Yet, justly preferring the duty of an honest friend to the sudden passions of one who, how soon they be past, can *wislier* weigh the reasons than I can set them down, I have resolved, in few words and plain, to give you friendly and best advice, appealing to your ripest judgment to discern thereupon. What thing, Madame, can more greatly touch me in honour, both as king and as a son, than that my nearest neighbour, being in strictest friendship with me, shall rigorously put to

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[1] Entirely in the king's own hand: MS. Cottonian, Caligula, C ix., fol. 146. Ellis's Original Letters, vol. ii., p. 18.

[2] Meaning doubtless that, if she knew how unfortunate his case was, pity for him would influence her decision on the fate of his mother.

death a sovereign prince, and my natural mother? she being alike in sex and in state to her that so uses her, albeit subject, I grant, to a harder fortune; touching her, too, so nearly in proximity of blood. What law of God can permit that justice shall strike upon them whom He has appointed supreme dispensers of the same under Him, whom He hath called gods, and therefore subjected to the censure of none on earth, whose anointing by God cannot be defiled by man unrevenged by the Author thereof? [1] they, being supreme and immediate lieutenants of God in heaven, cannot therefore be judged by their equals on earth. What monstrous thing is it that sovereign princes themselves should be the example-givers of the profaning of their own sacred diadems! Then what should move you to this form of proceeding, supposing the worst (which in good faith I look not for at your hands)—honour or profit? Honour were it to you to spare when it is least looked for! Honour were it to you, which is not only my friendly advice, but my earnest suit, to make me and all the princes of Europe eternally beholden to you, in granting this my so reasonable request! and not—I pray you pardon my free speaking—to put princes to straits of honour, where, through your general reputation, and the universal, almost all, misliking of you, may dangerously peril, both in honour and utility, your person and state.

"Ye know, Madame, well *enow* how small difference Cicero concludes to be betwixt *utile* and *honestum* in his discourse thereof, and which of them ought to be framed to the other.

"And now, Madame, to conclude, I pray you so to weigh these few arguments, that, as I ever presumed of your nature, so the whole world may praise your subjects for their dutiful care of your person, and yourself for your princely pity: the doing thereof only belongs to you, the performing thereof only appertains to you, and the praise thereof only will ever be yours!

"Respect then, good sister, this my first so long-continued and so earnest request, and despatch your ambassadors with such a comfortable answer as may become your person to give, and as my loving and honest ——— unto you merits to receive.

"But in case any do vaunt themselves to know further of my mind in this matter than my ambassadors do (who indeed are fully acquainted therewith), I pray you not to take me to be a cameleon, but, by the

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[1] A strain of argument, says Miss Strickland, which, however obsolete at the present day, was wonderfully cogent with her to whom it was addressed, and was wisely enforced by the young king, then under age.

contrary, them to be malicious impostors. And thus, praying you heartily to excuse my rude and longsume letter, I commit you, Madame and dearest sister, to the blessed protection of the *Most High*, who must give you grace to resolve in this matter as may be honourable for you and most acceptable to Him.

"From my palace of Holyrood House, the 26th day of January, 1586-7.

"Your most loving and affectionate brother and cousin,

"JAMES R."

The palace, for years, was now left to dust and desolation. About the time of the return of James VI. from Denmark, we find the celebrated architect Inigo Jones engaged in making some considerable repairs at the palace of Holyrood, prior to the marriage of that king with Anne of Denmark, with whom he was solemnly crowned on the 7th of May, 1590, with the accustomed rites, in the abbey church.

This neglected seat of royalty was now destined to be the scene of happier days: it became the favourite residence of King James until his elevation to the English throne. Here he held long conversations with his jeweller, George Heriot, of whose history we have heard many curious particulars. Heriot, to whom his Majesty was indebted in considerable sums of money, is said on one occasion to have been present when the king had burning before him some perfumed wood. Remarking on the expense of such a fire, over which the worthy jeweller was *beaming his houghs*, James facetiously remarked that Heriot could not show him such a glorious fire. George, with all the gravity imaginable, declared that he could, and, pulling from his bosom the king's bond for several thousand pounds, he placed it on the pile.

It was at this palace that the queen was delivered of the prince, afterwards Henry Frederick, on the 19th of February, 1594; and again on the 19th of August, 1596, of the Princess Elizabeth. Prince Henry was baptized with unwonted pomp at the castle of Stirling.[1] The Princess Elizabeth was baptized at this palace on the 1st of December following.

On the death of Elizabeth, and James's accession to the crowns of both kingdoms, Holyrood was again forsaken by the king and court. In 1633 King Charles I. arrived at Holyrood House, and for some time occupied the palace of his ancestors, after a splendid reception by the magistrates and citizens of Edinburgh.

On Saturday, the 15th of June, 1633, the king entered Edinburgh from London, with the Duke of Lennox, the Marquis of Hamilton, Earl of

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[1] See accompanying history of Stirling, p. 68.

Montrose, and divers others of the Scots as well as sundry English lords, accompanied by 500 Englishmen and officers of his household. His furniture, plate, and plenishing were carried with him in princely form. At the West Port gate he was addressed in an eloquent speech of welcome, and the keys of the city were offered him by Alexander Clark, the provost, with the baillies, all clad in red robes, well furred; and about 60 aldermen and councillors, clad in black velvet gowns, awaited him upon seats of deal, "biggit" of three degrees, from which they all rose in great humility and reverence to his Majesty, who made his entry upon the south side of the said West Port. After the provost had made his speech he presented to his Majesty a basin, all of gold, estimated at five thousand marks, whereinto were shaken, out of an embroidered purse, a thousand double golden angels, as a token from the town of Edinburgh.

"The king looked gladly upon the speech and gift; but the Marquis of Hamilton, Master of his Majesty's Horse, hard beside, meddled with the gift, as due to him by virtue of his office.

"Thereafter the provost went to his horse in good order, having a rich saddle with a black velvet fortmantle, with pasements of gold, and the rest of the furniture conform, and then with the baillies and councillors on foot attended his Majesty.

"As the king went up the Upper Bow there came a brave company of town's soldiers, all clad in white satin doublets, black velvet breeches, and silk stockings; with hats, feathers, scarfs, bands, and the rest correspondent. These gallants had dainty muskets, pikes, and gilded partizans, and such like, who guarded his Majesty, having the partizans nearest to him, frae place to place, while he came to the abbey. At his entrance of the Upper Bow Port he had a third speech; at the west end of the Tolbooth he saw the royal pedigree of the kings of Scotland from Fergus I., delicately painted, and a fourth speech, where his Majesty's health was drunk by Bacchus on the cross well, and the haill "stroups" thereof running over wine in abundance.

"At the throne, Parnassus Hill was erected curiously, all green with birks, with nine pretty boys, representing the nine Muses, and clad as nymphs, where he had a sixth speech, after which the speaker delivered to his Majesty a book; and seventhly, he had a speech at the Nether Bow: all which orations his Majesty, with great pleasure and delight, sitting on horseback, as his company did, heard pleasantly, and then rode down the Canongate to his own palace of Holyrood, where he stayed all night."

The author of the above account thus sums up the character of this monarch:—"He was endued by God Almighty with such rare gifts of

body and mind as Great Britain had never his parallel to reign over it. For he was holy, godly, religious, zealous in prayer, upright and just, and a brave justiciar; merciful and bountiful, chaste, charitable, and liberal; no ways covetous nor bloodthirsty; moderate and temperate in his mouth, clean and pure in all his actions."

We marvel much that, in this elaborate catalogue of virtues, the writer forgot to insert that of *patience*, which Charles must certainly have possessed in perfection, or he would have been unable to sit astride on horseback and bear the infliction of seven speeches in one single day;—no wonder after such a sederunt that his Majesty "stayed *all night* at Holyrood."

On the 18th of June, 1633, King Charles I. was crowned in the abbey-church with unwonted ceremonies and perhaps unexampled splendour. Holyrood House was fitted up for the reception of the royal pair, where part of the furniture is still to be seen, particularly a sofa, embroidered with H. M. R., the well known cipher of Henrietta Maria, who used it enclosed in a monogram on all the rings, bracelets, and other jewels which she had got made in Holland. They were called the "queen's pledges," having been given by her to any person who lent her money or rendered a service in her necessities until fortune should enable her to make ample restitution.

The palace was afterwards plundered and destroyed by the soldiers of Cromwell, who converted it into a barrack, cutting and defacing every vestige of royalty which could be found within the walls.[1]

Charles II. resided for a short time at this palace.

The Duke of York, afterwards James the Seventh of Scotland and Second of England, frequently resided in Holyrood House, when his religion rendered him an object of suspicion to the English parliament.

Thither he retired with Mary Este, and, in this species of honourable banishment, gave balls and levees at the palace. The Duke's Walk, leading through the park, was planned by this prince, and still retains his name.

During the reign of James VII., who manifested what was deemed an unconstitutional partiality to Roman Catholics, Holyrood appears to have been destined by that prince as a nursery for their religion.

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[1] The following anecdote of Charles I. may not be deemed uninteresting. While sitting at one of the windows of his palace at Hampton Court, surrounded by his family, a gipsy-woman presented herself, and, being treated with ridicule, took from her basket a looking-glass, and presented it to the king, who saw in it his own head decollated. She then said that the death of a dog in that room would precede the restoration of his family to the throne. Cromwell is said to have afterwards slept in that room, guarded as usual by his faithful dog. On awaking one morning he found the dog dead, on which he exclaimed, in allusion to the gipsy's prophecy, "The kingdom is departed from me." Cromwell died soon after.—"Hampton Court," by E. Jesse, p. 70.

The very significant hints which he received from his nobles made no impression on him. The first time that he went publicly to mass the noble lord who carried the sword before him stopped at the door and bowed to allow his Majesty to pass forward, thereby intimating that he did not intend to enter himself. "Your father, my lord," said the zealous monarch, "would have gone farther;"—to which his lordship replied, "Your father, Sire, would not have gone so far."

Not satisfied with securing to his popish subjects, within the precincts of his palace, the free exercise of their religion, at a time when the most limited degree of that toleration now so liberally enjoyed by every British subject was considered as a connivance at heresy, James ventured to institute a "popish college in the abbey of Holyrood," and published rules for its government on the 22nd of March, 1688, inviting children to be there educated *gratis*. He also appointed one Watson,[2] a popish printer, who had fled to the sanctuary from the diligence of his creditors, to be king's printer in Holyrood House.

This Watson also obtained a right from the privy council to print all *prognostications* at Edinburgh, which accounts for several books bearing in their title-pages to have been printed at Holyrood House.

With a view to the foundation of this college, as early as the 23rd of November, 1686, the king's yacht arrived from London at the port of Leith with the altar, vestments, and images, as well as the priests, and their appurtenances for the celebration of the popish ritual in this ancient church, now called the chapel-royal. On St. Andrew's day (30th November) the chapel was consecrated with holy water, and a sermon was preached by Wederington.

The effects of this proceeding soon became manifest; for in December following the populace of Edinburgh, determined on revenge and being joined by the students of the university, proceeded to Holyrood Chapel to accomplish their design upon the unconscious structure. They were, indeed, opposed by the guard, who fired upon them, under the direction of Captain Wallace; but having overcome this resistance, they forced the doors of the church, and, after destroying the ornamental parts of the structure, carried off the whole of the furniture and moveables to the market-cross, where they were burnt with zealous triumph.

On the 11th of September, 1745, Prince Charles Edward, eldest son of the Chevalier St. George and grandson of James VII., marched from Perth, and, having passed the Forth on the 13th, on the 16th at night

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[1] Fountainhall, i., 502; Woodrow, ii., Appendix, 142.

[2] Father of James Watson, the queen's printer during the reign of Queen Anne. Fountainhall, ii., 499, 503.

he arrived within the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and at five o'clock next morning the city was surrendered to him without any resistance. The Chevalier made his public entrance into the capital of Scotland, dressed in the Highland costume, at the head of one thousand of the best-looking men,[1] who conducted him in triumph to the palace of Holyrood House.

Archibald Stewart, who was then lord provost of the city, was soon after taken into custody for favouring the Pretender, and committed to the tower of London, where he continued until the 23rd of January, 1747. The Lords of Session, the Lord Justice Clerk, and other members of the Court of Justiciary, with many other public functionaries, quitted the city; while General Guest, who commanded the castle, secured the treasure of the bank, the militia arms, and the most valuable effects of the principal inhabitants, within the walls of the garrison.

Meantime the prince took possession of the old apartments built by James V., and occupied by him and his unfortunate daughter one hundred and seventy-nine years before.

Prince Charles's army was encamped at Duddingstone, on the south side of Arthur Seat, where a house is still pointed out as that in which he occasionally slept, and which was probably the quarters of some of his staff.[2]

Holyrood was now again destined for a brief space to become the resort of beauty and chivalry. The prince returned to Edinburgh on the day after the battle of Prestonpans, and lived at the palace from the 22nd of September till the 31st of October. In the mornings, before the council met, Charles had usually a levee of officers and others who favoured his cause.

When the council rose, which often sat very long, for his councillors frequently differed in opinion amongst themselves, and sometimes with the prince himself, he dined in public with his principal officers. After dinner Charles rode out with his life-guards, and usually visited the camp at Duddingstone, on his way to or from his excursions. In the evenings he returned to the palace, and received the ladies, who are said to have crowded his drawing-room. Sympathy and admiration are the feelings by which the fair sex in all ages are most easily attached; and this was especially the case with the female Jacobite aristocracy on this occasion. It was emphatically remarked by Lord

[1] A high compliment, when it is considered that we quote an English historian and an eye-witness to the scene.

[2] A curious account of his bombardment of the castle of Edinburgh is given in our description of the castle.

President Forbes that men's swords did less for the cause of Charles than the tongues of his fair countrywomen; and, being a zealous supporter of the existing government, he dreaded the consequences of petticoat-influence more than all other causes of excitement. The prince supped in public, and had usually a ball afterwards. So passed the brief space of the Stuart's sojourn in the halls of his forefathers.

Having already introduced a short notice of the prince in the description of Stirling,[1] we now proceed to the arrival of the next royal visitant.

His Grace the Duke of Cumberland, on his return from the victorious and bloody field of Culloden, occupied the self-same apartments, and the same bed, which had been so recently vacated by his unfortunate adversary. The bed which both princes are said to have occupied, having been removed for the convenience of exhibition, now stands in the audience-chamber in Queen Mary's apartments.

Another half-century again stole over the gilded turrets of Holyrood in desolate repose. It then became an asylum for unfortunate royalty. The Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.), and his two sons, the Dukes d'Angoulême and Berri, with many of the French nobles, after a residence at Holyrood of several years during the first French Revolution, were at length enabled, by the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty to the throne of France, to revisit the vine-covered hills of their native land. But the reception they had met with from the people of Edinburgh, and the happiness which they had enjoyed there, surrounded by the rocks and mountains of our sterner land, were never forgotten by them. The Count d'Artois had held frequent levees, which were unusually brilliant, and were attended by the nobility, judges, and the first characters in Scotland. While this tended to sweeten the exile of the illustrious strangers, it also served to raise in the minds of the inhabitants of Edinburgh a faint idea of "the days of other years," when the presence of their own monarchs communicated splendour and animation to their ancient metropolis, inspiring them with a proud consciousness of the remote antiquity and hereditary independence of the Scottish throne. The picture-gallery, during the residence of these princes of the House of Bourbon, was used for the public celebration of high mass by the French priests, without the slightest jealousy or opposition on the part of the clergy or the inhabitants—a privilege refused to their own legitimate queen in sterner times. Another apartment was also used as a private oratory for the court.

But the royal court of France was again destined to make a more gloomy appearance in those halls, which, in the usual course of events,

[1] History of Stirling, see page 73.

were not again likely to have been honoured with its presence. Sir Walter Scott, in allusion to this last visit, thus apostrophises the ancient palace of Holyrood :—

> "Destined in every age to be
> Refuge of injured royalty,
> Since first when conquering YORK arose
> To HENRY meek she gave repose,
> Till late with wonder, grief, and awe,
> Great BOURBON'S relics sad she saw."

Charles X. and his family, driven from the throne of France, again found shelter in the hospitable palace of Holyrood. But there was now a total absence of pomp and parade. The old king was often seen threading his solitary way on horseback through the city; while the young and sportive Duke de Bordeaux, accompanied by a few attendants in plain clothes, with "pretty considerable" cudgels, were to be seen taking their daily walks. There was a stern jealousy amongst the retainers of the ex-king which made them disliked by the inhabitants, as it implied a suspicion of the boasted character of Scotchmen for hospitality and good faith.

On the other hand, the fact of the heir-apparent to one of the most powerful sovereigns of Europe, and afterwards the sovereign himself, having been compelled to seek refuge in a corner of the British empire, afforded at once a striking example of the mutability of human grandeur, of the liberality that distinguishes the present race of Scotchmen, and of the exalted generosity of the British nation, which, triumphing over inveterate enmity, protected and entertained, with royal munificence, the ill-fated remnants of a once powerful family, who had often pursued a policy highly inimical to the interests of the British nation.[1]

We now dismiss these reminiscences, to take up a more congenial topic, by introducing once more a rightful owner to his ancient palace of Holyrood.

The year 1822 formed a memorable epoch in the history of this ancient fane, when King George IV. fulfilled his intention (signified the previous summer) of visiting the metropolis of his ancient kingdom of Scotland.

Of this his Majesty's purpose the Lord Provost of Edinburgh was officially informed on the 18th of July, by a letter from Viscount Melville, Privy Seal of Scotland; and the keeper of the palace at the

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[1] Charles X. was by no means ungrateful for the kindness of the people of Edinburgh. He addressed several letters to the magistrates and nobility expressive of the warmest regard, and on the occasion of the great fire in Edinburgh he sent a considerable sum of money for behoof of the sufferers.

same time received instructions for the king's reception, intimating that he might be expected about the 10th of August.

In pursuance of these instructions, the apartments to be occupied by his Majesty, both for the purposes of state and for his own private accommodation, were those situated on the south side of the square, in the second storey, including those formerly occupied as the residence of Sir Adam Gordon, while commander of the forces in North Britain, and latterly by the Honourable Thomas Bowes, afterwards Earl of Strathmore, and those occupied by the French princes previous to 1799. The principal apartment of the latter, which had been used as a guard-hall, was, by the removal of some partitions and other encumbrances, converted into the presence-chamber, and was fitted up in a style of superior magnificence. The ceiling was painted of a light brown or fawn colour, and the walls were covered with scarlet cloth, with rich gold mouldings round the room, while the windows were hung with curtains of deep crimson, ornamented with golden tassels and fringes. At the west end was placed the throne (that of her Majesty Queen Charlotte, which was brought from Buckingham House), under a splendid canopy, adorned with the royal arms, behind which, in large letters, were the initials G. R. IV. At the other end of the room was placed a splendid mirror, and underneath, a large gilded table with rich marble slab. The south was decorated with a similar mirror, by the sides of which were the portraits of George III. and Queen Charlotte.[1]

The room used as the royal closet was the dining-room of Sir Adam Gordon, already mentioned, which underwent no alteration, the original furniture and decorations remaining *in statu quo*. From this apartment, which communicates through a small ante-room with the southern entrance, his Majesty left the palace on his retiring to the more noble and commodious halls of Dalkeith Palace, where he spent the few hours permitted him for retirement, entering by the same passage on all public days. On this occasion there was a temporary portico erected at a door which opened to a passage allowed to be used as a thoroughfare through the palace until a certain hour at night. Other preparations were going forward elsewhere with simultaneous activity.

On Monday, the 12th of August, the regalia of Scotland, consisting of the crown, the sword, and the sceptre, were brought from the castle to the palace by the Duke of Hamilton, Hereditary Keeper of Holyrood; Sir Walter Scott (under whose directions most of the arrangements for the

[1] All these have since disappeared; and the apartment, which is now denominated the throne-room, appears merely with the hangings very much stained and dilapidated; the throne still remains, enclosed with a brass railing.

king's visit were successfully conducted); Sir Alexander Keith, Knight Marischal; and Captain Ferguson, Keeper of the Regalia, attended by esquires, and guarded by the Midlothian Yeomanry, the various clans, and the Celtic Society. During Tuesday, the 13th, the rain descended in torrents; and as the royal squadron had not yet hove in sight, the anxiety which prevailed amongst the countless and excited multitudes was indescribable.

Regardless of the pelting storm, multitudes occupied the capacious front of the Calton Hill, gazing with breathless expectation on the expansive firth below, which was but dimly visible through the dense haze that mantled its surface.

Wednesday was ushered in with increased bustle. The Calton Hill was covered with anxious spectators, eager to catch the first glimpse of the fleet. Many hours of incessant watch were at length terminated by the gladdening sight of the royal yacht with the royal standard streaming from the top of her mainmast, towed into the roads by steamers. As soon as this unmistakable apparition became visible, the large space, so long and so patiently occupied, was vacated; but no sooner was this effected than it was replenished with a fresh, and, if possible, a more immense multitude. The squadron arrived in Leith Roads before two o'clock p.m., under a royal salute from the castle, Calton Hill, Leith Fort, and the ships in the roads.

The rain still fell in torrents; and his Majesty's intention to land was postponed until next day at twelve o'clock.

A boat splendidly equipped conveyed to the yacht Sir Walter Scott, who was most graciously received by the king. The object of Sir Walter's early visit was to present to his Majesty a St. Andrew's cross, in the name of "the Sisters of the Silver Cross," consisting of a number of ladies of distinction in Edinburgh. This cross was formed of pearls on blue velvet, within a belt of gold, on which was embroidered with pearls, "*Riagh Albiam* gu brath!"—Hail to the King of Scotland! This chaste but costly emblem (which was the work of Miss Skeene of Rubislaw, sister to the late Sir William Forbes) was received with every mark of favour by his Majesty; in proof of which he wore it in his hat during his stay in Scotland. But Sir Walter's work was not finished; he was deputed by Lady Mary Clerk to present to the king a spoon, knife, and fork, of pure silver, formerly the property of the unfortunate Prince Charles Stuart. These interesting relics were also received with evident satisfaction. Sir Walter had afterwards the honour of dining with his Majesty on board the yacht.

Next day, after twelve o'clock noon, the king, having received the congratulations and homage of the noblemen and gentlemen assembled,

proceeded to his carriage, an open landau drawn by eight bays, the drivers in state liveries. The procession was then formed to conduct his Majesty in state to the ancient metropolis and the royal residence of his ancestors.

The splendid procession took its route along Bernard-street and Constitution-street, through the toll-gate in Leith Walk; and about one o'clock approached the city barrier below Picardy-place, where had been erected gates and a triumphal arch, on entering which the keys of the city were duly presented by the lord provost, with the accustomed formalities.

At twenty minutes before two o'clock his Majesty alighted at his palace of Holyrood, under salutes from the castle, Calton Hill, and Salisbury Crags. He was received by the Lord Keeper of the Palace; the Duke of Montrose, Lord High Chamberlain; Lord Melville, Lord in Waiting; the Lord High Constable; Sir Patrick Walker, Usher of the White Rod; the Deputy King-at-Arms; Duke of Argyle, Great Master of the Household; and their numerous attendants.

The king surveyed the palace with apparent satisfaction, and expressed his delight at its interesting and venerable appearance. He ascended the stairs with a firm step, bowing to the noblemen and royal archers as he passed, and retired to the royal closet, attended by the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Melville, and Mr. Robert Peel. After remaining there a short space, he proceeded to the presence-chamber, and, being seated on the throne, the Knight Marischal and two esquires, bearing the regalia, advanced to the throne, making three reverences, when the Knight Marischal presented first the crown, next the sceptre, and then the sword of state, to his Majesty.

The Deputy Lord Lyon by his Majesty's commands then summoned the Duke of Hamilton to receive the crown; Lord Francis Leveson Gower, as representative of the Earl of Sutherland, to receive the sceptre; and the Earl of Errol to receive the sword of state; which having received kneeling, they severally took their stations, the Duke of Hamilton and the Earl of Errol on the right hand of the king, and Lord F. L. Gower on the left. This ceremony concluded, the magistrates of Edinburgh were introduced, and a loyal address was read by the city clerk; the magistrates, after kissing hands, retired as they approached, making three reverences. The king now left the throne: when the judges of session, justiciary, exchequer, and the commissary courts, and the judge admiral, who were in attendance, had the honour of being presented and of kissing hands.

The king then proceeded to the royal closet, the regalia being borne before him, where he commanded the attendance of the Captain-General

and the Council of the Royal Company of Archers (who acted as his body-guard) to perform the service of delivering a pair of barbed arrows, which is the *reddendo* contained in the charter by Queen Anne in favour of the royal company. The Earl of Hopetoun, Captain-General, and Sir George Mackenzie, as Vice-president of the Council, carried the arrows on a green velvet cushion. Sir George delivered them to the earl, who, kneeling, presented them to the king, stating that by royal charter they held their rights and privileges under the crown, and praying for a continuance of his Majesty's royal favour and protection. The king most graciously replied, and, receiving the arrows, delivered them to one of the lords in waiting. The whole had the honour of kissing hands, and retired.

At half-past three o'clock the king left the palace by the private entrance which had been prepared for the occasion, and was driven to Dalkeith Palace, where he entertained a select party of noblemen and gentlemen at dinner, and where he appeared in excellent health and spirits, notwithstanding the great fatigue he had endured.

His Majesty spent next day, the 16th, in retirement at Dalkeith; receiving visits from the nobility and others, while active preparations were in progress throughout Edinburgh and Leith for a splendid illumination on that evening.

On Saturday, the 17th, the king held a levee at the palace of Holyrood, which was attended by about 2000 of the nobility and gentry.

It would be impossible to do ample justice to the splendour and festivity which distinguished this auspicious event. The flowers of Caledonian beauty were destined for a short period to flutter once more in the sunbeams of royalty, in the regions of knighthood and chivalry; and King George IV., ever fond of pageantry and elegance, by the splendour of his court fairly took the ladies by storm. He was universally admired as the most elegant and accomplished gentleman of the age.

On this occasion he was dressed in full Highland costume, composed of Stuart tartan velvet, embroidered with thistles of gold, which displayed his manly and graceful figure to peculiar advantage; he was indeed an honour to the dress, and to a country proud of its ancient costume. In short, the king played his cards with such dexterity, that he left not one single individual, high or low, rich or poor, without a lively impression of his courtly bearing and urbanity of manners. His Majesty left the palace about four o'clock for Dalkeith, where he spent that evening and Sunday in retirement.

On Monday he returned to Holyrood to receive addresses on the throne from the Commissioners of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland and the heads of the universities.

On Tuesday, the 20th, the king held a drawing-room at Holyrood House, at which were present above 500 ladies of the most distinguished rank, fashion, and beauty in Scotland. On this occasion the king wore the full uniform of a field-marshal; but there was no lack of Highland costume. Numbers regretted this change in his Majesty's dress, which we believe was owing to the late Sir William Curtis having injudiciously appeared in the precise tartan which was worn by the king. Several pasquinades were played off at the expense of the facetious alderman, but none so severe as that which appeared in a singular poem called "The Age of Bronze," which has been attributed to Lord Byron.[1]

Wednesday, the 21st, was spent in retirement at Dalkeith. The morning of Thursday gave pleasing note of preparation for the most princely pageant that ever graced the ancient capital of Scotland.

Holyrood and its park were now filled with every description of costume, national, military, and official; the splendour of which filled the eye with giddy and fairy-like fantasies. Horses, richly caparisoned, ambled in the court-yard, as if proudly conscious of their noble burdens, and shook their flowing manes, impatient of restraint. The plumed nobles appeared in every direction, and the warlike clang of arms served to add to the impatience of their steeds; peers saluting peers in all the pride of chivalry, and every heart beating high with the most exquisite enthusiasm.

The king arrived at the palace about two o'clock, and very soon after entered his state carriage, accompanied by the Duke of Dorset and Lord Glenlyon.

The admirably arranged and well-conducted procession to the castle which then took place, baffles description.

When the procession reached the castle gate, a herald announced his Majesty's approach; when the king alighted from his chariot, and entered the castle.[2]

His Majesty afterwards dined at Dalkeith Palace.

On Friday, the 23rd, he attended a grand review at Portobello.

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[1] "My Muse 'gan weep, but ere a tear was spilt,
She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt!
While throng'd the chiefs of every Highland clan
To hail their brother Vich Ian Alderman!
Guildhall grows Gael, and echoes with Erse roar,
While all the common council cry 'Claymore!'
To see proud Albyn's tartans as a belt
Gird the gross sirloin of a city Celt,
She burst into a laughter so extreme,
That I awoke, and lo! it was *no* dream."

[2] *Vide* Historical Description of Edinburgh Castle.

Besides the Celtic Society there were the Campbells of Breadalbane, under Lord Glenorchy; the Clan Gregor, under the son of Sir Evan Macgregor; the Drummonds, headed by Lord Gwydir; and the Sutherlands, under the chief of the Gunns. General Graham of Stirling, and Colonel Stewart of Garth, commanded the Celtic Society; and the Duke of Argyle was Generalissimo of the whole. His Grace wore the Highland costume, and was followed by all the clans, in their various garbs, marching to the soul-inspiriting notes of the bagpipe, while they were loudly cheered as they, with gallant step, proceeded to Portobello sands.

The military present were the Scotch Greys, the 7th Dragoon Guards, and the Royal Artillery; the yeomanry cavalry of the three Lothians, and of the counties of Berwick, Roxburgh, Selkirk, Peebles, Fife, and Glasgow.

His Majesty, surrounded by his nobles, and mounted on a beautiful grey charger, was a spectacle most gratifying; he was everywhere loudly cheered. After the review the king dined at Dalkeith, and attended the peers' ball in the evening, dressed in the uniform of a colonel of the guards, with the St. Andrew's cross on his hat, and a number of decorations on his breast. The ball was kept up with great spirit, having only terminated after six in the morning.

On Saturday the magistrates and council gave a splendid banquet to the king, to which about 300 guests were invited. The fête was given in the spacious hall of Parliament House, where suitable preparations were made for the occasion.

On the forenoon of Sunday, the 25th, the king attended Divine service in the high church of St. Giles; the lords of session, justiciary, barons of the exchequer, magistrates, &c., attending in their robes, and preceded by the maces of their respective courts.

On Monday, the 26th, about two o'clock, the king paid a private visit to Holyrood Palace, dressed in a blue surtout, blue trousers, black handkerchief, &c., for the purpose of inspecting the apartments. At that time all the king's servants were in undress.

He was here met by the Lord-Keeper of the Palace, who conducted him through the apartments. By his Majesty's especial orders, Queen Mary's apartments were preserved sacred and untouched. Everything was described by the housekeeper in the usual manner. The king paid particular attention to the room and bed of the unfortunate queen; he inspected the blankets marked with her initials and the crown, and testified his surprise at finding them in such wonderful preservation.

His Majesty then rewarded the housekeeper; and, bowing to the

attendants, resumed his carriage and returned to Dalkeith as he entered. He attended the Caledonian Hunt ball in the evening.

On Tuesday, the 27th, the king went to the theatre royal; the play of "Rob Roy" was selected for the evening. His Majesty was evidently highly amused during the whole of the piece, and appeared delighted at the quaint drollery of Baillie Nicol Jarvie, which was enacted by that inimitable representative of Scottish manners, our worthy friend and namesake, Mr. Charles Mackay.

We must now take leave of this auspicious period, which was marked by many proofs of his Majesty's entire gratification at the reception he met with from his Scottish subjects.

From recording the visit of George IV. we now proceed with the pleasing duty of introducing her Majesty Queen Victoria to the ancient metropolis of her kingdom of Scotland, not, as was her august uncle on his visit, in all the trappings of state, but divested of every external ornament of regality, an illustrious example of the virtuous wife, the fond and happy mother, and the kind and considerate Christian. The glory of the reception of her Majesty consisted in the condescending graces of her domestic character, the eager desire to spread happiness wheresoever her benignant eye was directed, and which electrified the hearts of the thousands and tens of thousands by whom she was continually surrounded.

On the occurrence of former royal visits mid-day had been the period for their progresses; and it was naturally conjectured by the people of Edinburgh that such would be the case on the present occasion, without adverting to the early habits for which her Majesty is proverbial, and her desire at all times to avoid parade as much as is practically consistent. Hence the unanticipated contrast with former usages, and hence those mistakes and the mismanagement which clouded the auspicious event, and proved a source of dissatisfaction and disappointment to the thousands who had assembled to greet the most popular princess, probably, who ever approached the Scottish shores.

On the morning of Thursday, the 1st of September, 1842, her Majesty and Prince Albert were, notwithstanding the dulness of the weather, "up and doing," while the royal squadron was quickly nearing the land; on their appearance they were saluted by the fort of Leith. It had been arranged that at the moment when the royal squadron should appear off the mouth of the Forth, a flag should be hoisted at the top of Nelson's monument on the Calton Hill, and that two guns should be fired from Edinburgh Castle. By some misunderstanding, however, there was no such signal, and the guns were silent. The Duke of Buccleuch having despatched a messenger from Granton pier

to the castle, two guns were fired from its battlements about half-past seven o'clock, which was believed to be the preconcerted signal of the queen's flotilla being off Dunbar; while, in reality, it was then rounding the western point of the island of Inchkeith. Every head had now left its pillow, and the streets were soon crowded with tens of thousands of persons eager to behold their queen.

The royal yacht, bearing the queen, Prince Albert, and suite, was approaching Granton pier, towed by two steamers; while the magistrates were sitting robed in their council-hall, and the royal archers had been for some time assembled at the riding-house, Lothian-road, when the signal guns instantly set them in motion. At half-past eight the yacht reached the eastern side of the pier. At the moment when the gangway, covered with scarlet cloth, was placed to produce a bridge of connection between the ship and the pier, Sir Robert Peel hastened on board, and advanced to the quarter-deck, where the queen and Prince Albert were standing. He was graciously received by her Majesty and the prince, whilst he stood, uncovered, with his right knee slightly bent. When Sir Robert retired, the Duke of Buccleuch approached as Lord Lieutenant of the county of Edinburgh, and was welcomed with the most marked cordiality by the queen and the prince. Meanwhile the royal carriages had been landed; and all being in readiness, her Majesty was conducted to the gangway by Lord Adolphus FitzClarence, and, at about five minutes before nine o'clock, whilst the royal standard ascended to the top of the flagstaff on the pier, the queen was handed on shore by Prince Albert. A royal salute was fired from a field battery, planted on the height overhanging Granton, and from the guns of the vessels around, which had all their yards manned. The right of the landing-place was the position which the royal archers should have occupied; but they had not arrived. The guard-of-honour, consisting of 200 of the 52nd regiment, under Major Hill, were drawn up on the left, and presented arms, the band playing "God Save the Queen," which was responded to by the thousands who had assembled. Her Majesty was received by the Duke of Buccleuch on the platform covered with crimson cloth, and conducted to her carriage under a canopy of the same material. The provost, Mr. Reoch, and the magistrates of Leith, were on Granton pier at eight o'clock, and witnessed the queen's landing.

The carriage, drawn by four beautiful horses, drove off along the eastern side of the pier, amidst the thunder of the cannon and the shouts of the people: a squadron of the Inniskillen dragoons formed her Majesty's escort, one half preceding, and the other half following the royal carriage; the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord John Scott, and Sir Neil

Douglas, rode by the carriage, and Sheriff Speirs in front. Two open carriages, containing the Duchess of Norfolk, Miss Paget, Lord Morton, General Wemyss, Lord Liverpool, and other members of the household, brought up the rear; and in this order proceeded without interruption till within a hundred yards of Canonmills bridge, when the royal archers appeared, and attempted to fall in right and left of the royal carriage, a place which belonged to them as the queen's Scotch bodyguard. The troopers, who beheld themselves suddenly broken in upon by a body of men in Kendal-green, and knowing nothing of their title to be there, began unceremoniously to keep off the imaginary intruders, little dreaming that they were disputing ground with the flower of the Scottish nobility, who, with determined countenances, intimated that they must be cut down before they would yield up their ancient privilege. Lord Elcho was nearly thrown forward on the wheels of the royal carriage in the scuffle which took place; but the noble archers stuck to their purpose and maintained their place and pace with the royal cortège and cavalry, and, some explanation having been made, their post was at length quietly resigned to them, and the dragoons fell back, thus allowing the assembled multitude greater facility for individual observation. Lord Elcho, as senior general officer commanding the archers, was at the right-hand door of the queen's carriage, and Major Norman Pringle, the adjutant-general, was at the off forewheel —Lord Dalhousie and Sir John Hope holding positions on opposite sides. On rattled the royal carriage, and on trotted the gallant archers at a killing pace, while the queen and Prince Albert expressed their thanks for the arduous duty which that noble and patriotic band had to perform. But another misfortune was to occur: the wooden barrier, at which the lord-provost and magistrates ought to have been posted, was unoccupied—no robed authorities, no speech, no city keys—and forward dashed the carriages. Her Majesty had no idea what all this meant, and nobody could tell. The magistrates were in the interim quietly waiting for "a sign, and there was no sign!"

By half-past nine o'clock the queen reached the summit of the ridge of the New Town, where the line of route was intersected at right angles by the spacious width of George-street. At this moment the royal salute commenced firing from the castle, shaking the whole city, while the imperial standard floated proudly on the battlements. The descent of South Hanover-street is at all times grand, with the Royal Institution in front, and the ten-story houses of the old town in the distance; and no sooner is the descent effected, than the magnificent castle, towering to the skies, bursts on the astonished sight.

And now, when gun after gun blazed from its ramparts, and the

curling smoke in misty garlands mantled the immense rocky fortress, the splendour of the prospect was indescribably great. The cavalcade passed along Princes-street, Waterloo-bridge, and over the Calton Hill,[1] from whence the gilded turrets of Holyrood, and the ruins of the abbey, occupying the valley beneath, are seen to considerable advantage, with the assemblage of rocks and mountains covering the background.

An engraving of the palace and abbey from this point of view, by Miss Finden, is given in the vignette, page 105.

The royal pair proceeded forward to the palace of the Duke of Buccleuch at Dalkeith, which they continued to occupy during their visit to the Scottish metropolis.

Friday, the 2nd of September, was a day of comparative repose to the queen. Prince Albert, accompanied by the Duke of Buccleuch, left Dalkeith Palace and entered the Edinburgh road by a private gate, riding by Duddingston Mill and Jock's Lodge to Parson's-green, for the purpose of visiting Arthur Seat. Striking into a rude path conducting to the top of the hill, the prince rode up until within 200 yards of its summit; then dismounting, he climbed the rest of the ascent with the agility of a mountaineer.

The hills of Arthur Seat and Salisbury Crags, which are separated from each other by a deep and extensive valley, when viewed from the south-west present a spectacle by which the spectator is irresistibly impressed by one of the sublimest objects of nature to be seen in the kingdom. Here he can trace the lineaments of the unconquered lion of Scotland, in a couchant posture, with his tremendous head directed towards the mouth of the Forth, serenely bidding defiance to every foe, and, as it were, specially and magnanimously guarding the capital and palace of Scotia from invasion by sea. The highest part of Arthur Seat is 822 feet above the level of the sea. From this elevation the prince enjoyed one of the most extensive and diversified of prospects, presenting an assemblage of hills, rocks, precipices, morasses, and lakes, and whence he continued for some time to view the magnificent panorama around him. His Royal Highness was much delighted with the magnificent prospect, and frequently exclaimed "How beautiful!" To the west is spread out the neighbouring city of Edinburgh, with its myriads of lofty chimneys, and its widely extended royalty

[1] The Edinburgh civic authorities, whom we left sitting in their council-chamber, were struck with surprise when they heard the thunder of the castle, and saw that for this day "their occupation was gone;" they therefore dispersed in different directions, to behold, as humbler individuals, her Majesty in the act of departing out of their city without having received that ceremonious recognition which it has been the indispensable duty of magistrates, from time immemorial, to tender on the occasion of a royal visit.

and suburbs; beyond which, parts of the counties of Linlithgow, Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, and Clackmannan, are seen in the far distance. Beneath and around the hill are public walks, which afford an easy and romantic retreat to the citizens during their hours of recreation, as well as to the student and geologist. On the south-eastern declivity of Arthur Seat a very beautiful prospect presents itself. The Marquis of Abercorn's spacious park, Duddingston House, the village and ancient church, its serene and expansive lake, the Castle of Craigmillar, lifting its forehead grey amidst a grove of yet unfaded trees, Libberton Kirk and Tower, with the Blackford, Braid, and Pentland hills sweeping to the south-west, and extending as far as the eye can see, present a scene unsurpassed for beauty and variety. To the immediate south of the city, the meadow-walks with their double rows of trees, which now occupy part of the Borough Muir, where the army of James IV. encamped before the fatal battle of Flodden, are spread out like a map below. Northward from Duddingston, and at the foot of the north side of the hill, is a level stripe of ground called the Duke's Walk, which is said to have been formerly covered with trees; a little towards the south of this walk, and upon the northern acclivity of Arthur Seat, are the remarkable ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel and Hermitage. The area of the chapel was 43½ feet in length by 18 in breadth; it had a handsome Gothic roof, supported by three arches, which are now fallen down; on the west was a large tower 19 feet square by 40 feet in height. The hermitage at the foot of the rock was about 16 feet in length by 12 feet 8 inches in breadth, and 11 feet high; the foundation alone remains. Near the hermitage is a fine spring, called St. Anthony's Well, which has been celebrated in ancient Scottish song. Beneath this spot is seen the town of Leith; the Firth of Forth, trembling with a long line of radiance, and showing in the clear sunshine the sails of vessels moving in every direction along its surface; the opposite coast of Fifeshire from Queensferry to Crail; and parts of the counties of Kinross, Perth, and Angus, blended in the clouds. Eastward are seen Piershill barracks, the ancient ruins of Restalrig, the marine village of Portobello, and, across the bay, on the eastern beach, is situated the splendid mansion of Gosford House, the seat of the Earl of Wemyss; behind it, North Berwick Law appears rising like a vast cone from the waters of the Forth.[1]

After viewing this varied and magnificent panorama, Prince Albert

[1] Mr. G. Mudie, in his "High-School Boy's Recollections," has introduced his pathetic reminiscences with a vivid sketch of the scenery of the Firth of Forth; and he pronounces the south-west view of Arthur Seat alone to be worth a journey of 500 miles.

and his Grace of Buccleuch descended the hill, by which time a crowd of spectators had assembled, who cheered his Royal Highness as he rode off by way of Craigmillar Castle, which being shut up, he had no opportunity of visiting its interior, although he paused for a brief period to survey the ruins.[1]

On Saturday morning, the 3rd of September, the queen and Prince Albert left Dalkeith Palace at about half-past ten, and in about half-an-hour the royal cortège, escorted by a detachment of dragoons, entered the eastern end of the Duke's Walk, where the royal archers were drawn up in a double line, and saluted the queen, who, being now apprised of their ancient right, signified to the officer commanding the dragoons that the place for him and his troopers was beyond the line of the royal archers.

The multitudes increased in numbers as the queen approached Holyrood; and the cavalcade had no sooner swept along the southern side of its quadrangle than her Majesty beheld the great court of the palace filled by an immense concourse of spectators, who hailed her with loud cheers. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the assembled crowds. The queen and Prince Albert bowed in acknowledgment: the prince remained for some time uncovered. The royal carriage stopped for a few minutes to permit her Majesty to survey the venerable residence of her ancestors.

Such a scene could not fail to be deeply interesting and impressive to all present; and doubtless her Majesty, so well versed in the history of Scotland, must have had in her recollection that the stately palace she beheld had been a chief residence of her lovely and unfortunate ancestress.

The queen immediately proceeded from the palace of Holyrood towards the castle, which by this time was fulminating its thunders; and, as her Majesty proceeded slowly through the immense multitude, the loud cheers of the people, mingling with the roar of the cannon, were most deafening.

The queen was met at the boundary of the Canongate by the magistrates of that ancient borough, to whom she bowed graciously, and proceeded up the venerable street, which in former times was the residence of the principal Scottish nobility. How very different was her Majesty's progress from that of Mary of Scotland about two hundred and seventy-five years before, when she was conducted by the same route, after her capitulation at Carberry Hill, a prisoner, and as a criminal in every respect but in the name! Up this steep ascent was the unhappy Mary escorted, loaded with the bitterest insults of a rabble multitude. Covered with

[1] *Vide* Description of Craigmillar.

dust, and in the midst of execrations, she was conducted to the house of the provost, whom she herself had elevated to his municipal dignity, and who, in the barbarous usage of those times, received as a prisoner his former benefactress! Happily for Scotland, a brighter horoscope remains; and our beloved queen and her royal consort, happy in their family and their people, proceeded on their steep and romantic progress amidst the joyous acclamations of their loyal and affectionate subjects. Nor did her Majesty, in the midst of that delirium of joy so universally, and, we are confident, reciprocally, felt by queen and people, omit to observe everything that passed before her delighted eyes; indeed, she did not appear to lose any portion of the scene which presented itself on her ascending the High-street. She was particularly struck with the stentorious welcome which proceeded from a grotesque group of fishwomen, who were ranged in one part of the High-street, sporting their snow-white *mutches* (caps) of primeval shape, coloured short gowns, or men's jackets, and having for their underdress the well-plaited, broad-striped and formidable-looking petticoats, only half concealing their colossal limbs. Her Majesty turned to Lord Elcho, inquired who they were, and expressed herself pleased with their picturesque appearance. Reader, you may smile; but her Majesty is not more beloved by any section of her subjects than by these amazons of the "murlin and the creel," who are heard to this day singing a song illustrative of the queen's visit, as on their sturdy backs they carry their heavy merchandize to the market.[1]

When the royal carriage arrived opposite to where the Celtic Society were stationed, the whole corps saluted her Majesty with their claymores in the Highland style. About half past eleven her Majesty's carriage stopped opposite the place where the lord provost and magistrates of the city were stationed to receive her. The lord provost, after a short address, presented the keys of the city, which her Majesty receiving, she thus addressed his lordship:—"I return the keys of the city with perfect confidence into the safe keeping of the Lord Provost and Magistrates of my faithful City of Edinburgh."[2]

The queen seemed perfectly alive to every compliment passing around her, and frequently bowed in every direction; indeed so continuous and general were her acknowledgments, that it required little stretch of imagination to conceive that she acknowledged every salutation.

The late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder gives the following anecdote in illustration of this fact:—A gentleman asked a countryman if he had

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[1] A copy of this song is preserved in Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's account of the queen's progress.

[2] Two keys made of silver and united with a massive ring of the same metal, which were first used on the occasion of King Charles's entrance into Edinburgh.

seen the queen. "Troth did I, Sir," replied the honest yeoman. "Weil, what did ye think o' her Majesty, John?" "Troth, Sir, I was terrible feart afore she came forrit—my heart was amaist i' my mouth; but when she did come forrit, od! I was na' feart at a': I just lookit at her, an' she lookit at me; an' she bowed her head to me, an' I bowed my head to her. Od, Sir! she's a real fine leddy, an' fient a bit o' pride about her at a'."

When the royal cortège reached the splendid Gothic building which was then in progress of erection for the meetings of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the queen's attention was attracted towards the gallery, where stood the Grand Master-Mason of Scotland, Lord FitzClarence; the Earl of Buchan, Acting Deputy Grand Master; Patrick Maxwell Stewart, Esq., M.P., Acting Substitute; J. White Melville, Esq., and Sir David Kinloch, Bart., Grand Wardens; W. A. Laurie, Esq., Grand Secretary; John Maitland, Esq., Grand Clerk; and other officers of the grand lodge. The Grand Master and the whole of the brethren in attendance saluted the queen and Prince Albert in the most loyal and appropriate manner, as did a large assemblage of ladies in another balcony, amongst whom were the Countess of Glasgow, Lady Augusta FitzClarence, and other distinguished personages.

The business which required the presence of the Grand Master on this memorable occasion was to lay the foundation-stone of that national superstructure in which her Majesty's Commissioner annually presides over the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in terms of the treaty of union between the sister kingdoms. No sooner, therefore, had the royal procession passed, than the Grand Master, followed by the officers of the grand lodge, proceeded through the great tower of the building to lay the foundation-stone of the "*Victoria Hall*," which was performed with short but solemn ceremonial; meantime the royal carriage proceeded towards the castle, a description of her Majesty's visit to which is given in the history of that fortress.

In giving some account of the internal accommodation of the palace of Holyrood House, we begin with the original dwelling of James V., which enters from the north side of the piazzas, and which was a part of the west front. It is appropriated as the residence of the Duke of Hamilton. It is ascended by a large scale-stair, about twenty-four feet square, upon which is a balustrade of ancient ironwork, bearing figures of the Scotch thistle. The stranger is conducted to a suite of rooms, in the taste of the sixteenth century, rendered doubly interesting from their having been occupied by Mary of Scotland. After ascending two stories, we enter a dark chamber, which, from the entablature on the ceiling, has been evidently portioned off from the next apartment by a wooden

partition. It is here that a dark stain is pointed out on the floor, and is said to have been caused by the blood of Rizzio, which Mr. Chambers states is a traditionary absurdity, the boards being too modern; but we do not feel disposed to destroy this interesting romance. The next room is shown as the presence-chamber, a large-sized apartment, which must have been very spacious before the abridgment already noticed. The roof is of oak, and beautifully carved into compartments, the angles being adorned with crowns and ciphers of the House of Stuart in faded paint and gold. The walls of the room are covered with a variety of valuable and rare engravings and pictures, including, amongst others, portraits of John Duke of Lauderdale and his celebrated duchess. There are also two portraits, one of which is described as a likeness of the celebrated Nell Gwynne, mistress of Charles II., who is said to have suggested the foundation of Chelsea Hospital; but it is not like other portraits we have seen of Nell. The other is described as that of Jane Shore; whereas it is a beautiful *Madonna!* but this is not the only absurd story that is pertinaciously told respecting the furnishing of this venerable palace. In this room stands a sofa lined with blue, and embroidered with ciphers, which the keeper declares to be formed of the initials of Queen Mary and Henry Darnley; but they unfortunately happen to be the initials of Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., by whom these apartments were last fitted up and furnished. This chamber contains a bed, brought, no doubt, from another part of the palace for the convenience of exhibition, which is stated with some appearance of probability to have belonged to King Charles, and which is said to have been occupied by Prince Charles Stuart after the battle of Prestonpans, during his short-lived festivities in the halls of his ancestors, where he sported away his time in inglorious repose, forgetful of the adage that "victory has wings as well as riches; and that the abuse of conquest, as of wealth, becomes frequently the source of bitter retribution," as was strikingly illustrated by his fate; for only a few months afterwards his triumphant enemy the Duke of Cumberland, on his return from the ensanguined field of Culloden, took up his quarters in the palace and slept in the same bed. The bed has the appearance of great antiquity, and, being in a very fragile condition, is surrounded by screens to protect it from the eager touch of the curious. In the fireplace of this apartment is a remarkable grate, evidently the oldest article about the palace; it is composed of beat iron, and is surmounted on the back with a large Scots thistle.

There is an air of desolate interest connected with this apartment. Here Mary Queen of Scots held her gay court. In this spacious hall she received each jovial guest: here the sprightly dance of lovely

nymphs and gallant youths advanced beneath the lustre of the shining lights, while the floor shook, with pleasing weight oppressed. Here, too, in moodful moments, was she wont to sit. Perhaps in this very room John Knox, the stern reformer, by his bold doctrines and severe remarks, suffused her eyes with tears. Here too her marriage with the handsome but dissipated Darnley was celebrated.

In this room, perchance, and at the moment when the dance had begun and the queen was witnessing with pleasure the mask given on the occasion of Sebastian's marriage, the dreadful sound proceeding from the explosion of the Kirk-of-field, bursting upon her astonished ears, put an awful period to the festival, and these walls echoed the shrieks and witnessed the horror with which she received the intelligence of her husband's appalling murder.

We will leave this apartment and its melancholy associations to visit the queen's bedchamber. This room, which is not so large as the antechamber, occupies the front of the tower, and has a window facing the bottom of the Canongate. Every window in this tower has been strongly secured from without by twelve iron bars running across the window, and two upright bars, the marks of which are still to be seen in the walls. In this apartment stands the queen's bed,

QUEEN MARY'S BED.—No. 17.

which is of crimson damask bordered with green silk fringes and chenille tassels. The posts, which are left bare, are rough and without ornament, having been originally covered with drapery. The blankets, marked with the crown and with Queen Mary's initials, are in good condition. King George IV., when visiting the palace, expressed a high opinion of the damask curtains and fringes, which are supposed to have been the work of his unfortunate ancestress, as already mentioned. The room is

hung round with tapestry representing the story of Phaëton; but it has either been erroneously arranged, or it was intended for another apartment. In this room is a curious and interesting portrait of Queen Elizabeth, the hands of which appear to have been painted as if imbrued with blood, no doubt in allusion to Mary's cruel fate. There are several articles shown here as the property of Mary. A wrought basket, shaped like a platter, is represented as having held the clothes of King James VI. when a child; also Queen Mary's dressing-box, flowered with silk and enclosed in a glass frame for preservation; the basket was found in one of the garrets, amongst some lumber, by a predecessor of the exhibitrix. The queen's dressing-box, which is also of modern introduction, Mr. Chambers declares is manifestly spurious. In this box is kept a portrait of Queen Mary, which as a matter of course is declared also to be original, although of her own collection. We recollect a very whimsical affair which happened with a former keeper some years ago. A painter employed about the palace, having experienced some kindness at the servant's hands, set to work during his leisure hours and finished for her an indifferent portrait of Queen Mary, which she with the utmost effrontery gave out as original. Her daughter ultimately found a dupe, and sold this valueless daub for a considerable sum of money. A room in the south-west turret, entering from the bedchamber, is pointed out as the queen's dressing-room. The turret on the right side of the bedchamber contains the small room, about ten feet square, in which the queen sat at supper with the Countess of Argyle, when Rizzio was torn from her side by his murderers. The walls are gloomy and bare, save a few old tattered silk hangings at the cornice. The closet is exceedingly mean; and the trash and lumber which it contains impart to it an indescribable air of desolation. Close to the door of this room is a small opening in the wall, which leads to a passage by a trap-stair communicating with the abbey-church beneath, through which the murderers of Rizzio obtained their entrance. Fragments of tapestry still hang over it, very possibly the same which was drawn aside by the jealous and irritated Darnley, or torn open by the murderous hand of the iron-hearted and ghostly Ruthven.

These apartments excite reminiscences of the most melancholy nature. We see the scene vividly before us, everything standing out to the mind's eye in bold relief; but the thrilling interest of the spectacle is destroyed by the introduction of the veriest trash in existence. Here are shown a huge old buff belt, a buckler, a boot, a helmet, breastplate, backplate, and sleeve-armour, all, of course, we are assured, the veritable property of Henry Darnley. The sword-belt has been that of a covenanter, and the thick-soled high-heeled boot could have only

fitted a youth; and doubtless both articles had been left by some of Oliver Cromwell's soldiers, after having converted the palace into a barracks. The shield of Darnley, we would say, is neither more nor less than a highland buckler studded with brass nails—a very pitiful shield for so gallant a prince. The other piece of rusty iron is only fit for some of the old-metal-and-rag shops in the Cowgate. The sleeve-armour is perhaps the most palpable absurdity of the whole, for it will only fit a person with a very short arm, and is by no means assimilated to the tallest and handsomest figure of the age. A portrait, said to be that of David Rizzio, has been introduced within these few years; but we entertain great doubts of its authenticity. The only thing we have seen belonging to the unfortunate minstrel is his walking-stick, in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries.

There is also shown a block of marble, on which Queen Mary is said to have sat at her coronation, a very curious seat indeed for a baby only a few days old. We would have been surprised how such a valuable relic had been transported from Stirling Castle; but, unfortunately for the cicerone of the place, we know the whole history of this pretended relic. It was introduced by Mr. Meyer, French cook to the Duke of Hamilton, having brought it from Hamilton Palace prior to the birth of Lady Susan Hamilton, to knead his pastry on, marble being preferable for that culinary process; and the other servants at the palace having had it expelled the kitchen as too cumbrous, in the course of time it has undergone an historical metamorphosis, and is unblushingly represented as the coronation seat of Mary Queen of Scots! But we have neither space nor patience to notice an endless variety of pretended relics, set out to dazzle and bewilder the lovers of the marvellous, but which serve only to destroy instead of enhancing the interest connected with the ancient palace of the Kings of Scotland to the more intelligent visitor.

The room under the presence-chamber, used, we believe, as a dining-room by the hereditary keeper, contains amongst other portraits—

Mary Queen of Scots, which is shown as an original. The tale about this portrait, if still retained, gives it out that the queen is represented in the dress in which she was beheaded at Fotheringhay. The dress, however, is quite at variance with the accounts given of it.

Dorothy Countess of Sutherland, a copy from Vandyke, is represented as a portrait of Lady Cassillis, who, as a scandalous legend has it, ran off with a gipsy chief called John Faa.

Cardinal Beaton, supposed by Mr. Chambers to be a portrait of a clergyman.

John Knox, a half-length portrait, engraved in Pinkerton's Gallery (?).

Charles I., and some good portraits of the noble family of Hamilton.

In the adjoining room, under the queen's bedchamber, is her portrait, painted in France when she was sixteen. This is an excellent picture, and bears unquestionable marks of originality.

Mary of Lorraine, mother of the Queen of Scots. Mr. Chambers is of opinion that this is rather Margaret, wife of James IV., from the armorial bearings at the top.

The first Duke of Hamilton, who was beheaded after the battle of Worcester; a very fine picture.

The Countess of Southesk, niece to this duke, erroneously represented as the Duchess of Portsmouth.

In another apartment is a full-length portrait, described as that of Henry Darnley. Granger, in his Biography, says it more probably represents Henry Prince of Wales. Mr. Chambers is of opinion that it is the second Marquis of Hamilton, from the circumstance of the first half of the date being 16—the other part is unfortunately defaced.[1]

The apartments now described communicate on the east side with the picture-gallery, which is a spacious hall about 150 feet in length, 24 in breadth, and nearly 20 in height, occupying the whole length of the first floor over the piazzas on the north side of the court, with which it communicates by another scale-stair in the north-east angle of the piazza. The gallery is lighted by twelve windows, three of which are in the east end, and nine on the south side. In consequence of its being chiefly lighted from the inner court, it possesses that dark and solemn appearance in which grandeur and dignity are made so remarkably to harmonize. This noble room is adorned with one hundred and eleven pictures of the Kings of Scotland, from the reputed Fergus I. down to the time of the Revolution. Few or none are genuine, although many may have been copied from originals. These are said to be the work of De Wit, a Dutch artist, who painted them for a pageant when Charles I. entered Edinburgh, as already stated. The troops of General Hawley, who were quartered in the palace subsequently to the defeat of King George's army at Falkirk, in 1745, after having set fire to the palace of Linlithgow, vented their rage on the unconscious portraits. The pictures were afterwards repaired, removed from their old broken frames, and fixed in the panels of the wainscoting. The portraits represent—

		B.C.
1	Fergus I..	330
2	Feritharis, his brother. In this time there was a law that if sons of the departed king were so young they could not rule, in that case the nearest in blood succeeded	305
3	Mainus, son of Fergus	291
4	Dornadilla, son of Mainus . . .	262
5	Nothatus, brother to Dornadilla .	233
6	Reutherus, son of Dornadilla . .	213
7	Reutha, brother to Reutherus . .	187
8	Thereus, son of Reutherus. He was banished by his nobles. Conreus was made governor: he also died in exile	173
9	Josina, brother to Thereus . . .	161
10	Finnanus, son of Josina	137
11	Durstus, son of Finnanus . . .	107
12	Evenus I., brother to Durstus . .	98
13	Gillus, natural son of Evenus . .	79
14	Evenus II., son of Fennanus' brother	77
15	Ederus, supposed Durstus' grandson	60
16	Evenus III., son of Ederus . . .	12
17	Mettellanus, son of Ederus' brother	B.C. 4
18	Caractacus Gaddalanus, and sister's son of Mettellanus . . .	A.D. 35
19	Corbredus I.	55
20	Dardanus, nephew to Mettellanus .	72
21	Corbredus II., son of Corbredus I..	76
22	Lugthacus, son of Corbredus II. .	110
23	Mogallus, sister's son of Corbredus	113
24	Conranus, son of Mogallus . . .	147
25	Ethodius I., sister's son of Mogallus	163
26	Satrael, brother to Ethodius . .	195
27	Donald I., the first Christian king of Scotland, brother to Satrael . . .	199
28	Ethodius II., son of Ethodius I. .	216
29	Athirco, son of Ethodius II. . .	231
30	Nathalocus, son of Athirco. . .	242
31	Findocus, son of Athirco . . .	253
32	Donald II., brother to Findocus .	264
33	Donald III., Lord of the Isles, brother to Findocus	265
34	Crathilinthus, son to Findocus .	277

[1] A great many vases and curiosities have recently been introduced into these apartments, and are as a matter of course described as having belonged to Queen Mary.

		A.D.
35	FINCORMACUS, father's brother's son of Crathilinthus	301
36	ROMACHUS, brother's son of Crathilinthus	348
37	ANGUSIANUS, brother's son of Romachus	351
38	FETHELEMACUS, brother's son of Crathilinthus, conquered the Picts	354
39	EUGENIUS I., son of Fincormacus	357
40	FERGUS II., conquered the Romans and Picts	404
41	EUGENIUS II., son of Fergus II.	420
42	DONGARDUS, brother of Eugenius II.	451
43	CONSTANTINUS I., brother of Dongardus	457
44	CONGALLUS I., son of Dongardus	479
45	CORANUS, or CONRANUS, brother of Congallus I.	501
46	EUGENIUS III., son of Congallus	535
47	CONGALLUS II., brother of Eugenius III.	558
48	KINNATILLUS, brother of Congallus II.	569
49	AIDANUS, son of Conranus	570
50	KENNETHUS, son of Congallus II.	605
51	EUGENIUS IV., son of Aidanus	606
52	FERQUHARD I., son of Eugenius	621
53	DONALD IV., son of Ferquhard	632
54	FERQUHARD II., brother of Donald IV.	646
55	MALDUIN, or MALVINE, son of Donald IV.	664
56	EUGENIUS V., brother's son of Malduin	684
57	EUGENIUS VI., son of Ferquhard II.	688
58	AMBIRKELETHUS FINDANUS, son of Eugenius V.	697
59	EUGENIUS VII., brother of Ambirkelethus	699
60	MORDACUS, son of Ambirkelethus	715
61	ETFINUS, son of Eugenius VII.	730
62	EUGENIUS VIII., son of Mordacus	761
63	FERGUS III., son of Etfinus	764
64	SOLVATHIUS, son of Eugenius VIII.	767
65	ACHAIUS, son of Etfinus	787
66	CONGALLUS, or CONVALLUS, Achaius' father's brother's son	819
67	DONGALLUS, son of Solvathius	824
68	ALPINUS, son of Achaius	831
69	KENNETH II., surnamed the Great, son of Alpinus	834
70	DONALD V., brother to Kenneth	854
71	CONSTANTINE II., son of Kenneth	859
72	ETHUS, surnamed Alipes, son of Constantine	874
73	GREGORY, surnamed the Great, son of Dongallus	876
74	DONALD VI., son of Constantine II.	893
75	CONSTANTINE III., son of Ethus	904
76	MALCOLM I., son of Donald VI.	943
77	INDULPHUS, son of Constantine III.	953
78	DUFFUS, son of Malcolm I.	961
79	CULENUS, son of Indulphus	966
80	KENNETH III., brother of Duffus	970
81	CONSTANTINE IV., son of Culenus	994
82	GRIMUS, son of Duffus	996
83	Malcolm II., son of Kenneth III.	1004
84	DUNCAN I., son of Malcolm II.'s daughter	1024
85	MACBETH, daughter's son of Malcolm II.	1040
86	MALCOLM III., surnamed Canmore, son of Duncan I.	1057
87	DONALD VII., surnamed Bane, brother of Malcolm, usurped	1093
88	DUNCAN II., natural son of Malcolm III., usurped	1094
	Donald VII. made king again	1095
89	EDGAR, son of Malcolm III.	1098
90	ALEXANDER I., surnamed Fierce, brother of Edgar	1107
91	DAVID I., commonly called St. David, youngest son of Malcolm III.	1124
92	MALCOLM IV., surnamed the Maiden, grandson to David I.	1153
93	WILLIAM, surnamed the Lion, brother of Malcolm IV.	1165
94	ALEXANDER II., son of William	1214
95	ALEXANDER III., son of Alexander II.	1249
	Who dies in 1285: Scotland governed by regents	1285
96	JOHN BALIOL, son of Devorgoil, daughter of Margaret, eldest daughter of David I.	1293
97	ROBERT BRUCE, son of Isabel, second daughter of David Earl of Huntingdon, King William's brother	1306
98	DAVID BRUCE, or David II., son of Robert.	1330
99	EDWARD BALIOL, son of John Baliol	1332
100	ROBERT II., surnamed Bleareye, first of the Stewarts, son of Marjory Bruce, daughter of King Robert	1371
101	ROBERT III., son of Robert II.	1390
	At his death, Scotland governed by regents; the Prince, James, imprisoned.	
102	JAMES I., son of Robert III.	1424
103	JAMES II., son of James I.	1437
104	JAMES III., son of James II.	1460
105	JAMES IV., son of James III.	1489
106	James V., son of James IV.	1514
107	MARY, daughter of James V.	1543
108	JAMES VI., son of Queen Mary	1567

The gallery is now used for the election of the sixteen peers who represent the Scottish nobility in the House of Lords; and during the residence of the princes of the House of Bourbon and the French noblesse, mass was publicly celebrated in it by the French priests, without opposition either from the clergy or the inhabitants of Edinburgh. Their private chapel was a room formerly used as a drawing-room. The picture-gallery originally communicated with the chapel-royal, which joined it on the

north-east, as it still does on the south-east with the state apartments built by Charles II. These apartments go round the remainder of the court on the first floor, and contain several large rooms wainscoted with oak. The festoons of flowers and foliage around the doors and mantelpieces are very beautifully carved; but the stucco ornaments of the ceilings partake of the heaviness characteristic of that period.

Immediately above the royal apartments, and in the northern division of the upper flat of the building, are the apartments assigned to the Duke of Argyle. The southern division of this floor, with the apartments immediately adjoining on the south side of the quadrangle, are those of the Earl of Breadalbane. Some of the rooms are ornamented with fine paintings, particularly the great room, which is covered with Gobeline tapestry representing the battles of Alexander and Darius. Other pieces of tapestry, representing subjects of heathen mythology, are also to be seen.

Among the paintings are—A full-length portrait of the wife of King Charles I., in a sitting posture, surrounded by her family (Charles II., the Duke of York, and the Princess Anne), with a portrait of Charles I. represented in a corner of the scene. Mr. Chambers says that this is a copy from a group of the Buckingham family, by Vandyke; the portrait in the corner certainly bears a great resemblance to Charles I.

The Laird of McNab, a very large full-length portrait, by Sir Henry Raeburn, painted by command of George IV., who, on the occasion of his visit in 1822, paid a high compliment to the fine arts by conferring on the talented painter the order of knighthood. Of this beautiful and attractive painting Sir Walter Scott used to say that "it did everything but speak."

The Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale.

John Earl of Breadalbane.

Henrietta Countess of Breadalbane, daughter of Sir Edward Villers, and sister to Edward Earl of Jersey.

John Lord Glenorchy, husband of the accomplished and benevolent Lady Glenorchy who founded the chapel of that name: date 1750; a neat picture.

Arabella Pershall, Lady Glenorchy: a very fine picture; date 1740.

Henry Grey, Duke of Kent, father of the above lady, a very fine expressive picture; date 1731.

A full-length portrait of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, by Vandyke (original).

The Honourable Philip Yorke (eldest son of Philip Lord Hardwick, Chancellor of Britain), who was married to Jemima Marchioness Grey, daughter of Lord Glenorchy; by Allan Ramsay: a very beautiful picture: date 1740.

Jemima Marchioness Grey, daughter of the late Lord Glenorchy; by the same artist: a most beautiful and superbly executed portrait.

Lady Frances Glenorchy, daughter of Henry Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle; by Sir Godfrey Kneller: a very fine painting.

Lord Polwood: a very pretty small portrait.

John Campbell, Earl of Breadalbane; 1676.

Lady Isabella Rich, daughter to Lord Holland and sister to the first Countess of Breadalbane; by Vandyke: a most splendid full-length portrait.

The Duke of Buckingham; by Vandyke.

The Duchess of Albemarle, second wife of the famous General Monk, afterwards created Duke of Albemarle for having restored King Charles II. Painted by Sir Peter Lely.

The Countess of Kildare, one of the beauties of Charles II.

Colin Campbell, Esq., of Carwhin.

Lady Frances Howard, mother of Henrietta Countess of Breadalbane.

Mary Countess of Breadalbane.

Two natives of Greenland.

Archibald Marquis of Argyle; by Jamieson. He was a stanch Covenanter, and was beheaded in the reign of Charles II.

Among the landscape paintings are—
Six views of Taymouth, the principal seat of the Breadalbane family.
The Fall of Foyers, Inverness-shire.
A landscape and waterfall.
A very ingenious piece of needlework, representing a view of Copenhagen, by Joanna Wade, a Danish lady.
A full-length portrait of John Earl of Breadalbane in the highland garb, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.
Christian VI., King of Denmark.
Frederick, Prince Royal of Denmark, full-length; 1737.
Queen Anne of Denmark, second wife of Frederick IV.; date 1729.
Charlotte, Princess of Denmark, leaning on a pedestal on which is a bust of William III. of England.
Frederick IV. of Denmark.
Head of a Satyr; by Rubens.
Edward, first Earl of Jersey, and brother of Henrietta Countess of Breadalbane; by Sir Godfrey Kneller.
Mary, consort of William III.; by the same.
The Countess of Essex.
Charles, Prince of Denmark. &c. &c.

The north-west tower, and apartments immediately adjoining it, contain several very lofty rooms designed for levees, &c., and entering from the large hanging stair at the south-west angle of the piazza. These apartments are assigned to the Earl of Strathmore.

On the north side of the court were Lord Dunmore's lodgings, which enter from the piazza and extend along the north side of the large picture-gallery, having the Duke of Hamilton's apartments on the west and the chapel-royal on the east. In these apartments was formerly a rare picture, which came into the Dunmore family by the marriage of the first earl to Mrs. Watts of Herefordshire. The subject was Charles I. and his queen going a hunting, with the sky showering roses upon them, painted by Mytens. The queen is represented with a love-lock, and with brown hair and complexion: a black stands by, holding a grey horse; and the celebrated dwarf Jeffrey Hudson holding a spaniel in a string, with other dogs sporting around.

The Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême occupied these apartments during their stay at the palace.

We now take leave of the abbey and palace of Holyrood; but not before we express our ardent wish, in unison with the people of Scotland, that the palace of our ancient kings, of which we are so justly proud, may soon be as free to the public as the royal palaces of Windsor and Hampton Court, and in fact almost every other national building in England.

Holyrood House is one of the residences of his Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales, Duke of Rothesay (the oldest dukedom in Scotland), Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland, whom God preserve to become a blessing to the nation when millions of the present generation shall sleep with their fathers!

The

Castle of Craigmillar.

CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE.—No. 18.

"AND SADDENING IN THE VERDANT VALE,
THY RUIN'D CASTLE, OLD AND GREY,
STILL BREATHES ITS MONITORY TALE
OF AGES AND DECAY;
AND LIFTS O'ER BLOOMING GROVES ITS HEAD,
IN THE WAN BEAUTY OF THE DEAD!"

The Castle of Craigmillar.

ANTIQUITY of the Castle; supposed to have been one of the earliest foundations of that description—First Notice of one of its Proprietors, Henricus de Craigmillar—Purchased by the Prestons of Gorton—Account of that Family—Sir Thomas killed at the Siege of Berwick—William Preston takes his Seat in Parliament as "*Dominus de Craigmillar*"—Sir Simon Preston an Ambassador to Mary of Scotland—Is made Provost of Edinburgh and Keeper of Dunbar Castle—Marries a Sister of the Wife of Secretary Maitland, who gains Preston over to his interest—Preston's ungrateful Conduct to the Queen—Awful Tragedy near Craigmillar in the Reign of David I.—The Castle converted into a State Prison for the Earl of Mar, younger Brother to James III.—James V. confined here—The Castle plundered and destroyed by the English—Is repaired and becomes the favourite residence of Mary—Her Thorn—The Court is held at Craigmillar—Memorable Meeting to propose the Divorce of Darnley—Mary's Rejection—Letter from the French Ambassador to the Archbishop of Glasgow—Lord Darnley visits Craigmillar—General Description of the Castle—Queen Mary's Room—Gardens, Canal, Surrounding Scenery, &c.—Prince Albert's Visit to the Ruins—The Queen and Prince Albert's Excursion to Roslin and Hawthornden—Descriptive Sketch—Table of King Robert III.—His Sword—Brief Notice of the Family of Drummond.

THE Castle of Craigmillar, which was one of the favourite residences of Mary of Scotland, is situated, as its Gaelic etymon imports, on a rock-crowned and commanding eminence, in the midst of a rich agricultural district, about three miles south of Edinburgh. This ruin is of remote antiquity; for neither its founder nor the date of its erection has ever been discovered. Several portions of the structure bear evidence of its having been first erected at or soon after the Conquest, probably about the year 1135, when, as is mentioned in the Introduction to this work, numerous castles were built in England and Scotland, and when every landed proprietor had to render his manor a substantial place of defence.

The first account we have of Craigmillar as a manorial residence is in the "Haddington Collections," where a charter of mortification is recorded, granted in 1222, during the reign of Alexander II., wherein

William son of Henricus de Craigmillar gives in pure and perpetual alms, to the church and monastery of Dunfermline, a certain toft of land in Craigmillar, in the southern part thereof, which leads from the town of "Nedrieff" to the church of Libberton, which Henricus de Edmonstone held of him.

The castle subsequently became the property of a person named "John de Capella," from whom it was afterwards purchased by the Prestons of Gorton.

The Prestons of Gorton and Craigmillar are frequently noticed in history. After the battle of Durham, in 1346, in which the heir of Carnwarth was killed, Walter the third son of John Sommerville, Baron of Carnwarth, was married to Janet Preston, the eldest daughter of Sir Lawrence Preston, Laird of Craigmillar. We also read of Sir Thomas Preston of Craigmillar having been killed at the storming and taking of Berwick in 1355.[1]

Sir Simon Preston, whom Grose in his "Antiquities" erroneously styles the *first* Laird of Craigmillar, flourished in 1374. William Preston, a descendant of Sir Simon's, was a member of the parliament which met at Edinburgh in 1478: he took his seat as Dominus de Craigmillar.

In the reign of James II. of Scotland, Preston of Gorton and Craigmillar is mentioned as having become possessed of an arm-bone of St. Giles, abbot and patron of the church of St. Giles in Edinburgh, which he bequeathed to that church, and which relic was kept amongst the church treasures until after the Reformation.[2]

Another Sir Simon Preston is mentioned as one of the four commissioners who were sent ambassadors by Mary of Scotland from France to the Scottish parliament. He was made Provost of Edinburgh during her reign, and it is said through her influence. But his marriage was probably the means of casting a shade of oblivion over the obligations he lay under to his royal mistress. He was married to the daughter of Monteath of Kers, and sister of the wife of Maitland of Lethington, the artful secretary of the queen, under whose potent influence the provost appears to have taken a very active part in those scenes which were enacted during that eventful period. Preston, besides

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[1] The "Memories of the Sommervilles," vol. i., p. 93.

[2] The legend concerning St. Giles states that he was born in Greece during the sixth century, and was descended of illustrious parentage; but his parents having died, he bequeathed all his wealth to the poor, and left his native country. He then travelled into France, and, retiring into the deep recesses of the wilderness near the conflux of the Rhine with the ocean, he continued there for three years, living entirely upon the spontaneous produce of the earth and the milk of a deer. He was reputed a person of great virtue and sanctity. He founded a monastery at Languedoc, which was long after known by the name of St. Giles.

being chief magistrate of the metropolis, was also, by favour of Mary, Keeper of Dunbar Castle, of which he was deprived in March, 1565-6, for the knavish share he had taken in influencing and aiding the murderers of Rizzio. For the friendship and hospitality of his queen he assisted the insurgent nobles in the humiliating procession of the hapless Mary, after her surrender at Carberry Hill, when he converted his house into a prison for his injured benefactress.

The castle continued in the possession of the Preston family about 300 years. In 1661 it became the property of Sir John Gilmour, Lord President of the Court of Session, who did much to preserve this ancient structure, and added the more modern part of the building. Walter Little Gilmour, Esq., of Libberton and Craigmillar, a descendant of his lordship, is still proprietor of the castle and estate, which last is one of the most valuable in the county.

Craigmillar and its vicinity are mentioned as the theatre of many strange events; we have only room to record a sad catastrophe which occurred during the reign of King David, about the year 1371, in the family of Sir John Herring, Laird of Edmonstone, in Clydesdale, and of the Gilmerton part of the estate of Craigmillar. This gentleman was son of the famous John Herring, the constant adherent and companion of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, when he was driven for shelter to the neighbouring caves of Gorton and Hawthornden. Sir John had two daughters famed for their beauty, named Margaret and Geiles; the first of whom he designed to give in marriage to his nephew Patrick, the son of his brother; but a misadventure of his eldest daughter frustrated all his domestic schemes and hopes. This young lady was of a melancholy temperament, and was devoted to religion, strictly observing all the Roman Catholic rites, ceremonies, and penances which were then in vogue. It came to pass that, during her frequent attendances at the "abbacie of Newbottle," she became acquainted with a young monk of the Cistersian order of Benedicts, belonging to the abbey, who first insinuated himself into the lady's favour by professions of holiness, and who took opportunities of conversing with her in the church, in her father's house, and in her most private walks about Craigmillar and the neighbourhood; until, by his hypocritical rhetoric and fatal allurements, he corrupted her simplicity and at last debauched her. For greater safety and secrecy, their subsequent meetings took place at a little farm belonging to her father, called the Grange, a quarter of a mile from Gilmerton, near the road leading to Newbottle Abbey. But notwithstanding the secrecy and circumspection with which their assignations were conducted, Sir John's suspicions were at length aroused, and he threatened his daughter with no less a punishment than

death if she ever again visited the farm-house. She promised compliance with the paternal injunction, but no sooner was the darkness of night favourable than she again set off to revisit the forbidden farm. The father discovered her absence, and, accompanied by two of his domestics, followed her to the farm-house. Finding the door shut, and no answer being made to his reiterated demands for admittance, nor to his threats and imprecations in case of refusal, he ultimately set fire to the thatched roof of the dwelling, and to the rest of the farm-steading, which was immediately involved in one destructive blaze, the wind being high at the time; and the remains of the wretched Lady Margaret, of her guilty paramour, and of seven others of the people of the house, were afterwards found, burnt to cinders, amidst the ruins.

For this deed Sir John was obliged to flee the kingdom, but afterwards, through the mediation of Patrick, Bishop of Brechin, he was restored to his former rank and possessions. The greedy Abbot of Newbottle, however, could not be appeased for the death of the hooded miscreant who had seduced the old man's daughter, until the bereaved and unhappy father made over the property of Gilmerton Grange in favour of the monastery. The spot on which the farm-house stood is still called "Burnt Dool," in allusion to the tragedy of which it was the scene.

The fortress of Craigmillar was a place of considerable strength, and was used as a state prison for the Scottish kings in times during which their factious nobles had ascendancy over them. In 1477 the Earl of Mar, younger brother to King James III., having been accused of practising sorcery against the king's life, was confined in this castle for a considerable time, but was afterwards brought to Edinburgh, where he was bled to death. It was also the residence of King James V. during his minority, he having been removed from Edinburgh on account of the plague, which at that time raged in the city; and it was here that the queen-dowager, by favour of Lord Erskine, his constant attendant and guardian, had frequent private meetings with the young monarch, while the Duke of Albany, the governor, was in France.[1]

In April, 1554, during the minority of Mary of Scotland, this castle, Holyrood, and Roslin, were plundered and burnt by the English army.

The greater part of the present fortress appears to have been erected upon the ruins of the former, and immediately after that calamity; for in 1561 we find it was honoured by the presence and residence of Queen Mary on her return from France. A small village in the

[1] History of the Sommervilles.

neighbourhood is still called "Little France;" and in it her guards were stationed.[1]

It is no wonder that Mary was partial to Craigmillar as a residence, situated as it is amidst a grove of yet unfaded trees: lifting here and there its grey turrets above the foliage, silent, lonely, and sublime, it stands the sovereign of the scene, and seems to frown defiance on all who dare to invade its solitary domain; the lake glows at its feet pure and pellucid as a mirror: the whole composes a landscape at once grand and beautiful.

In this delightful retreat Mary spent a considerable part of her time. Near the castle on the road-side is a very large hawthorn-tree, which is still in verdure, and which, according to tradition, was planted by the hands of Mary.

Duddingstone house and grounds, and the surrounding scenery, must have afforded much pleasure to the queen—Roslin Castle and the caverns of Hawthornden being in the immediate vicinity, to which she doubtless resorted on her hunting excursions.

In the eventful year 1566 we find Mary residing at Craigmillar. After her visit to Bothwell at Hermitage Castle, where he had been wounded by Elliot, a mosstrooper, she made a progress along the Tweed to Berwick, thence along the coast to Dunbar, and thence to this castle on the 23rd of November, accompanied by her Court and ministers, and by Bothwell, the high sheriff of the shires through which she had passed. The state papers evince that at the same period Murray had conciliated Bothwell for his own interest; and that he enjoyed the facilities and importance arising from the favour of Murray, who was by far the most powerful person then in Scotland, not excepting the queen herself. But Bothwell's concert with Murray was equally a conspiracy against the queen, whose fate was involved in that of her husband. Mary had now to hold with her deceitful and double-dealing ministers the first of those dark and mysterious councils which terminated in the death of Darnley and her own ruin.

While the court was still at Craigmillar, Secretary Maitland, who had returned from Whittington, the scene of those dark intrigues which then engaged the corrupt ministers, in the presence of Murray, of Huntly, of Argyle, and of Bothwell, opened to the queen a project for separating her from Darnley by a divorce, if she would pardon Morton and his friends. Mary at first endeavoured to waive the subject;

[1] Another place, on the opposite coast of Fife, is called Pettycur (a corruption of petit corps, a small detachment), where her French Guards were stationed. It is now a ferry-boat station.

whereupon Bothwell stepped forward and took up the argument, stating, "That he doubted not the divorcement might be made without prejudice in any wise to my lord the prince, alleging the example of himself, that he succeeded to his father's heritage without any difficulty, although there had been a divorce between him and his mother."

This interpolation, says Chalmers, and the obvious zeal betrayed by Bothwell for the divorce of the queen from Darnley, evince that he had been now completely gained over to Murray's faction, and entered with intelligence and energy into Murray's views of murdering Darnley, of giving the queen to Bothwell, and of becoming what he afterwards became, regent himself. But our business is to give a faithful record, not to pursue the laboured and satisfactory investigation of the talented and impartial author whom we have quoted.

To Bothwell's argument the queen with dignity replied, "I will that you do nothing by which any spot may be laid on my honour and conscience; therefore I pray you let the matter be in the estate as it is now, abiding till God, of his goodness, puts a remedy to it." She then added, "That which you believe would do me service may turn to my hurt and displeasure." As to Darnley, she expressed her anxious hope that he would soon change for the better. With this mild but resolute answer she dismissed the conspirators to meditate new plots.[1]

"This answer," adds Blackwood, "was far from being agreeable to the lords, proving as it did that her Majesty's present estrangement from her husband was more from the necessity of the times than because she had ceased to love him." Unable to shake the resolution of the queen, the lords decided upon the death of Darnley; and Balfour wrote an engagement to that effect, which he signed, together with Bothwell, Huntly, and Argyle.[2]

It is from this period, when the conspiracy was contrived, that we trace the life of Bothwell as a conspirator acting with Maitland, Murray, and Morton, with a constant view to those abominable objects.

Affairs were in this state when M. le Croc, the French ambassador, addressed a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, then resident Scotch ambassador at the French Court, dated Stirling, December, 1566, in which Le Croc says, "The queen is at present at Craig-

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[1] Goodall, vol. ii., p. 316; Keith, p. 355; Bell's Life of Mary, vol. ii., p. 6.

[2] We find, however, that the Earls of Huntly and Argyle, in their protestation touching the murder of the King of Scots, after mention of the conversation at Craigmillar concerning a divorce, added, "So after these premises, the murder of the king following, we judge in our consciences, and hold for certain and truth, that Murray and Secretary Maitland were authors, inventors, and causers of the same murder, in what manner or by whatsoever persons the same was executed."—Robertson, Hist., Appen., 241.

millar, about a league distant from the city (Edinburgh). She is in the hands of physicians, and, I do assure you, is not at all well; and I believe that the principal part of her disease is a deep grief and sorrow: nor does it seem possible to make her forget the same; still she repeats the words 'I could wish to be dead.' You know very well the injury her Majesty has received is very great, and she cannot forget it. The king her husband came to visit her at Jedburgh the very day Captain Hay went away; he remained there but a single night, and yet in that short time I had a great deal of conversation with him. He returned to see the queen five or six days ago; and the day before, he sent word to desire me to speak with him half a league from this city; when I complied, and found that things go still *worse and worse*. I think he intends going away to-morrow, but at all events I am assured he is not to be present at the baptism (of the young prince). To speak my mind freely to you (but I beg you not to repeat it to my prejudice), I could not expect, upon several accounts, any good understanding between them, unless God especially put his hand in it. I shall only name two reasons against it: the first is, the king (Darnley) will never humble himself as he ought; the other, that the queen cannot perceive him speaking with any nobleman, but presently she suspects some plot amongst them. Meantime the queen reckons to be going to Stirling five or six days hence; and the baptism is appointed to be there on the 12th of this month." [1]

Lord Darnley at this time waited on the queen at Craigmillar, and accompanied her to Edinburgh, and thence he went to Stirling, leaving Mary to follow him, which she immediately did, to make the necessary arrangements for the baptism of her son, which, notwithstanding her weak state of health and unhappy mind, she determined to celebrate with the pomp and magnificence which his future prospects justified.

It was during her residence at Craigmillar that many of Mary's despatches are dated, being at once the scene of her joys and sorrows. She is gone; but a memorial survives; and those now neglected towers, that have so long withstood

"The crack of thunder and the warring winds,"

still exhibit, in their grey and dilapidated aspect, much architectural beauty, surpassing the generality of Scottish castles. The ruins consist of a square tower or keep, several storeys high, and connected with a group of inferior buildings, encompassed by a square machicolated wall, flanked

[1] We are indebted for this and several other important documents to the "Letters of Queen Mary," by the amiable and accomplished Miss Strickland.

by four circular towers, one on each angle, and again enclosed by an outer wall. The rampart wall is 30 feet high, with turrets and parapets; beyond the extreme wall there are in some places the traces of a deep ditch or moat. Above the principal gate there are the figures "1427;" but whether these figures ever were designed to record the date of that part of the erection, or, which is more probable, a subsequent repair, we have no means of ascertaining, as the time of the original foundation is involved in uncertainty. In this edifice there are a variety of apartments: the hall of the castle is at once spacious and well lighted, considering the modes of ancient times; the length of this apartment is 36 feet, and the breadth 22 feet; at the east end there is an immense fireplace with chimney, which measures 11 feet in width.

The ceiling is of a semicircular form; in one of the stone benches which line the recesses of the windows is cut a diagram for playing at the game called "the walls of Troy," probably one of the pastimes of the ill-fated brother of King James III. during his long confinement, and of Queen Mary's father, when he was kept in strict custody during his minority, and when scarcely permitted to see his own mother. These engraved slabs were frequently placed in windows during the early period of Scottish architecture.

The apartment which is shown as that occupied by Mary of Scotland is in one of the upper turrets, and commands an extensive and diversified prospect of hill and dale, of wood and water—the lake of Duddingston reposing beneath the precipitous and lofty hills comprehending Arthur Seat and Salisbury Crags: while on the left the Castle of Edinburgh frowns in gloomy majesty over the splendid city which it commands. Turning in an opposite direction, a more beautiful and picturesque prospect could not be imagined than was presented from the castle in former days; but the immense groves of trees have now given place to the progress of cultivation, and thriving fields of corn wave in beautiful luxuriance beneath the ivyed towers.

The queen's apartment itself is more diminutive than it is probable any one would suppose; for it measures only 5 feet in breadth and 7 in length; but, in spite of the smallness of its size, it has two windows and a fireplace.

The ascent to this tower is by an easy flight of broad stone steps. Our surprise at the diminutive size of the apartment subsides when we compare it with other Lilliputian rooms elsewhere which are also celebrated as having been occupied by Mary. The closet at Holyrood Palace, and the small room in Edinburgh Castle in which James VI. was born, are of this description; not so the room in which Mary herself

is stated to have been born, at Linlithgow Palace, for that is decidedly the largest bedroom we ever saw.

On the east of the outer walls are inserted the arms of Cockburne of Ormeston, Congalton of Congalton, Mowbray of Barnbogle, and Otterburn of Redford, with whom the ancient family of Preston were nearly allied, which sufficiently accounts for these various devices. Over a small gate, under three unicorns *couped*, are a wine-*press*, and a barrel, or *tun*, the rebus of *Preston*.[1] Besides those mentioned, there are the remains of other escutcheons in different parts of the building.

The castle has happily had spared to it the companionship of its own

"old contemporary trees;"

and these, with the varied form of this venerable structure, impart to the prospect a truly romantic effect, while the associations connected with this time-honoured pile conjure up feelings of the most intense interest. In a level spot on the south side of the castle may be traced a sort of water-course, or miniature canal, which forms the figure of a huge P, the initial of Preston, and which, when filled with water and surrounded with flowers and shrubs, must have presented a very picturesque appearance. A short distance beyond this spot there is a considerable quarry of pale sandstone, which has probably supplied material for building and repairing the edifice. There is a popular tradition that the stone used in the construction of the neighbouring castle of Edinburgh was also taken from this place; and was transported for the Pictish architects by means of a continuous line of men, who handed the blocks of sandstone from one to another; there being no wheel carriages then in use for either architectural or other purposes.

In September, 1842, when Prince Albert, accompanied by the Duke of Buccleuch, on horseback, proceeded on a private excursion to the top of Arthur Seat, he returned through the grounds of Duddingstone House, and thence to Craigmillar Castle, the key of which could not be obtained, and the prince's engagements did not admit of his waiting till it could be sent for to the house. He therefore contented himself with an examination of the exterior, and a glance at the beautiful prospects which it commands.

This frustration of the prince's expectations is much to be regretted, as, had facility of access been afforded, it is highly probable that her Majesty, from the prince's recommendation, might have visited the apartments occupied by her lovely but unfortunate ancestress, and she might have plucked with her royal hand a sprig from the thorn, still fresh and green, which was planted in its grounds by Mary of Scotland

[1] M. de Cardonel: Grose's Antiq., vol. i., p. 50.

"It frequently happens," says Sir Walter Scott, "that the most beautiful points of Scottish scenery lie hidden in some sequestered dell, and that we may travel the country in every direction without being aware of our vicinity to what is well worth seeing, unless intention or accident carry us to the very spot." This is particularly the case with the country around Craigmillar, which, although open and somewhat bare, has in its vicinage the progressive effects of rills and rivulets, which have formed dells and glens; and, on their high and rocky banks, trees and shrubs of all descriptions shelter and grow to luxurious profusion; we allude to Roslin, and the caverns of Hawthornden, only three miles distant, and which, although we have no testimony of the fact, must have been comprehended in the range of Queen Mary's hunting and walking excursions.

Losing sight of the bold and striking outline of Salisbury Crags and Arthur Seat, lofty, steep, and naked as a tower, the astonished stranger is almost instantly hemmed in by nature's friendly arms; for the shapes before his eyes, and their arrangement, might well be deemed productions of the capricious sport of nature, aided by blind chance.

Roslin Castle, a magnificent ruin, was built by the St. Clairs, Princes of Orkney, Dukes of Oldenburgh, Earls of Caithness and Strathearn, &c., who, about the year 1066, obtained the barony of Roslin and large grants of lands in this county. Roslin was at one time a very populous town, in consequence of the great concourse of visitors who resorted to the court of those princely lords. William de St. Clair, called the Seemly St. Clair, from his noble deportment and accomplished manners, flourished in the reigns of James I. and II., and resided in royal magnificence at his castle of Roslin. In 1446 he founded the chapel of Roslin, one of the most magnificent architectural curiosities in the kingdom. As Prince of Orkney, he kept his court, and was served in vessels of silver and gold, Lord Dorleton being master of the household, Lord Borthwick his cupbearer, and Lord Fleming his carver, in whose absence they had deputies to attend. His princess, Elizabeth Douglas, was served by seventy-five gentlewomen, fifty-three of whom were daughters of noblemen, and they were attended in all their excursions by a retinue of 200 gentlemen.

In 1564 the castle of Roslin was burnt by the English army sent by Henry VIII. to punish the Scots for refusing their queen, Mary, in marriage to his son, afterwards Edward VI.

In December, 1668, Roslin Castle and Chapel were both plundered and destroyed by a furious mob, chiefly inhabitants and tenants of the barony.

The castle stands on an insulated rock, 220 yards distant from the

chapel, in a delightful glen, on the north side of the river Esk, which gushes through a deep rocky bed, wooded down to the very edge, and in many places overhung with trees. The access to the castle is on its east side, by an arch thrown across a steep ravine, and through a gateway of extraordinary strength, of which a small vestige only now remains, scarcely adequate to convey a just idea of its original importance. Over a portion of the vaulted foundation, near the postern, and on the east side of a spacious court, now filled with huge masses of the ruins, Sir William St. Clair built a modern house in 1622, over the doorway of which is a ragged cross, the armorial of the family, with his initials, and the date of erection.

The front of this foundation is cut out of the solid rock, to the depth of three storeys, the modern house being level with the court; but on the opposite side the whole of the foundation is seen, consisting of immense vaults and apartments, the kitchen being the most remarkable, and containing three fireplaces. The triple row of apartments, which are subterraneous on one side, and excavated, are of immense strength, being arched over and furnished with loopholes.

The stern gloom of each impregnable vault, where the world is shut out from view, bears a striking contrast to the romantic and picturesque scene which we but a moment before rapturously gazed upon. The giddy height of what formerly appeared to be subterraneous, the bridge, the fragmental portal, are seen from the garden to great advantage; while the garden itself is most tastefully strewed with seats and arbours, and the flowing Esk, overhung with foliage, sends forth her murmurs through the glade. There is a walk outside of the garden down to the water's edge; at this spot, when copious rains have magnified the stream, the Esk dashes in boiling surges over tremendous rocks, filling many a cavernous gulf, and resounding in a thousand thunders through the woodland wide. Near to the castle is the scene of a battle which was fought between the English and Scots on the 24th of February, 1302, when the latter routed successively three bodies of fresh troops, each superior in number and equipments to themselves.

The chapel of Roslin is surrounded by a handsome stone wall having the entrance on the north side. The entry into the chapel is by two doors, one on the north and the other on the south. The whole chapel is profusely decorated with sculpture within and without, and presents to the eye a splendid and inimitable specimen of Gothic architecture. The north front exhibits two walls, the uppermost of which extends behind five buttresses, and rests upon the arches of the side aisles. The lower part of the chapel is lighted by five lancet windows, of equal dimensions, but most tastefully varied in the mouldings, each window

presenting a new pattern of sculpture; the mullions of these windows are faced with double columns, which branch out from the top into a profusion of exquisite tracery; the upper wall had been lighted with a similar row of windows.

On the 14th of September, 1842, her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert, attended by the Duchess of Buccleuch and Colonel Bouverie, paid a visit to this beautiful ruin, which she carefully examined, and was evidently struck on entering the chapel at the smallness of its dimensions, which form no proportion to the endless and elaborate sculpture which everywhere abounds. The elegance and beauty of its proportions have been much admired. The roofs of the capitals, key-stones, and architraves, are all covered with sculpture, representing flowers, foliages, passages of sacred history, and grotesque figures. At the front of the third and fourth pillars near the altar there is a large flat stone covering a vault, wherein ten Barons of Roslin repose, most of them in their armour, and where their bodies have been wonderfully preserved for centuries from decay.

Near the opening of this vault there is a large flat stone on which is engraved a knight in armour in a recumbent posture, his hands closed upon his breast, on each side of his head a lion rampant, and at his feet an animal resembling a greyhound. This is supposed to have marked the burial-place of Alexander Earl of Sutherland, grandson to King Robert the Bruce.[1] But we shall not destroy the legendary version of this "storied monument," which is founded in the following account given by ancient historians:—

"King Robert the Bruce, who had contributed largely to the growing power of the noble family of St. Clair, was on one occasion pursuing the chase on the Pentland hills, and, having on more than one occasion started 'a white faunch deer,' which had always escaped his hounds, the disappointed king inquired of his nobles around him whether any of them had dogs which they thought would be more successful. No courtier had the temerity to affirm that his hounds were fleeter than the king's, until William St. Clair unceremoniously said that he would wager his head that his two favourite dogs, called 'Help' and 'Hold,' would kill the deer before it should cross the March burn. The king instantly caught the unwary offer of the knight, and betted the forest of Pentland Moor against the life of Sir William St. Clair.

"All the hounds were held up except a few ratches, or slow-hounds, to put up the deer, while Sir William St. Clair, posting himself in the

[1] William de St. Clair married Lady Margery Sutherland, descended from the blood royal of Scotland.

best situation for slipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and St. Catherine.

"The deer was soon roused, and the hounds slipped, Sir William following on horseback to cheer his hounds. The hind reached the middle of the brook, upon which the hunter threw himself from his horse in despair. At this critical moment 'Hold' stopped her in the brook, and 'Help,' coming up, turned her back, and killed her on Sir William's side. The king descended from the hill, embraced Sir William, and bestowed upon him the lands of Kirkton, Logan-house, Earncraig, &c. in free forestrie. Sir William in acknowledgment of St. Catherine's intercession built the chapel of St. Catherine's in the Hopes, the churchyard of which still remains."

The worthy cicerone, in describing the tombstone, always stated that Sir William is here represented in the attitude of vowing to God that he would never again put his life in such jeopardy, his foot resting upon the neck of his dog. He further adds, that the queen was present at the chase, and had declared that, at the fatal moment, "she wadna hae gien a haggis an' a horn spoon for St. Clair's head;" which shows that in the days of King Robert the Bruce the queens "suppit their haggis wi' horn spoons."

Her Majesty was also highly amused at the story of the "'Prentice Pillar," a fine fluted column, quite different from the rest, near the high altar, with wreaths of foliage and flowers in *alto relievo*, twisted spirally around it. "The master mason of the chapel, meeting," it is said, "with some difficulty in the execution of the design, found it necessary to go to Rome for information, during which his apprentice carried on and completed the work. The master, on his return, stung with envy at this proof of the superior genius of his servant, slew him by a blow on the head with a mason's hammer." In support of this story, the loquacious cicerone, with his long wand, pointed out to her Majesty two heads supporting brackets in the work, said to be the heads of the master mason and the apprentice, which last bears a red stain on the forehead, no doubt introduced by the worthy keeper; a third head, that of a woman weeping, is pointed out as the mother of the apprentice.[1]

Her Majesty was about to descend into the subterraneous chapel or crypt at the east end, founded by Elizabeth Douglas, formerly Countess of Buchan, the first lady of Sir William St. Clair, but the cicerone assured her Majesty that "there was naething there worth seein'."

[1] Similar tales have been told of other structures—one, in particular, of the famous rose window at Rouen in Normandy, said also to have been built by an apprentice, whose master, through jealousy, knocked out his brains with a hammer.—History of "Roslin and Hawthornden" by the Author, 1831.

Her Majesty and the prince did not visit Roslin Castle, but proceeded forward to Hawthornden, about two miles distant, a small fortalice or castellated mansion, which stands in majesty on a high projecting rock overhanging the river Esk. This remarkable building consisted of a square vaulted tower, with walls of great thickness; this tower may be said to be grafted in the native rock. Adjoining to the tower are additional buildings of more modern construction. In the upper storey of the tower is now growing a sycamore tree of considerable size. At what time or by whom this fortalice was erected is uncertain. It is mentioned as a place of defence in a charter of date 1433. The building now inhabited was partly built by William Drummond, the celebrated poet and historian, in the reign of James VI., and partly by his son, Sir William Drummond, in 1638. From the windows of these buildings, and the adjacent garden, there is a most delightful and romantic prospect, which cannot be described by any language of ours.

"Here might contemplation imp
Her eagle plumes! The poet here might hold
Sweet converse with the Muse! The curious sage
Might find a volume here. For here are caves
Where rise those gurgling rills that sing the song
Which contemplation loves. Here, shadowy glades,
Where, through the tremulous foliage, sports the ray
That gilds the poet's dream!"

The entrance to the caverns underneath this mansion is in the side of a perpendicular rock, of great height above the river, to which we descend by twenty-seven steps; then, passing along a board of 5 feet long and only the breadth of 10 inches, we mount the rock in eight steps, and arrive at the mouth of the cave, within the entrance of which, on the left, cut in the rock, is a long narrow passage ascending to an apartment 75 feet in length and 6 feet in breadth, called the King's Gallery; near the upper end of which, cut in the rock, is a narrow dungeon denominated the King's Bedroom; and on the right hand is another cave, 21 feet long and 6 feet broad, descending by steps, called the King's Guardroom. There are five apartments which Dr. Stuckley calls the royal dungeons of what he imagines to have formed a Pictish palace. On descending, before re-passing the board, is a cave of modern workmanship called the Cypress Grove, in which Drummond composed his poems: it is 7 feet 6 inches wide and 5½ feet high. In this delightful retreat Drummond entertained the celebrated poet Ben Jonson, who travelled on foot all the distance from London to see and converse with him.

The queen and prince on their arrival at Hawthornden were ushered into the hall of this ancient mansion, whence they proceeded to a door

permitting a view of the back part of the house, and commanding a prospect of the deep glen of the Esk beneath, with a burst of scenery around at once wild and beautiful, which so struck the royal pair that they gave way to their delight in many animated expressions of wonder and admiration.

On returning to the hall the queen and prince were shown the table which belonged to John Earl of Carrick, afterwards King Robert III.,[1] who espoused Annabella Drummond, daughter of Sir John Drummond of Stobhall, a lady of great beauty and merit, who was mother to David Duke of Rothesay, and the Prince James, afterwards James I. of Scotland; which table is carved with the initials of Robert and his queen. On this table lies a two-handed sword, said to be that of King Robert, the hilt or handle of which is made of the horn of a sea-unicorn; this relic attracted for some minutes the attentive examination of the prince.

The alliance of the family of Drummond with that of Stewart aroused the jealousy of the Scottish nobles for a long period afterwards. When James IV. proposed to marry Margaret, daughter of John, first Lord Drummond, they strenuously opposed it as being within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity, as the king and his intended queen were third or fourth cousins. His Majesty had vowed never to marry any other while Lady Margaret lived. Meanwhile, she and her two sisters, Lady Fleming and Sybylla, by swallowing poison together at breakfast, all died suddenly. They lie interred in a vault covered with three blue marbles joined close together, in the middle choir of Dunblane Cathedral. In the year following James married the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England.

The royal party then proceeded to look down into the well, cut through the solid rock to an immense depth; and from thence went to the seat on the brink of the perpendicular rock, on which is an inscription by the poet Drummond. They also viewed the large sycamore tree, the growth of many centuries, under which Drummond and his friend met 250 years ago, and between whom the following dialogue is said to have passed :—

"Welcome, welcome, royal Ben."
"Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden."

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[1] *John Earl of Carrick* changed his name to Robert on ascending the throne in 1390. He had the character of a modest and peaceable prince. In 1396, in presence of the king, the two clans of "*Clan Kays*" and "*Clan Chattans*" fought, thirty a-side, with sharp swords, and without armour, on the north Inch of Perth. All the "Clan Kays" were killed except one, who swam over the river Tay, and so escaped; eleven of the "Clan Chattans" escaped with life, but all severely wounded. Scottish Chronicles, p. 126. 1597.

The queen and prince also visited the caverns, which they explored, two parties having been placed at the entrance bearing lights. Her Majesty put several questions respecting the history of these subterraneous apartments, and seemed highly interested at the information she received.

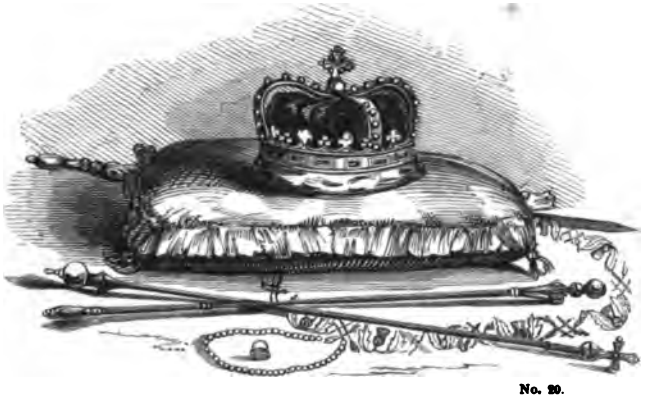
Some time elapsed before the royal pair could reach their carriage, during which the crowds of country people continued "bobbing and bowing" like the undulations of an agitated sea, presenting one of the most ludicrous sights which perhaps her Majesty had witnessed during the royal progress. While she laughed at the absurdity of the scene, she did not fail to acknowledge their rustic greetings in a manner which will never be forgotten by all who had the good fortune to behold her Majesty. After the lapse of several years we were highly amused by some of the good folks at Roslin. We asked one old dame if she had seen the queen. She replied, "Yes, Sir, I did, and was so near her queenship that I touched her gown as she walked through the crowd; and I was sure the queen saw me, for she turned round and *leugh*. Troth, my gentleman, she was a *bonny leddy* in her ilka-day claes, but I wad hae liket better to hae seen her at *Dakeith* wi' her croun on her head and wi' her robes o' goud; but it was a grand thing to see the queen, in sic dull times, savin' siller on her claes; which ought to be a lesson to our lassies i' the village no' to dress aboon their station."

Roslin and Hawthornden, one of the most peaceful and romantic corners of Scotland, may be said to belong to the history of former ages. From this profound territory have gone forth the bravest and most patriotic characters in history. The potent princes of Orkney, so conspicuous in warfare, so gorgeous in peace, held their court here. From the rocks and caves have issued the bold deliverers of their native land, when they "sought the heather bush for their shelter;" and from the groves of Hawthornden has arisen the poet's enraptured song. These times are gone: but the same ravines, rocks, and caves contain the gleams of native grandeur; a wilderness of heather still luxuriates over the hoary precipices and uplifted cliffs. The woods which once covered the patriots of Scotland still afford one of the most delicious retreats in the noonday rays of a summer sun, presenting a sublime sylvan seclusion, such dark and shadowy recesses, such moss-grown slopes where Spring throws out her primroses, and Summer her delicately tinted flowers, while the devious Esk, at one place exhibiting the appearance of a dark brooding stream and anon a roaring torrent, filling with sound the fairy solitude—

"That form'd by hand of nature seems
For lovers' sighs and poets' dreams!"

The

Castle of Edinburgh.



No. 20.

"THERE WATCHING HIGH THE LEAST ALARMS,
THY ROUGH, RUDE FORTRESS GLEAMS AFAR;
LIKE SOME BOLD VETERAN GREY IN ARMS,
AND MARK'D WITH MANY A SEAMY SCAR."

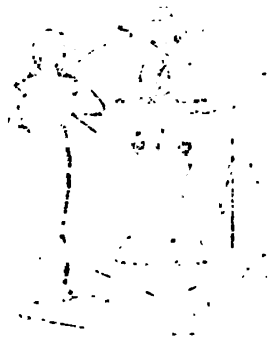
BURNS.

"THE STEEP AND IRON-BELTED ROCK
WHERE TRUSTED LIE THE MONARCHY'S LAST GEMS."

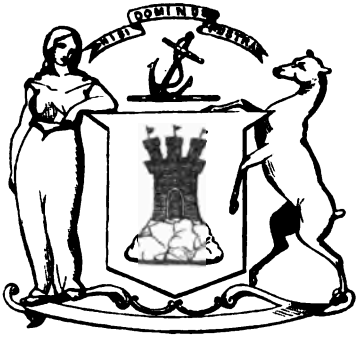
ALBANIA, A POEM.

G.F. Sargent del. Miller sc.

EDINBURGH CASTLE.



Edinburgh Castle.



No. 21.

Foundation by Camelon, King of the Picts—Its advantages as a Stronghold—The various Names by which it has been distinguished—A Nunnery and Monastery before the foundation of Holyrood—The Palace of Malcolm Canmore, where he kept his Court—The King killed by Richard Mowbray, afterwards Percy—Queen Margaret dies here—A palace of David I.—Alexander III. and his Queen—Edward I. of England takes possession of it—Is surprised and recovered by Sir Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray—Is dismantled by Robert the Bruce—Engagement between Randolph and Count Namure's forces—The Count's defeat—Count Namure escorted by Randolph to the Borders, where he falls into an ambush—Randolph carried prisoner to Edward—Castle rebuilt and garrisoned by Edward III.—Surprised by William de Douglas—James II. held in durance here—His escape to Stirling—His capture and return—Earl Douglas decoyed into the Castle and executed—Execution of Malcolm Fleming—James III. is confined here by his Nobles—The Castle assaulted and taken by the inhabitants, headed by his brother the Duke of Albany—Privileges granted to the Burgesses for their loyal services—Castle vainly assaulted by Henry VIII.—Demonstrations on the Marriage of Mary of Scotland with the Dauphin of France—The Queen-mother resides here—Her Death—Earl Bothwell imprisoned—Mary's return from France—Her Visit to and Residence in the Castle—James VI. born—Letter of Lord Darnley to Cardinal de Guise—Mary conducted by Bothwell after her Abduction—Casket of Letters, said to have been found in the Castle—The Castle held for the Queen by Kirkaldy, the Governor—His Surrender and Execution—The Residence of James VI. —Visit of Charles I. to the Castle—Wars during that period—History of the Crown Jewels, until their secret removal to the Castle—Castle held for King James VII.—Prince Charles Stuart cannonades the Castle—Curious account of the Siege—Reminiscences of the State Prisoners of 1715 and 1745—Ultimate Discovery of the Regalia—Jewels added by William IV. —The Crown-room—General Description of the Castle—Visit of George IV. in 1822—Visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Albert in 1842.

MONG the royal remains of Scottish independence, this time-honoured fortress, which frowns in gloomy grandeur on its ancient capital, and over whose adamantine foundation many centuries have rolled, may well be considered one of the greatest national monuments in the kingdom. It stands on a rock 100 feet perpendicular from its base, and is elevated about 294 feet above the level of the sea—a situation which, from its immense natural security, was occupied as a stronghold

by Cruthneus Camelon, the first king of the Picts, 330 years before the Christian era.[1]

The castle is reared on the western extremity of the ridge upon which the old city of Edinburgh is built, and by which only it was accessible, being enclosed on the south and west by a strong wall, and upon the north strengthened by a considerable loch, or lake, called the "North Loch," now completely drained and laid out in gardens, the hollow being appropriated to a portion of the Caledonian railway, which, as it were, cuts and divides the old from the new towns. A better situation for such a purpose cannot possibly be conceived.

Before the invention of artillery, the castle was deemed impreguable. Boethius, in his History, designates it the Hill of St. Agnes; but its more usual name was "Arx Puellarum," or "Castrum Puellarum," "the Virgins' Castle,"—a name supposed to have been originally given from the daughters of the Pictish kings and chiefs having been kept and educated within its impregnable walls; a very desirable place of security during the incessant wars of that period. In allusion to, and apparently in support of this opinion, the arms of the city of Edinburgh present "a castle, triple-towered, and embattled *sable*, masoned of the first, and topped with three fanes *gules*, windows and portcullis shut of the last, situated on a rock proper, supported on the dexter by a maid, richly attired, with her hair hanging over her shoulders, and on the left by a stag proper," the emblem of speed or safety.[2] The motto, "Nisi Dominus frustra," however, christianises the derivation, unless, as is very probable, the motto may have been subsequently assumed, at the period when the stronghold received the sainted title of the "Hill of St. Agnes."

In ancient writings we also find that this rock-crowned fortress was called "the Winged Castle," but this title may have been bestowed upon it from the altitude of its situation.

About the end of the sixth century, the celebrated Arthur, King of the Britons, who assisted the Scots and Picts against the Saxons, fought a battle on the site of the present castle.

The name of "Castrum Puellarum" has been also ascribed to the establishment of a nunnery, which existed here previous to the foundation of the monastery of Holyrood. Hay, the celebrated antiquarian, states that "in the year 1176, the monastery was as yet seated in the Castle of Edinburgh, and that their canons were in possession of the buildings of the nuns, and gave it the name of Castrum Puellarum." "These

[1] Abridgment of the Scots Chronicles, dedicated to James VI., 1597, p. 199.
[2] Nesbit's Heraldry. Vide armorial bearings preceding page.

nuns had been thrust out of the castle by St. David; and in their places canons regular were introduced by the Pope's dispensation, as being fitter to live among soldiers."[1] This reminds us of the quaint verses of Dr. Pope, chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury, on Old Sarum, which was also a castle and a cloister:—

"The soldiers and churchmen did not long agree;
For the surly men with the belt on
Made sport at the gate with the priests that came late
From shriving the nuns of Wilton."

The monks continued in the "Castrum" during the reign of Malcolm Canmore, as is proved by several charters, dated "Apud Monasterium Sanctæ Crucis de Castello Puellarum."[2] It was also one of the chief residences of that monarch on his accession to the crown in 1057. During his reign he created many earls, lords, barons, and knights. The Thanes of Fife, Monteith, Atholl, Lennox, Moray, Caithness, and Ross, were made earls. He also originated the surnames of Calder, Lockhart, Gordon, Seyton, Lauder, Kennedy, Meldrum, Shaw, Lairmont, Strachan, Cargyll, Rattray, Dundas, Cockburn, Menzies, Abercrombie, Leslie, and others. His officers were first called Steward, Darward, and Bannerman.

It was during the reign of this monarch that William, Duke of Normandy, the Conqueror,[3] having in 1066 slain King Harold in battle, Edgar Atheling, the young prince and rightful heir to the English crown, took shipping, along with the rest of the royal family, to return to *Ungerland;* but, during a great storm, and by contrary winds, they were driven into the firth of Forth and landed at Queensferry. King Malcolm, who was at that time residing at Dunfermline, immediately proceeded to welcome the expatriated prince and his mother and sisters, who were all, with their adherents, hospitably entertained. The king made court to the Princess Margaret, eldest sister to Edgar, and was married to her,[4] much to the chagrin of the Conqueror, who, jealous of the alliance, expelled all Edgar's friends from England. Many of these came into Scotland, where lands and surnames were conferred upon them—as Lindsay, Vane, Ramsay, Towers, Preston, Sutherland, Bisset, Soulis, Wardlaw, Maxwell, &c.: several of the French and other

[1] Hay, p. 292.

[2] Whitaker, vol. ii., p. 54; Arnot's History; Hay, p. 292.

[3] He received the title of Conqueror, not because he conquered England, but from the Latin word conquestus, signifying in those days property acquired, not inherited.

[4] From this happy union is descended our beloved Queen Victoria, who rules in peace over two kingdoms happily united; from the good Queen Margaret our sovereign lady derives the tide of Saxon blood which flows in her veins.

foreign adherents received the surnames of Sinclair, Boswell, Montgomery, Boyes, Beaton, Bothwell, Crighton, Fotheringham, Gifford, Melville, and Borthwick.[1] Malcolm had born to him by Queen Margaret six sons and two daughters, one of which last, Matilda, was afterwards married to Henry I. of England.[2] The manner of the king's death is thus recorded:—"One Richard Mowbray, unarmed, upon a light horse, came out of the Castle of Alnwick with a lance in his hand, the keys of the castle upon the point of the lance. King Malcolm looking earnestly thereunto, Mowbray ran the king through the left eye, and escaped into the wood. William the Conqueror changed the name of the knight, and called him 'Percy,' the progenitor of the earls of Northumberland. The remains of the king and prince were buried at Tinmouth, but were afterwards removed to Dunfermline."

Edinburgh Castle was the residence of Queen Margaret before and subsequent to the death of the king, which she did not long survive, having died a few days thereafter. In 1093 the castle was closely besieged by Donald Bane, brother to the late king, who, with the assistance of the King of Norway, had usurped the throne. The young prince and the rest of the royal family were protected within the walls, and the usurper, presuming, from the immense steepness of the rock, which was only accessible on the eastern side, that his brother's children had no other means of escape, placed his guards on the only practicable approach. The garrison, being made aware of this, with cautious privacy conveyed the body of the queen through a postern gate, on the west side of the castle, to the abbey of Dunfermline, which had been rebuilt by Malcolm, and designed for the sepulture of the Scottish kings, where she was interred. The children made good their escape, and were protected and educated under the care of her brother Edgar.[3]

Queen Margaret, who has been termed a good, godly, and pious princess, founded the church of Carlisle, which was styled St. Margaret's.

Donald Bane thereafter obtained possession of the castle, but was expelled in the first year of his reign by Duncan, natural son of King Malcolm, who also usurped the crown; he was taken captive by Edgar, had his eyes put out, and died in prison. Edgar, the third son of Malcolm Canmore, was the first anointed King of Scotland, and began his reign in 1098.

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[1] It is a fact worthy of notice that during this reign the English language was first introduced and spoken at the Scottish court, and continued afterwards to be used throughout the lowlands.

[2] At the siege of Alnwick, in 1093, Malcolm and his son were slain by the forces of William Rufus.

[3] Dalrymple's Annals, p. 25; Arnot, vol. i., p. 3.

King David I., the youngest son of King Malcolm, resided at the castle of Edinburgh after his accession to the throne in 1124. From this castle are dated the charters of the Abbey of Holyrood and other religious foundations. The reign of this monarch was an era of ecclesiastical architecture. He built the abbeys of Kelso, Jedburgh, Dundrennan, Cambuskenneth, Kinross, Melrose, Newbottle, Dunfermline, Holm in Cumberland, and also religious houses at Carlisle and Newcastle in Northumberland, besides erecting the bishoprics of Brechin, Ross, Dunblane, and Dunkeld.

On the marriage of Alexander III. with the daughter of Henry III. of England, about 1249, Edinburgh Castle became the residence of the young queen. But it appears that she was by no means fond of her abode; for she complained bitterly of her confinement "in a sad and solitary place without verdure, and excluded from the conjugal society of her husband, who had by this time completed his fourteenth year." Alexander was killed by a fall from his horse betwixt Easter and Wester Kinghorn, in Fife, in the thirty-seventh year of his reign.

In the contest which followed the death of Alexander, between the two claimants to the crown, Bruce and Baliol, Edward I., taking advantage of the divided state of the kingdom, advanced his claim of superiority over Scotland—a claim founded on injustice and prosecuted with cruelty—which involved that kingdom in calamities, some of the consequences of which are still felt, in the obscurity thrown upon its history by the barbarous ravages and destructive policy of the ambitious monarch.

In prosecution of his design of subjugation, in 1296, Edward besieged and took the castle of Edinburgh, which appears to have remained in possession of the English for a period of twenty years. In 1313 it was recovered by Sir Thomas Randolph, afterwards Earl of Moray, during the minority of David II. It was demolished by King Robert the Bruce, who, pursuant to his wise policy, caused this and all other strongholds to be dismantled, to prevent their again being held by the enemy.

In 1336, Guy, Count of Namure, on his march with a large body of foreign soldiers, to assist Edward III. at Perth, was attacked on his route, at Edinburgh, by the Earl of Moray, on the Borough-muir. The conflict was sharp; but the Scots being reinforced by a party under the command of William de Douglas, the count's forces gave way. They retreated in order of battle, fighting gallantly, but, being hard pressed by the Earl of Moray, part of them were driven through the spot still called Bristo Port, and, flying down the Candlemaker-row, thence retreated to the castle rock, the castle at this time being nothing but a mass of ruins. The rest of Namure's troops fled through St. Mary's-

wynd, in which narrow lane they were encountered by Sir David de Anand, a Scottish knight, and there the slaughter became considerable. Those who escaped the carnage joined their companions on the castle rock, where they killed their horses, and with their carcases piled up a sort of rampart, to defend themselves from their eager pursuers. Notwithstanding the advantageous position occupied by the brave foreigners, they could not long maintain it. Destitute of provisions, the garrison roofless, and themselves exhausted with the fatigues of battle, they next morning surrendered, upon condition that they should not be put to the sword. The gallant Earl of Moray allowed the Count of Namure to depart with his effects, and escorted that brave nobleman to the borders; a service which was ill requited by the English, for the earl fell into an ambush laid by them, and was carried prisoner to Edward.

King Edward, on his return from Perth, gave orders for rebuilding Edinburgh Castle, in which he placed a strong garrison. It remained in the hands of the English until the 17th of April, 1341, when it was surprised by the well conducted stratagem of William de Douglas, who had previously contributed to the victory already described. In this enterprise he was assisted by three other gentlemen. One of these, pretending to be an English shipmaster, just arrived with a cargo of goods on board of a vessel riding in the firth of Forth, exhibited samples of wine, beer, biscuits, &c., which he said composed his freight. The governor was highly pleased with them, and at once purchased the whole. The feigned captain, affecting to dread interruption from the Scots, requested to be permitted to deliver the goods very early next morning. This apparently reasonable request the governor granted; and accordingly the supposed shipmaster punctually appeared before the gate, attended by twelve armed followers, habited as mariners and escorting a waggon, in which the supplies were supposed to be contained. The gates were thrown open as the waggon approached the barrier. At this moment, and just at the entrance, the escort contrived to overturn the carriage, and by this means prevented the gates from being again shut. They then despatched the warder and sentries, and, sounding a bugle, Douglas and a trusty band who lay in ambush near the castle rushed in and joined their intrepid companions. A determined conflict ensued, most of the garrison were put to the sword, and the castle was thus recovered by the Scots. This successful stratagem bears a striking similitude to that of Binnock, the peasant who surprised Linlithgow about twenty-eight years before.[1]

[1] Linlithgow Palace, page 3.

During the reign of John Earl of Carrick, who assumed the style of King Robert III., from a superstitious notion that the name of John was unfortunate for monarchs, the burgesses of Edinburgh had the singular privilege conferred on them of building houses for themselves within the walls of the castle, and of free access to the same without paying any fee to the constable, and subject to no other limitation than that they should be persons of good fame.

Edinburgh Castle was not only used as the residence of the kings and queens of Scotland, but it also served on many occasions as the prison to which they were consigned by the confederate barons, who frequently possessed themselves of the persons of their sovereigns, in order to give a seeming sanction to their lawless usurpations. Thus, James II., when only seven years of age, was, in 1438, held in a sort of honourable durance by Sir William Crichton, the Lord Chancellor, in consequence of a quarrel between Crichton and the regent, Lord Livingstone. But the queen-dowager, resolving to add lustre to her cause by the possession of the royal infant, devised a stratagem by which the young king was conveyed out of the castle in a trunk at an hour so early that his attendants believed him to be asleep. James was then put on board a ship in Leith harbour, and on the same night he arrived under the battlements of Stirling Castle. But he did not long enjoy the enlargement thus procured for him; for he was, by the execution of a counter-stratagem, soon after taken by a band of armed men, headed by the chancellor, while hunting in the woods near Stirling, and was, with much seeming courtesy, reconducted to Edinburgh. The regent and chancellor afterwards held a conference in the church of St. Giles, at which Crichton agreed to a reconciliation, the better to control the oppressions of the much-dreaded Earl of Douglas. Preliminaries having been adjusted to their mutual satisfaction, they resolved on getting rid of the earl; and the executive power of the state being unable to cope with such an adversary, and far less able to bring him to account, the chancellor's next step was to insinuate himself into the good graces of that nobleman, and, under the semblance of the most sincere friendship, to decoy him into the castle on the 4th of November, 1440, where the regent had also come to share the guilt and responsibility of the murder they intended to perpetrate. Douglas was received and treated with the most distinguished marks of honour and respect during the banquet to which he had been invited. As he sat at table with the young king, towards the end of the feast a bull's head was placed before him; he immediately understood the fatal symbol,[1]

[1] Gubernator, assentiente Cancellario ... Amotis epules *taurinum caput apponi jubet*. Idem enim est apud nostrates supplicii capitales symbolum. Boethius, p. 363.

and sprang from the table; but he and his brother, who was with him, were instantly seized by armed men, and, notwithstanding the tears and entreaties of the young monarch, they were dragged to the outer court of the castle and there butchered, after having undergone a mock trial, at which the king was compelled to preside.[1] In allusion to this deed of blood Godscroft quotes the following stanza from an ancient ballad :—

"Edinburgh castle, town, and tower,
God grant thou sink for sin,
And that even for the black dinner
Earl Douglas gat therein."

Three days after the execution of these noblemen, Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld was brought to trial on a charge of treason, and beheaded on the same spot, still wet with the blood of his chief.[2]

In 1482, James III., having by his weak councils and suspicious temper involved the nation in turbulence and bloodshed, was confined by his nobles in this castle, in which he endured a captivity of nine months. The Duke of Albany, whom he had highly disobliged, was at length prevailed upon by the tears and importunities of the queen to attempt the rescue of his brother and sovereign; and he accordingly appointed some friends to meet him at a certain time near Edinburgh, and the citizens, who had all along continued loyal to the king, acted in conjunction with the force thus suddenly and secretly drawn together. The castle was assaulted and taken by surprise, and the king liberated. For this great service on the part of the citizens of Edinburgh, James, by two charters, of date the 6th of November, 1482, granted to them many valuable privileges, amongst which was that of the hereditary office of Sheriff, with power to hold courts for trying criminals;[3] and as a perpetual remembrance of the loyalty and bravery displayed by the citizens, he granted them a banner or standard, with power to display the same in defence of their king, the country, and their own rights. This ensign, which is still preserved, and is in the keeping of the convener of the trades, is from its colour denominated the "blue blanket," at whose appearance not only the artificers of Edinburgh, but all the artisans and craftsmen in the other towns, are bound to repair to it, and, if occasion require, to fight under it.[4] This venerable symbol was unfurled in 1822, on the occasion of the visit of King George IV.[5]

King James IV., who entertained the romantic project of invading

[1] Scots Hist., p. 237; Drummond, p. 21.
[2] Godscroft's Hist. of the House of Douglas, vol. i., p. 287; Auchinleck, p. 35.
[3] Carta James III., Arch. Edin.
[4] Conveners ac Blue Blanket.
[5] Visit of King George IV., by the Author, p. 23.

England, notwithstanding the prophetic warnings he received, the tears of his queen, and the entreaties of his people, left his palace at Linlithgow[1] and proceeded to Edinburgh, where he collected his army on the Borough-muir; thence fearlessly marching out of Scotland, he left the city to protect itself. Little did the daring monarch dream

> ——— "what woe mischance may bring,
> And how its merry bells would ring
> The death-dirge of her gallant king!"[2]

The fatal battle of Flodden, and the death of James, are well known. On the 10th of September, 1513, the news reached Edinburgh and overwhelmed the inhabitants with the utmost grief and consternation. The authorities issued a proclamation ordering all the inhabitants to assemble in military array for the protection of the castle and city, and preparations were made to resist the enemy. A peace, however, with England, soon freed the inhabitants from the apprehension of the city being besieged.

During the minority of Mary of Scotland, in 1554, the English army sent by Henry VIII. to punish the Scots for refusing their queen to his son, afterwards Edward VI., took possession of Leith, and on the second day thereafter appeared before Edinburgh. On approaching, they were met by the provost and magistrates, who, in name of the citizens, offered to surrender the keys of the city, provided they might be at liberty to carry their effects along with them. The English general rejected these terms, and required from the citizens an absolute and unconditional submission of their lives and properties.[3] The provost coolly replied, "In that case it were better that the city should stand on its defence." The Netherbow Port was immediately assaulted and forced open, and a number of the inhabitants were put to the sword. The English then brought up their heavy artillery against the castle, from which they experienced so brisk a reception that they were soon obliged to withdraw from the well directed fire of the garrison. Baffled in their attempt on the castle, they wreaked their vengeance upon the city. They set fire to, and laid waste, the towns and villages for several miles round. The palace of Holyrood, the castles of Craigmillar and Roslin, the town and pier of Leith, were all destroyed by fire. The English fleet, too, were not idle, but joined in the work of devastation by scourging the shores of the firth of Forth, when almost every village from Fifeness to Stirling was plundered and laid in ashes.[4]

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[1] *Vide* preceding description of Linlithgow, p. 31. [2] Marmion.
[3] Hollinshed's History of Scotland. [4] Arnot's Hist., vol. i., p. 9.

In 1558, George Lord Seaton, a nobleman who afterwards figured in the reign of Queen Mary, was governor of Edinburgh Castle. He was appointed in that year one of the commissioners sent to treat of the marriage with that queen and Francis Dauphin of France.[1] At the nuptials of Queen Mary and the dauphin, in 1558, great rejoicings were made through all the realm, which everywhere blazed with bonfires, and resounded with the discharge of cannon and other demonstrations of loyalty and affection. The guns of the castle sent forth their tributary thunders on the joyous occasion. In the treasurer's books of that year there is entered a charge of ten shillings paid to certain "*pyonaris*, for their labours in raising of the Mons" (a large piece of ordnance) "forth of her lair, and for finding and carrying of her bullet, after she was schote, frae Wardie Muir, back to the castle," a distance of two miles.[2]

On the 1st of April, 1560, the queen regent in despair retired from the palace of Holyrood to the castle of Edinburgh, where she remained until her death, which took place at one o'clock in the morning of the 11th of June. Her train remained in the castle until the 10th of July. Her body was put into a coffin of lead, and in October, 1560, was carried to France and interred in the Benedictine monastery of St. Peter, at Rheims, of which her sister René was the abbess.[3]

In 1561 the justly despicable Earl of Bothwell was confined in the castle of Edinburgh for some time, until he effected his escape by means of a rope from one of the windows, and left the country for upwards of two years. Had he never returned we might have closed the history of the unfortunate Mary more happily. About the same time the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and Prior of Whithorn, was confined in the castle for saying and hearing mass. He was afterwards set at liberty, and, by his injudicious counsel in advising the queen to risk an engagement at Langside, ruined her prospects for ever. He was made prisoner at the siege of Dumbarton, in which castle he had taken refuge; when, without form of trial, he was condemned to be hanged.[4]

In August, 1561, Mary of Scotland sailed from Calais to assume the Scottish crown, and the castle of Edinburgh, with its iron-belted rock, was for the first time beheld by her, on reaching her native shores.

In September Mary made her public entry into the city of Edinburgh, with great pomp. Nothing was neglected that could express the duty

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[1] Grose's Antiq., vol. i., App., p. 175.

[2] Dalzell's Cursory Remarks, p. 32. For a description of Mons, first called by Drummond Mons Meg, see subsequent history.

[3] Keith, p. 122.

[4] Robertson's History of Scotland, 157. Description of Dumbarton.

and affection of the citizens towards their sovereign, although they could not at the same time conceal their dislike of her religion. On this occasion Mary visited and dined within the castle. As she came out at the gate, she was met by a boy six years old, who descended as it were from the clouds, and presented to her a bible, a psalter, and the keys of the castle.

The castle, from this time, became the occasional residence of Mary. Thither she retired after the murder of Rizzio; and previous to the birth of the young prince, being advised to take refuge in this stronghold during a period replete with plots and conspiracies, in the interval of her retirement she employed herself in reconciling her irascible nobles to each other. Thus she, who had received offence and injury from so many, subjected her temper to her duty. But it was difficult to reconcile her husband Darnley to herself, though he lived apparently amicably with his wife in the castle, as she never mentioned to him her sense of his misconduct. The nobles assumed, for the present, the appearance of reconciliation with each other, although none of the lords, except Argyll and Murray, slept within the castle. If, therefore, any fatal accident had happened to the queen, as well it might have done, after the bloody scene of Rizzio's assassination, Murray, being in possession of the castle, could have seized the sceptre which Cecil, Elizabeth's minion, would have maintained to be legitimately his, and which Elizabeth would have recognized as his indubitable right, in the teeth of the statute entailing the crown on the Earl of Arran. Mary, however, disappointed her plotting ministers and her rival queen, having been happily delivered of a son who was destined to rule over both kingdoms. On this occasion Lord Darnley addressed the following letter to the Cardinal de Guise:—

"From the Castle of Edinburgh, the 19th day of June, 1566, in great haste.

"SIR, MY UNCLE,

"Having so favourable an opportunity of writing to you by this gentleman, who is on the point of setting off, I would not omit to inform you that the queen, my wife, has just been delivered of a son, which circumstance, I am sure, will not cause you less joy than ourselves; and also to inform you, how, on this occasion, I have on my part—as the queen my said wife has also on hers—written to the king, begging him to be pleased to oblige and honour us by standing as sponsor for him, by which means he will increase the debt of gratitude I owe him for all his favours to me, for which I shall always be ready to make every return in my power.

"So, having nothing more agreeable to inform you of at present, I

conclude, praying God, Monsieur my uncle, to have you always in his holy and worthy keeping.

"Your very humble and obedient Nephew,

"HENRY R.

"Please to present my commendations to Madame the Dowager de Guise."

The news of the above event was by no means grateful to the ears of Châtelherault, as it interposed an heir to the crown, and obliged Murray to change the whole plan of his future measures towards obtaining the first place in the distracted government. When the queen's period of confinement was past, she left her embattled retirement, and sailed along the Forth to Alloa Tower, the residence of the hospitable Earl of Mar, attended by others of her nobles; but Darnley, in his perverse humour, proceeded by land. It was while residing at Alloa that Secretary Maitland was first permitted to wait upon the queen, having obtained her pardon for his participation in Rizzio's murder, by the influence of Athol and Murray in opposition to the interest of Darnley and Bothwell: which shows that at this important period Bothwell was less in favour with the queen than Murray and Athol. The queen, on the 22nd of September, 1566, carried the young prince to Stirling, where he was committed to the care of the Earl of Mar, who resided alternately at Stirling Castle and Alloa Tower.

A small apartment in the castle of Edinburgh, which is still shown in the south-east corner of the square,[1] on the ground-floor near to where the regalia are deposited, was occupied by Mary during her accouchement; and in this apartment, on the 19th of June, 1566, she gave birth to a son, as before described. Over the chimney is the date of that occurrence; and on the panelling on the wall, underneath the arms of Scotland, are the following doggrel lines, which we have been gravely told are Queen Mary's composition: a pretty specimen truly!—

"Lord Jesu Chryst, that crounit was with thornse!
Preserve the birth, qhais Badgie heir is borne,
And send her sonne successione to reign still
Lang in this Realme, if that be thy will;
Als grant, O Lord, quhatever of her proceed,
Be to thy honor and prais, so beid."

It is extraordinary that this, as well as almost all the other apartments said to have been occupied by Mary, is of such narrow dimen-

[1] See Engraving.

sions as would be deemed utterly insufficient for the accommodation of a menial of the present day.

After the murder of Darnley, Queen Mary again changed her residence, for safety, from the palace of Holyrood to the castle, where she remained shut up in a dark chamber hung with black, until after her husband's funeral. Darnley's remains, meantime, lay in the abbey church, from the 12th to the 15th of February, and his body having been embalmed, he was interred in the royal vault, in which James V. and his two infant sons, the brothers of Mary, reposed.

In May, 1567, after the queen was carried by Bothwell to Dunbar, she returned with him to Edinburgh, accompanied by a strong guard; but at the foot of the Canongate, when she was about to turn towards the palace, he seized her horse and conveyed her to the castle, of which he was governor, without any attempt on the part of the populace to rescue her from his hands, as has been formerly stated.

The discontent of the nation, Bothwell well knew, rendered this precaution necessary. In a house unfortified and of easy access, the queen might have been easily rescued from his power; but he knew she was safe in the castle, nor was she permitted to leave that fortress until his marriage with the queen was secured. On the 12th of May Bothwell accompanied her to the Tolbooth, where, in presence of the Lords of the Session, she pardoned him for the violence he had done her by forcibly carrying her off as prisoner to Dunbar; and on the 15th she was married to Bothwell.

With her ignominious marriage terminates the connection of Mary of Scotland with this fortress. In one short month a still more gloomy abode was destined for her habitation. After her imprisonment in the castle of Lochleven, on the 16th of June, the insurgent nobles entered into a bond of association for prosecuting the Earl of Bothwell; and in this association was included Sir James Balfour, the Keeper of Edinburgh Castle, who had been gained over by Secretary Maitland. On the 20th of that month, Bothwell is said to have sent his servant Dalgleish to the castle to bring from Balfour a boxful of letters which Morton supposed he had intercepted. This was the casket referred to in the subsequent evidence against the queen. But what is improbable is not easy of belief. On the 26th of June, Dalgleish was examined by Morton and the other privy councillors, concerning the king's murder; but neither Morton nor the court asked him a question about the interception of this casket. On the same day there was issued an act of the privy council for apprehending Bothwell. He was then charged with being the principal actor in the murder, with ravishing the queen's person, and with enforcing her to marry him. This proceeding, ten

days after the imprisonment of the queen, while it made a mockery of Mary, furnished Bothwell with ample opportunity to make his escape.

In 1570 the castle of Edinburgh was held for Queen Mary by Sir William Kirkaldy, the governor. Elizabeth sent a body of 1000 foot and 300 horse, under the command of Sir William Drury, to aid the king's party. They encamped together with a body of Scots at Leith.[1] They afterwards laid siege to Edinburgh, and, attempting to provoke Mary's party to an engagement, Lord Methven and seven of his followers were killed by shot from the garrison. Exasperated at this loss, they placed guards on the different avenues to the city, to cut off all supply of provisions; and, in order to strike the country-people with terror, they hanged two men for carrying sheep to the market, and scourged five women with great severity for bringing provisions thereto. The violence of party-feeling became so rancorous, that the prisoners on each side, without respect to their quality, were led to instant execution, and were hanged upon gibbets erected within sight of their friends. At last, tired as it were with mutual slaughter, a truce was agreed on till the first of the ensuing month of January; and the Earl of Morton, then regent, erected in the interim two bulwarks across the High-street, nearly opposite the Tolbooth, to shelter the city from the cannon of the castle. The truce being ended, Kirkaldy began, early in the morning of the 1st of January, 1573, to cannonade the city. Some of the artillery were pointed against the fish-market, which had been recently built. The balls falling amongst the fish, scattered them in every direction, and dashed quantities of them so high in the air that the tops of the houses received them in their fall. The singularity of this spectacle drew crowds of persons into the streets, when the poorer and least timid of them, incited by a desire to obtain part of the *flying fish*, ran to gather them, regardless of their danger; a ball alighting among a group thus employed, five persons were killed and about twenty wounded. Involved in all the miseries of civil discord, the regent solicited Elizabeth's assistance to reduce the fortress; and Sir William Drury, who before that time had left Scotland, returned with 1500 foot and a train of artillery.[2] On the 25th of April, he summoned Kirkaldy to surrender, who in token of defiance unfurled his ensign from the top of the fortress. The English general and the regent opened the trenches, and pushed the siege with the utmost vigour. Five batteries were erected against the castle: one of them on the spot where Heriot's Hospital now stands; the four others at nearly

[1] Robertson's Hist., vol. ii., p. 6.
[2] Holinshed's Hist. of England, p. 1866. Spottiswood, p. 71.

equal distances, in a curve line by the west of the castle, the last of them being raised in Bearford Park. Meanwhile the castle was defended with great gallantry; but a considerable part of the fortifications having been demolished, the castle well choked up with rubbish, and the supply of water thus entirely cut off, the garrison, though resolute, yet not being animated by the unconquerable spirit of their commander, after a siege of thirty-three days surrendered their stronghold on the 29th of May.[1]

The English general, in name of his mistress, promised favourable treatment to the governor; but he was nevertheless by the desire of Elizabeth delivered up to the regent, who basely caused the brave warrior to be hanged. The castle having suffered immense damage by this protracted siege, the regent lost no time in causing it to be repaired.

In 1577, after Morton resigned the government to the young King James VI., his brother, then governor, refused to deliver it up, and endeavoured to victual it for a siege; but being strenuously opposed by the citizens, he, on obtaining a pardon, surrendered it to the king's troops.

Edinburgh Castle is not mentioned as a royal residence for some time. King James VI., prior to his elevation to the crown of England, in his grand entry into Edinburgh paid a visit of ceremony to the castle; but Holyrood was chosen as his metropolitan abode.

In 1633, King Charles I. made his *grande entrée* into the city of Edinburgh, an account of which is given in the preceding history of Holyrood; but the castle was not included in his progress. This circumstance would have appeared rather uncommon, had we not discovered that at this period the fortress was in a ruinous condition; for on his return to England he issued a mandate, dated at Whitehall, in 1639, ordaining and desiring the inhabitants of the city "to aid and assist in repairing divers parts of the castle, and in putting it into a good state of defence." An order of this character, at a period of great excitement, had an opposite tendency to what the unfortunate monarch designed; for the town council, on the 17th of April, ordered the castle to be besieged and demolished, and voted the sum of 50,000*l.* Scotch money for that purpose.[2] The unhappy monarch was ultimately handed over by his Scottish subjects to the tender mercy of the English; and the destruction of another Stuart was added to the list of legal murders.

It was about this time that the Covenanters assembled in Edinburgh, and took possession of the castle and of Dalkeith House, then the pro-

[1] Robertson, vol. ii., p. 47. Arnot, vol. i., p. 24.
[2] Cowal's Register, pp. 126—128.

perty of the crown, and ultimately placed the valuable military stores found at Dalkeith in the castle.

In 1650 the castle was besieged by Oliver Cromwell; but the king's troops defended it for two months; when it was surrendered upon honourable terms.

We now approach a period when this "rough, rude fortress" was to enshrine the sole remaining symbols of Scottish royalty and independence. At the epoch we now record, much doubt existed as to the fate of the regalia of Scotland; but, being in possession of what was not in the knowledge of the historians of that period, we prefer continuing our narrative in the form of a diary.

In the fatal year 1652, the Earl Marischal, having taken the field to assist Charles II., was made prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and detained in the Tower of London. The castle of Dunottar was left by the Earl Marischal to the command of his lieutenant-general, George Ogilvie of Barras. The rapid progress of Cromwell's arms, and the impossibility of maintaining a defence with any chance of success, alarmed Ogilvie for the safety of the regalia of the kingdom: he consulted the Lord Chancellor Loudoun, who suggested that they should be delivered up to Lord Balcarras, and transported to some place of safety and strength. "It will be an irreparable loss and shame," said the Lord Chancellor, in his letter, "if they are taken by the enemy; and very dishonourable to yourself."

It would appear that Ogilvie did not deem it prudent to take the worthy chancellor's advice, which would have only served to expose, if not endanger the safety of, these national emblems. In these circumstances, he listened to the advice of his noble lady, who was descended from the house of Douglas, and entirely imbued with their hereditary spirit and love of independence; her intervention was therefore propitiated, in order that, when this "*forlorn hope*" of his royal master must necessarily be surrendered, he might with honour assert that he knew not where the regalia had been conveyed. These relics, wrapped up in hards of lint, were carried out of the castle upon a woman's back, who pretended to be a spinster, and passed unmolested through the besieging army. By desire of Lady Ogilvie, she left her burden with Mrs. Grainger, the wife of the Reverend James Grainger, minister of Kinneff, who, being necessarily in knowledge of the secret, had them buried, with all privacy, under the pulpit of his church, Lady Ogilvie being the only person to whom this important secret was revealed.[1]

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[1] As Dunottar was one of the castles visited by Queen Mary, we subjoin a brief but interesting account of this stronghold, which see.

In the mean time the castle of Dunottar was invested by the Cromwellian army, and, being almost the last to surrender, was supposed to contain the regalia of the kingdom. After a desperate resistance, which continued until the crown jewels were safely transported, the noble lieutenant was compelled to surrender, when he and his lady were strictly questioned as to the fate of the regalia, of which the Protector made himself perfectly sure. They were both imprisoned and threatened with torture to extort the secret. Lady Ogilvie's health sank under the confinement and inquisition to which she was subjected; but still she persisted in keeping her loyal and patriotic secret. All that the Lords of the Commonwealth could ascertain from the lady was, that the jewels they so eagerly inquired for had been carried off by John Keith, the Earl Marischal's son, who had recently gone abroad; and the Countess Marischal his mother had the address to procure a letter from her son in proof of this statement.

Lady Ogilvie's attachment to the Stuart cause cost her her life. She died like a Douglas. It was only in her last moments that she thought fit to reveal to her own husband where she had secreted the remaining emblems of her country's greatness. And when we read that this disclosure was qualified by the solemn exhortation, "that he ought sooner to lay his head on the block than betray the secret she had so faithfully kept," we are bound to declare, that the family of Stuart, unfortunate in every other respect, had certainly the most enthusiastic friends, whose devotion to that unfortunate dynasty will remain a proverb while the history of Scotland continues to be read.

The real fate of these national relics was a discovery of an after period. History alludes to them as having been transported to the castle of Edinburgh after the Restoration; but Mr. Arnot, the Edinburgh historian, who writes in 1778, seems to have imbibed a popular notion that the regalia had been transferred to London. So bold is he on this subject, that he asserts that, "if the officers of state and governors of the castle will not make personal inquiry whether the regalia of Scotland be still in the castle, the public will be entitled to conclude that they are no longer there, and that they have been carried off by private orders of the court."

By the deed of their deposit, which afterwards made its appearance, it is shown that the regalia were deposited in the castle of Edinburgh on the 26th of March, 1707, in a strong vaulted apartment, the chimney and windows of which were well secured, and its entrance protected by one door of oak and another of iron.[1]

[1] An account of the discovery of the regalia chest in 1794 will appear in its proper place.

The next account we have of the castle of Edinburgh is at the Revolution, when it was held for King James, by George, the fourth Marquis of Huntly and first Duke of Gordon. On the accession of James VII., his grace was sworn privy councillor, lord of the treasury, and appointed governor of the castle. He was also invested with the Order of the Thistle, on the revival of that distinguished order in 1687. The Lords Balcarras and Dundee also supported the interests of the exiled monarch.

Dundee, upon information of a design to assassinate him, left Edinburgh at the head of a troop of horse. In passing the castle, he clambered up the rock and held a conference with the Duke of Gordon. The novelty of the sight attracted many spectators, and it was reported in the city that there was an insurrection amongst the adherents of Dundee.[1]

The convention of estates summoned the Duke of Gordon to surrender the castle of Edinburgh, on the 15th of March, 1689; but, although he was left at the head of a weak and ill-provided garrison, he held out for a period of three months, when he was obliged to capitulate on honourable terms. His grace was for some time imprisoned, by way of an example to his vassals; but King William afterwards took his word of honour not to act in future against the government, and he was set at liberty.[2]

In the rebellion of 1715 the insurgents made a daring but unsuccessful attempt to get possession of the castle.

In 1745 Prince Charles Edward, although his army were masters of Edinburgh, did not venture to storm the castle. For some days after the battle of Prestonpans the communication between the castle and city continued open. The Highlanders, however, kept guard at the Weigh-house, and at some buildings near the fortress; and matters remained in a quiescent state until the 25th of September, when the scrambling of some sheep and goats upon the rocks had alarmed the garrison, who, without further inquiry, directed their cannon against the Highlanders. This led to an order, on the 29th, that no person be allowed to pass or repass to or from the castle. This order produced a retort from General Guest, the governor, to the Lord Provost, threatening, that unless a free communication were allowed between the fortress and the city, he would be obliged to use his cannon to dislodge the rebels. The general suspended the threatened cannonade for some time, in consequence of deputies from the city having waited upon him. But upon

[1] Arnot's Hist. of Edin., vol. i., p. 139.

[2] Mackay's Hist., p. 398; Privy Council Records.

the centinels firing at some people whom they saw carrying provisions to the castle, on the 2nd of October the garrison fired both cannon and small arms at the houses which covered the Highland guards. One of the cannon-balls discharged upon that occasion is still to be seen stuck fast in the gable of the house nearest the castle. Charles immediately published a proclamation prohibiting all correspondence with the castle upon pain of death, and gave strict orders to strengthen the blockade.

About two o'clock on the 4th of October, a brisk cannonade from the castle commenced, which filled the city with tumult and alarm and wounded many of the citizens. As soon as it grew dark the garrison sallied forth, set fire to some houses next the castle, and made a trench betwixt the castle and the upper end of the street, where they planted several field-pieces and fired down the street with cartouch-shot. The inhabitants were busied in removing their most valuable effects and their infirm relatives from the reach of these engines of destruction; and many people who lived in places more remote from the scene, infected with the general panic, fled with their effects they knew not whither.

Next day the cannonade continued, and several of the Pretender's army, as well as of the inhabitants, were killed and wounded. The cannonade, or as it was then called, the bombardment of Edinburgh, was grievously complained of by the inhabitants; the Chevalier at last yielded to their representations, and issued a proclamation setting forth "the infinite regret he felt at the many murders committed upon the inhabitants by the commanders of the garrison: that he might justly proceed, agreeably to his threatenings, to execute reprisals upon the estates of his enemies; but he thought it no disgrace to suspend punishment, or alter a resolution, when thereby innocent lives could be saved."

Charles, from the above laudable considerations, now allowed free communication betwixt the castle and the town.[1]

The citizens of Edinburgh on this unhappy occasion felt most acutely that, although the castle could not contribute to the security of the city, it might become the engine of its destruction, unless the fortress and the town were in the same hands.

Among the most singular events which marked the period of 1745-6, none of the least remarkable was the spirit displayed by the Highland ladies, several of whom were for some time confined in the state-prison of the castle, a dark and doleful hole above the inner gateway.

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[1] Home's Hist. of the Rebellion, p. 126.

Miss Jenny Cameron, of Glendessery, joined Prince Charles with a body of men, and afterwards followed him in all his exploits. Miss Cameron, when she heard the news of the prince's arrival, as her nephew the laird was a minor, and at any rate a youth of no capacity, immediately set herself about rousing the clansmen to arms; and when a summons was sent by Lochiel to her nephew, she set off to Charles's head-quarters, at the head of 250 of the clan, well armed. This heroine was dressed in a sea-green riding-habit, with scarlet lappells trimmed with gold; her hair tied behind in loose buckles, with a velvet cap and scarlet feathers; she rode a bay gelding, decked with green furnishing trimmed with gold; instead of a whip she carried a naked sword in her hand; and thus accoutred, she presented herself before the camp. A female officer was a very extraordinary sight; and it was no sooner reported to the prince than he went out of the lines to receive her and her vassals. Miss Jenny rode up to him without the least symptom of embarrassment, gave him a soldier-like salute, and stated, that "As her nephew was not able to attend the royal standard, she had raised men, and now brought them to his Highness; that she believed them ready to hazard their lives in his cause; and that although at present they were commanded by a woman, yet she hoped they had nothing womanish about them; for she found that so glorious a cause had raised in her own heart every manly thought, and quite extinguished the woman." "What an effect, then," she added, "must it have on those who have no feminine fear to combat, and are free from the incumbrance of female dress! These men are yours; they have devoted themselves to your service; they bring you hearts as well as hands; I can follow them no farther, but I shall pray for your success." The clansmen having passed in review before the prince, Miss Cameron was conducted to his tent, where she was treated in the most courteous manner. The prince used to call her "Colonel Cameron," a title by which she was jocularly distinguished long afterwards. The lady continued with the army till they marched to England, and joined it again in Annandale on its return; and being in the battle fought at Falkirk Muir, she was taken prisoner and committed to the castle of Edinburgh. She afterwards got free, and was appointed guardian to her nephew as long as she lived.

After the battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland despatched a detachment of military to seize the Duchess of Perth in her castle, because her son was with the prince; also the Viscountess Strathallan, whose husband and son were both in the Highland army. These acts of the duke were thought even then very unjustifiable; and it was indignantly asked, If it had ever before been thought of rendering a mother responsible for the opinions of her son, or a wife for those of a husband?

Yet these two ladies were confined in Edinburgh Castle, where they were shut up nearly a year in a small and unhealthy prison!

The eldest son of Lord Lovat, who surrendered at Culloden, was also confined in Edinburgh Castle.

Macdonald of Kingsborough, who lodged Prince Charles hospitably in his house, and did not leave him till he saw him safely out of the reach of his enemies, was taken and imprisoned in a dungeon at Fort Augustus, where, being examined by Sir Everard Falkner, he was reproached with having suffered so noble an opportunity to escape him of making the fortune of himself and his family for ever. To which he indignantly replied, "No, Sir Everard, death would have been preferable to such dishonour! But at any rate, had I gold and silver piled heaps on heaps to the bulk of yon huge mountain, the vast mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast, from doing what I have done." Kingsborough was subsequently transferred to Edinburgh Castle, where many of the adherents of Charles had been confined, and in this gloomy place he was kept a close prisoner for a whole year, no persons being permitted to see him but the officer upon guard, the sergeant, and the keeper, which last was appointed to him as a servant. When the act of grace was passed, he was discharged from durance and returned home.

Since the union of the two crowns the castle of Edinburgh has been kept in the best repair, and is not only an efficient garrison but a striking ornament to the capital of Scotland.

In 1788 some of the wiseacres employed a number of workmen to whitewash the exterior of this venerable fortress, and had smeared over a considerable part of the east side, when they were fortunately prevented from pursuing so ridiculous a renovation.[1] Time and the weather have, however, long since effaced the mischief which was thus ignorantly effected.

On the 22nd of December, 1794, a strong room in the castle, which had long remained shut, was opened by special warrant of King George III., for the purpose of searching for certain records of the kingdom of Scotland, which were missing from the General Register Office in Edinburgh. No documents, however, of this description were to be found. This apartment contained nothing but a large chest, very strongly secured, which the Commissioners (perhaps conjecturing its precious contents) did not think themselves authorised to open; and the room was again shut up and strongly secured. The proceedings and

[1] About 30 years ago the steeple of the venerable church of St. Giles was, with the same abominable taste, whitewashed by order of the authorities.

discovery of the commissioners having been faithfully reported to the king, the mystery as to the fate of the regalia of Scotland was at last to be dissolved.

In October, 1817, King George IV., then prince regent, considering that all political feelings were then and had long been unquestionably in favour of the British monarchy, directed the ancient regalia of Scotland, which had reposed for one hundred and ten years, to be exposed to public view. A commission was accordingly issued to the officers of state in Scotland, directing them and other commissioners, amongst whom was Sir Walter Scott, "to open the crown-room and chest deposited therein, and to report the state in which they should find the regalia of Scotland." In virtue of this warrant, the commissioners assembled on the 4th of February, 1818, and, having read the warrant, proceeded to put it into execution. Entering the crown-room, they proceeded to open the chest, and, to the unspeakable joy of all present, the regalia were discovered in the precise state in which they had been deposited in 1707—a copy of the deed having been found along with them in the chest. Upon this gratifying discovery, the royal ensign was hoisted upon the castle, and the assembled multitude, whom intense curiosity had congregated, hailed the announcement with tremendous cheers.

On receiving a report of the success of the commissioners' researches, the prince regent lost no time in giving directions for the safe custody of the regalia, and for at the same time gratifying the laudable curiosity of the public; and the care of these imperial gems was intrusted to Captain Adam Ferguson (now Sir Adam Ferguson), as deputy-keeper of the regalia, under whom are yeomen-keepers, who are in constant attendance at the crown-room, which is situated west from the half-moon battery, on the east side of the grand parade—a parallelogram measuring about 100 feet by 80.

On the south-east corner of the same building is the apartment which was occupied by Queen Mary, and in which she was delivered of a son, afterwards James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, as before mentioned. This room forms the south-east angle of the castle buildings, and was part of the palace occupied by that unfortunate queen when Holyrood was deemed unsafe for her residence.[1] There is a singular tradition connected with this apartment which is still kept up. Underneath the fireplace was formerly shown a hole, which is said to have served as a passage for a wire, whereby a bell was rung in a house in the Grass-market, to announce to the adherents of the queen the birth of her son.

[1] See Engraving, No. 20.

It is also stated, with a love for the marvellous, that the infant prince was conveyed in a basket through the postern gate of the castle and dropped down the west part of the rock, by means of a cord, into the hands of his mother's friends, who had been apprised of his birth by the above ingenious mode of communication.

No. 22.

But before proceeding with our description of the castle, the following account of the regalia of Scotland may be deemed of importance :—

The crown is of a very elegant form, measures nine inches over, and weighs, with the cap, about four pounds. The bonnet is of crimson velvet, bound with ermine, which has suffered wonderfully little from being so long shut up. The lower part of the crown, as described in the instrument of depositation, is a circlet, richly ornamented with precious stones, as emeralds, rubies, hyacinths, and the like. Above this rises a second circlet, composed of fleurs-de-lis, tipped with large pearls, and alternated with figures termed by heralds crosses fleurées, the points of the cross being marked with pearls. These two circles, forming the diadem, are of pure gold, are supposed to be very ancient, and may perhaps be the same which the Countess of Buchan placed upon the head of Robert the Bruce when crowned at Scoon. The circlet, or "golden round of sovereignty," is surmounted by four arches, which meet and close at the top in a globe, again surmounted by a cross. They appear to have been tacked on to the circle at a later period, probably by James V., whose initials appear on the cross. The crown rests on a square and tasselled cushion of crimson velvet. The real value of the jewels may be perhaps less than they were estimated at when the lapidary's art was not generally understood; and, being set plain without facets, they do not make the brilliant show which fancy is apt to anticipate. Some of the stones, however, are said to be extremely curious, and the Oriental pearls are of the most extraordinary quality and size.

It is not, however, according to the art of the goldsmith or lapidary that this monument of Caledonian independent sovereignty is to be estimated. The thousand solemn remembrances

which crowd on the mind when we gaze on them are of a far deeper and more awful interest. The virtues, the vices, the misfortunes of a long line of monarchs, many of whom fell sacrifices in various ways to the cares depending on this golden circle, arise in the mind as we gaze upon the visible symbol of the power which they exercised. The crown—the very crown, now recovered from a sort of oblivion—was worn by James V., who broke his heart when its lustre was tarnished at the rout of Solway. It bound the lovely forehead of the unhappy Mary, whose name is in itself a tragedy. It was early placed on the head of James VI., whose birth-place is not many yards distant from the place where it is now deposited, and sate

> ————upon his baby-brow, the round
> And top of sovereignty:

And from that hour, till he took possession of a more peaceful diadem, his life was one continued story of plots, open treasons, and private conspiracies against his authority and person. It was also worn by his yet more unhappy son Charles I. upon his two several visits to Edinburgh, in 1636 and 1639, with what omen let history speak. Charles II. was crowned with it at Scoon, previous to the bloody defeats at Dunbar and Inverkeithing, and the final catastrophe at Worcester. Such were the fates of the monarchs who wore this symbol of royalty since it was altered by James V.

If we look back to former times, we view a dim scene of strife and violence, like the background of a battle-piece, where all things intimate deeds of violence, though their circumstances are rather indicated than detailed. On the whole, the moral of Shakspeare's Henry rushes on our remembrance, that the monarchs who owned this "golden care" must have slumbered,—

> Not half so sound, or half so deeply sweet,
> As he, whose brow with homely biggin bound,
> Snores out the watch of night.

The sceptre is described as an elegant and well executed piece of workmanship. It is of a hexagon form, divided by three buttons or knosps, and adorned with curious antique embellishments. At the top of the stalk there is a small capital, on which are three images placed close together, being those of the Virgin and Child, of St. Andrew, and of St. James. They are about three inches high. The figures of three dolphins, uniting at the top so as to form an arch, form an open shrine in which the images stand. The whole is surmounted by a crystal ball or globe, above which is a small globe tipped with a large oriental pearl. There are no jewels on the sceptre. The top is said to be bent a little awry, probably in the course of its being used to touch the Scottish laws in token of the royal assent.

In this capacity we cannot help saying with honest pride that the sceptre has ratified as many profoundly just and wise laws as ever were passed in any country; since it must be allowed that, if Scotland was unhappy and disturbed in former times, it was for the want of vigour in the administration of justice, not for lack of wisdom in her legislature. To take one instance out of many: If it is true, as reported in our law-books, that the Scottish statute passed in the year 1449, declaring that tacks are real rights affecting the land let, and consequently that the tenants cannot be affected either by sales or debts entered into by the landlord, was the earliest law in modern Europe by which the fruits of the husbandman's toil and expense were thus effectually secured to him, it is plain that our ancestors had the honour of leading the way in a measure equally recommended by justice and by sound policy.

The sword of state is about five feet in length, the pommel constituting about fifteen inches of that measurement. The handle is of silver gilt, with space for placing the two hands. The traverse of a cross where the blade issues from the hilt is fantastically yet beautifully wrought into the representation of two dolphins. The blade is of polished steel, and very little rusted. The scabbard is of crimson velvet, gorgeously adorned with rich filigree chasing of silver gilded, representing oak-leaves and acorns. The name of the donor, Pope Julius II., and the emblems of the papal dignity, are also represented on the scabbard. The whole is executed in a taste worthy of the revival of the arts which had then taken place in Italy.

The regalia, as above described, received, on the 17th of December, 1830, a valuable addition through the munificent kindness of William IV.; and besides the crown, sceptre, and sword of state, and a mace said to have belonged to the treasurer of Scotland, there are exhibited a gold collar of the Order of the Garter, with a diamond George, worn by James II., and left as a

legacy by the Cardinal York to George IV. There are also a splendid diamond badge of the Order of the Thistle, with onyx, worn by James I., and the coronation ring, being a sapphire set in diamonds, which was worn by Charles I.

The regalia were originally exposed upon an oval table, secured and encircled by an iron railing; the room was adorned with crimson hangings, and illuminated by four lamps; but a very considerable alteration has lately been made: the dingy tapestry curtains have been removed from the roof and sides of the room, and a window has been opened in the wall for ventilation, which is ingeniously facilitated by openings in the wainscot panelling with which the room has been completely lined; so that its real shape is restored, and a considerable space is thereby added to its size. A great improvement has also been effected within the railing which encloses the royal jewels. The former black clumsy table has given place to one of finely polished white marble, with a pedestal of the same material in the centre. The latter supports the cushion on which the crown is deposited. The Stuart jewels, which were recovered after the death of Cardinal York, consisting of a collar of the Order of the Garter, a magnificent representation of St. George and the Dragon, set in diamonds, and another costly appendage known as the "St. Andrew," all surround the pedestal, with the sceptre, sword of state, &c. No gas being allowed within the precincts of the castle, the oil-lamps are retained, but they have been renovated and re-arranged, so as to shed more lustre and add to the brilliancy of this ancient and interesting group of precious relics. These decided improvements have been made from designs by the late Mr. Nixon, under the direction of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests.

The admission to the regalia is free. The visitors ought to be provided with tickets at the Regalia Office.

While this part of the castle, in which is situated the crown-room, constituted the palace, the south side was occupied by the parliament house, and on the north side was the ancient chapel of Queen Margaret, the consort of Malcolm Canmore. From these buildings the Scottish king and his court beheld the tournaments which in former times took place on the plain below the south side of the castle rock.

Upon the north the new barracks, about 120 feet long by 50 broad, of three storeys high, is calculated to accommodate 1000 men. On the south side, under the window of the half-moon battery, almost under the window of the room in which King James VI. was born, was the sally-port already mentioned. This subterraneous passage was laid open in hewing the new approach in an oblong direction towards the Grass-market. It was so broad as to allow two armed men to walk abreast, and it must have been of proportionate height, although when discovered it was filled with rubbish and several pieces of dismounted artillery, which had doubtless been placed there to choke up the entrance and prevent the castle from being surprised and taken by this approach.

On Hawkhill, upon the south, is Durie's battery; and on the left, the cells wherein French and Spanish prisoners were kept during the wars with the first French republic and with Napoleon. But as the prisoners of those nations were constantly engaged in mutual feuds, and an attempt was made on the part of the Spaniards to assassinate the French in their cells, they were eventually removed to a prison or depôt near Fountainbridge. Notwithstanding the strength of the fortress, and the precautionary measures taken to secure the prisoners, several of the

ingenious foreigners effected their escape by the common sewer, which runs down the south-west side of the castle rock. The industry and ingenuity of the prisoners enabled many of them, too, when they were set at liberty, to carry considerable sums of money with them to their native country. Their chief employment was the manufacture of work-boxes, snuff-boxes, and other ornamental trifles, from bone, many of the carvings on which did great honour to the artists. They also manufactured many ornamental articles composed of coloured straw neatly inlaid on wood.

In exploring the various vaults which were thus occupied, we observed a door, which had been blocked up and concealed, on the south-east end of the northernmost upper apartment, now used as a carpenter's shop, which was forced open by the barrack-serjeant at our request, when we discovered a passage about ten yards in length, which terminated at another door also closed up; but as, in working our way above the chaplain's kitchen, the reverend gentleman's dishes began to rattle, we were reluctantly compelled to suspend further investigation. It is however highly probable, from the appearance of the place, that this is the identical communication which led to the sallyport already noticed.

To the right of the cells we descended by a staircase, at the foot of which is the laboratory; and a little farther on is a barrack, both in ruins; leaving these, there is an entrance to the back parade. From this line-wall there is a most delightful prospect; after passing which we arrive at a regular battery to the north, mounted with light field-pieces. There is one, in particular, which was taken from the army of Prince Charles in 1745, worthy the attention of the curious. Close by the line-wall there is a descent by a winding flight of steps, which lead down to a place called the Butts, where archery was formerly practised. It is about fifty feet below the level of the rock on which the armoury is built, and where there is another guard-house and a draw-well.

From this the line-wall takes an easterly direction for about 150 feet, which is terminated by a turret called the Queen's Port. Passing this, it turns south-east, descending very abruptly by steps to a battery called Miln's Mount, on the north-west of Argyll's battery. From this point the rock exhibits a stupendous appearance looking down to the Well-house Tower; and from this to the west side it frowns in awful majesty, and in many places overhangs, in ponderous masses fearful to behold, as stern and steel-girt as in days of yore.

The armoury is highly deserving of a visit. It is arranged in the most exquisite style, the arms being grouped to represent stars, butterflies, and other devices. A great number of these arms were taken

from the forces of Prince Charles in 1745-6. There is also a dirk or dagger said to have been worn by the celebrated Rob Roy. Among other fire-arms are twelve old field-pieces which were sent from Corgarf Castle to prevent them from falling into the hands of the insurgents; besides these, there are 100,000 stand of regular arms, ready for any sudden emergency.

The artillery sheds are well provided with a variety of field-pieces, and with stores in the most perfect order.

In the memorable year 1822 King George IV. graced this venerable fortress on his visit to his ancient kingdom of Scotland. On the 22nd of August he made his state procession from the palace of Holyrood to the castle, on which occasion the regalia were borne before him. The procession halted at the row of palisades which here form an angle, from the point of which to the buildings of the city is 350 feet in length and 300 in breadth, on the summit called the Castle Hill, which forms a parade-ground, where the procession filed off, and his Majesty approached the drawbridge, where he was announced by a herald, and the gates were instantly unfolded. Here his Majesty alighted from his carriage on a platform covered with crimson cloth, and was received by the Lord High Constable and the Earl of Cathcart. The keys of the castle were then presented to his Majesty by Lieutenant General George Alexander Hope, the Lieutenant Governor, accompanied by Sir Thomas Bradford and a party of officers. The king returned the keys with the usual formalities, walked across the drawbridge, and entered another carriage, followed on foot by a number of peers, when he passed under another gateway, which in former times was occupied by two huge portcullises. This archway, which was originally finished like a tower with embrasures, is surmounted by two grotesque figures. This building was the state prison during the memorable year 1745, when many a Jacobite lord and lady were lodged in it.[1] The king then proceeded to the half-moon battery, where a platform was erected for his Majesty, which when he mounted, a royal salute was immediately fired from the castle, and was answered from the surrounding heights and by the ships in Leith Harbour and the Roads.

The king, although it rained, took off his hat and waved it in the air; an officer advanced and offered an umbrella, which his Majesty declined to use. The lofty and advantageous situation which the king occupied commands the most extensive and diversified prospect in Scotland, comprehending a view of the firth of Forth and the shores of

[1] See page 244.

Fife, from Queensferry as far as Fifeness, with its southern bank covered with towns and villages, which King James VI. very aptly compared to "a mantle with a gold fringe." On the south-east are the Meadows, or public walks, Heriot's Hospital, and the stupendous rocks of Arthur Seat and Salisbury Crags. At a few miles distant to the south are seen the Pentland hills and those of Muirfoot; on the east the delightful plain called the King's Park extends itself; and beneath is the ancient city of Edinburgh, extending towards the gilded turrets of Holyrood; while on the left the New Town, with its monuments and spires, complete a panorama of unequalled magnificence and beauty.

The royal spectator, looking around, was struck with astonishment, and with evident emotion exclaimed, "This is wonderful!" On descending from this elevated position, his Majesty entered the governor's house, where he drank a glass of wine, expressed his high approbation of the fine state of the fortress, and regretted the absence of the gallant governor, Sir Robert Abercrombie, who was unfortunately absent from indisposition. On his Majesty regaining his carriage, the procession returned in the same order in which it had advanced, taking its route by Bank-street, along the earthen mound, and by Princes-street, Waterloo-place, and the Calton-road, to the palace of Holyrood, which he entered about four o'clock, highly gratified with the arrangements so successfully made and conducted, and with the events of this auspicious day.

In 1829 this venerable fortress had the honour to receive one of its most ancient lodgers and tried friends, after an absence in England of seventy-five years: this was none other than the large piece of ordnance called "Mons Meg."

The Antiquarian Society of Scotland, ever zealous to protect and preserve the "relics of a distant age," by their praiseworthy influence obtained the restoration of this ponderous piece of antiquarian ordnance, and had old "Mons" restored to her venerable domicile. The City of Edinburgh steam-packet was destined to convey Mons to Scotland; and, with a spirit of liberality which ought not to be overlooked, the owners of that vessel gave a gratuitous passage to this cumbersome relic. On her arrival at Leith, Mons was deposited in the naval yard there; and on the 9th of March she was transported to Edinburgh Castle, when an immense concourse of spectators assembled to witness the extraordinary pageant. A troop of the third dragoons, a party of the royal artillery, and a strong detachment of the seventy-eighth regiment, under the direction of the assistant quarter-master general, were in attendance to escort old Meg to her original quarters, preceded by the members of the Highland Society in full costume, headed by the

gallant General Graham of Stirling, and M'Donald of Staffa; Sir Walter Scott was in a carriage in the train. The gun was drawn by ten horses, richly caparisoned, and bestrode by youths dressed in tartan, carrying broad-swords. The line of approach was the same as that adopted on the arrival of George IV.: by Leith Walk, York Place, St. Andrew's Square, and the North Bridge, to the castle, where she was received with much ceremony. The royal standard was hoisted on the battlements, the gates being previously shut, and at one o'clock the advanced guard gave notice of Mons's approach to her parent citadel amidst the hearty cheers of a dense multitude. She was then drawn to the Argyll battery, where she was placed on a carriage, upon those battlements which enshrine the royal honours of Scotland, though now no longer either able or required to protect her ancient charge. To the right of this ancient gun stands the governor's house, from which there is an ascent to the south of about one hundred feet; on the right is Hawkhill; and on the left a third gate which encloses the shot-yard. About one hundred feet farther on in this direction, stands the chapel, after leaving which is the half-moon battery, as already described, at a corner of which is sunk a very deep draw-well, which might be supposed to be of great use to the garrison in the event of a siege; this, however, is not the case, for on the discharge of artillery the water in the well almost entirely subsides.

Before leaving Mons Meg, the following brief account of her adventures may prove acceptable:—This remarkable specimen of ancient artillery, which resembles the mortars to be seen in Germany, was made at Mons in Flanders. It is small at the breech, and large at the mouth, and is composed of a number of thick iron bars, which appear to have been welded, and then bound together by strong hoops, the whole being of immense strength. It is in length thirteen feet, and is two feet three inches and a half in diameter at the muzzle, the bore of which is twenty inches wide, tapering inwards; the gun weighs four thousand stone.

Grose, in his *Antiquities*, states that this gun was burst at the siege of Roxburgh, on the 3rd of August, 1460; but we are inclined to doubt the truth of this.

On the 10th of July, 1489, Mons Meg was carried by King James IV. to the siege of Dumbarton. Mons, however, from her enormous size and weight, seems to have proved so very unmanageable, that, after having been brought back from Dumbarton, she enjoyed eight years of repose. When James, in 1497, sat down before Norham, this gun was with infinite labour and expense conveyed to the siege. In the same year there is an account, in the treasurer's books, for a new cradle to and repairing the Mons. This appears to have been her original name;

the addition of Meg is first used by Drummond of Hawthornden, in his History of the Jameses.[1]

In 1651 the rapid advance of the English army made it expedient that the regalia should be conveyed to a place of security more remote from the seat of war than any of the royal fortresses, and Dunottar was chosen by the Scottish parliament as their destination; a strong garrison was placed there, and, amongst other royal artillery transported thither for its defence, we find Mons Meg particularly mentioned. The large embrasure where she lay is still pointed out at Dunottar. Tradition asserts that a shot from this cannon dismasted an English vessel in attempting to enter the harbour of Stonehaven, a distance of about one mile and a half.

In James the Fourth's time, Mons was transported to the Abbey of Holyrood House, probably on some occasion of national festivity, the gunner of the abbey receiving three shillings Scots each night for his wages.

On the marriage of Mary of Scotland, as we have already stated, the gun was discharged; and in 1682, when the Duke of York, afterwards King James VII. of Scotland and II. of England, visited Edinburgh, the great cannon called Mons Meg, having been discharged, burst, which was considered a bad omen.[2]

In April, 1754, this gun, so long unserviceable, was taken from the castle of Edinburgh, drawn down the Canongate, and thence by the Easter Road to Leith, whence she was shipped on board the "Happy Janet" for the Tower of London, from which, after having been neglected for about 75 years, she was once more returned to her original station, where it is probable she will remain a memorial of ancient warfare when centuries to come have passed away.

Before closing the history of this renowned fortress, it is our pleasing duty to notice the visit of her most gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, and her illustrious consort, the Prince Albert, twenty years after that of her illustrious uncle and predecessor King George IV., to her kingdom of Scotland.

In the description of Holyrood will be found an account of her Majesty's arrival in her ancient metropolis. We have therefore only now to notice her gracious visit to the castle. On Saturday the 3rd of September, 1842, the Queen and Prince Albert, after remaining a few minutes in the great court of Holyrood Palace, proceeded to visit the castle. The royal carriage reached the spacious esplanade in front

[1] Grose's Antiq., vol. i.

[2] Dr. M'Gregor's MS. Notes; Tytler's Hist., vol. ii., p. 423; Chambers' Walks in Edin., p. 61.

of the castle; and a few minutes before twelve o'clock, the carriage having stopped before the gates, the Queen and Prince Albert alighted, and contrary to expectations the carriage crossed the drawbridge. The pathway, which is very steep, had been previously covered with tanner's bark, to render the footing of the horses more secure; but her Majesty proceeded on foot, without taking the slightest notice of the equivocal composition which had been strewed on her path.

The entrance, as has been already described, is through an outer barrier, and by a drawbridge over a dry ditch and a gate defended by two flanking bastions. Having crossed the drawbridge, the barbican was shut, and only a very select party was permitted to follow. The queen and prince proceeded in the same way as did King George IV.: by the passage to the great square, which is very steep, chiefly cut out of the solid rock, and winding through two gatehouses with portcullises. The queen with active step then proceeded to the Argyll battery, conducted by Sir Neil Douglas, commander of the forces, and Fort-major Cansh, who walked uncovered on each side of the royal pair, who were accompanied by the Duchess of Buccleugh, the Duchess of Norfolk, and other ladies, followed also by Lord Aberdeen, Lord Liverpool, Sir Robert Peel, &c., &c. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll, and Sir George Murray, who had been previously admitted to the castle, then joined the royal party. A chair was brought for the queen, but she declined sitting down, notwithstanding the steepness of the ascent. Here her Majesty remained for some time enjoying the delightful prospect which presents itself from this point of view, and expressed her delight and admiration to those around her. After this, the royal pair proceeded towards the Mortar Battery, choosing the steepest ascent, and followed more slowly by the less agile of the attendants. The battery and part of the parapet walls were here covered with scarlet cloth, this site being selected as affording a still more extensive prospect. Here Mons Meg reposes. The Queen and Prince Albert examined this rusty monument of antiquity with some attention. A few remarkable stone bullets, which it was calculated to discharge, lie beside this now useless but once death-dealing machine.

In former times stone bullets were used before the invention of metal ones. The town of Maidstone in Kent, it is said, received its name from having supplied Henry V., in 1419, with 7000 bullets from the quarries of the heath.[1]

The royal pair afterwards proceeded to visit the crown-room and

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[1] History of Lochleven, by the Author.

Queen Mary's room. After minutely examining the regalia, the prince expressed a desire to see the chamber in which they had been found, and evinced great interest in exploring it. They then proceeded to inspect the small chamber on the ground-floor in the south-eastern corner of the side of the quadrangle of what once formed the palace, called Queen Mary's room. Her Majesty appeared evidently astonished at the small dimensions of this apartment; and indeed, what a contrast did it not offer to the accommodations of modern times!

Alas! on such an important and interesting occasion, the Queen of Scots had been obliged to submit to every inconvenience, for the sake of safety! And here, in this little room, was the future monarch of two powerful kingdoms nursed and cradled!

Her Majesty, having visited the officers' apartments, the way to which was laid with scarlet cloth, and where refreshments were provided, but which she most courteously declined, immediately prepared to quit the castle, after having remained in it about three-quarters of an hour, during which many questions were put respecting the age and history of the various buildings.

The royal pair then returned to their carriage, amidst the cheers of all within the walls, including an immense concourse of ladies and gentlemen, who had been admitted by tickets to occupy the windows of the various buildings; the band of the 53rd regiment, stationed on the open space near the Argyll Battery, striking up "God Save the Queen."

On reaching the gate an immense pressure took place, and the jostling and confusion produced several very laughable scenes. One elderly woman succeeded in making her way past the guards, having, in her anxiety, unceremoniously dashed through a party in attendance upon her Majesty. Here the woman stood still, exclaiming in ecstasies, "Hech, sirs, is that the queen? Weil, what hae I no seen this blessed day! Eh, but she's a bonny leddy!" Her Majesty was observed to smile good-humouredly at the poor woman's compliment.

The scene descending the High-street was beyond all description; the windows and house-tops were studded with human beings, and the acclamations which attended the royal progress were loud and long. Having reached the Victoria Hall, where the masonic ceremonies already noticed, in the preceding history had been terminated, her Majesty again saluted Lord Frederick FitzClarence and the officers of the grand lodge of Scotland. The Lord Provost and magistrates then preceded the royal carriages, and the procession moved along the slope of Bank-street, across the Mound to Princes-street, from whence the royal cortège proceeded to Queensferry.

The Castle and Palace of Seaton.

SEATON PALACE IN 1745.—No. 22.

"BY YON CASTLE WA', AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY,
I HEARD A MAN SING, THOUGH HIS HEAD IT WAS GREY;
AND AS HE WAS SINGING THE TEARS DOWN CAME,
THERE 'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME."

HOGG'S RELICS.

"VAGUE MYSTERY HANGS ON ALL THOSE DESERT PLACES;
THE FEAR WHICH HATH NO NAME HATH WROUGHT A SPELL.
STRENGTH, COURAGE, WRATH, HAVE BEEN, BUT LEFT NO TRACES;
THEY CAME AND FLED, BUT WHITHER, WHO CAN TELL?"

The

Castle and Palace of Seaton.

THE castle of unknown antiquity—Grose's conjecture as to the first foundation—First mention of the name of Seaton in the reign of Malcolm III.—Shakspere adopts the same spelling—The Seatons continue to flourish until the middle of the fourteenth century, when the estate descends to Margaret Seaton, who married Allan de Winton, a neighbouring baron.—Winton the Prior of Lochleven's account of the Marriage Feud—Sir Alexander Seaton and his heroic Lady see their Sons hanged rather than yield.—The Seaton-Gordons—Seaton Castle destroyed by the English—Rebuilt by Lord George Seaton—Description of the fabric—Attachment of the Seatons to the House of Stuart—Seaton becomes a Residence of Mary of Scotland—Her Visits there—Lord Seaton an Exile in Flanders—Curious Family Portraits—Lord Seaton a favourite of James VI.—His Funeral—King James revisits Seaton Palace—Charles I. magnificently entertained here—The last Lord Seaton joins the Pretender—Is tried and condemned—His escape from the Tower of London—The Battle of Prestonpans—General Description of the Ruins—Niddry Castle, &c.

AMONGST the provincial antiquities of Scotland, the remarkable and extensive ruins of Seaton Palace present a spectacle of overthrown grandeur, unequalled perhaps in the whole kingdom—a sad memorial of the departed glories and storied achievements of the once potent family of Seaton. This ruined palace is situated about nine miles east of the city of Edinburgh, on the margin of the firth of Forth, within a mile from the sea, near to the three small towns of Tranent, Long Niddry, and Cockeney.

The castle is of unknown antiquity, and has probably been built at a very remote period. Grose in his "Antiquities" states that it was built by some of this ancient and noble family, whose founder was called *de Say*; who settled in East Lothian during the reign of King David I., after he succeeded to the throne in 1124, and is supposed to have conferred his name on his possession by calling it *Saytown*, which would also imply the town by the sea, independently of any other farfetched etymon. There are many other places similarly situated which are called by the name of *Seaton*, or *Seatown*. So much for Captain Grose's authority. But we would venture to submit that the patronymic Seaton is of more ancient date; for during the reign of Malcolm III., who succeeded the tyrant Macbeth in 1057, when original surnames were first introduced in

Scotland, the name of *Seyton* is particularly mentioned,[1] so that it was familiarly known nearly seventy years antecedent to the date assigned by the learned antiquary. And it is worthy of remark that Shakspere, in his tragedy of "Macbeth," introduces *Lord Seyton* as one of the officers in attendance upon that king; we are therefore entitled to suppose that the date of the original house of Seaton was coeval with the reign of Malcolm, about the middle of the eleventh century. It would exceed our circumscribed bounds to detail the achievements of this ancient and illustrious family; suffice it to say that the Seatons continued to flourish until the middle of the fourteenth century, producing many characters distinguished in history before that time, when the estate descended to Margaret Seaton, who married Allan de Winton, a neighbouring baron. This match so highly incensed her proud relations, that it occasioned one of those deadly feuds so common during that semi-barbarous period.[2] Andrew Winton, Prior of Lochleven, probably a kinsman of the baron, in allusion to this warfare, asserts that a hundred ploughs in Lothian were laid aside from labour—a circumstance which Lord Hailes founds upon as a proof of the advanced state of agriculture in the Lothians at so remote a period.[3]

The famous Christopher Seaton married a sister of King Robert the Bruce, and had by that lady Sir Alexander, the first Lord Seaton,—King Robert his uncle having erected his lands into a barony. Among the friends and adherents of the Bruce, who suffered all the miseries which the rage of a victorious and exasperated sovereign could inflict, was Christopher Seaton, who had gallantly rescued the Bruce at the battle of Methven. The celebrated Thomas Randolph, the brother-in-law of Seaton, and kinsman of Edward, was, together with Seaton, condemned and executed; the vengeance of Edward not sparing his own blood.

In 1332, when King Edward came before Berwick, Sir Alexander was left in charge of its defence. Edward, summoning the governor to surrender, threatened that, if he delayed to obey, his two sons, whom he had amongst his hostages, should be hanged before his eyes; and for this purpose a gallows was erected, and the young men were led forth under the town wall. The tenderness of the father began to shake his

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[1] Abridgments of the Scots Chronicles, p. 84, 1597.

[2] There is a charter extant by William Linford, of "Alexandro filio de Phillipi de Seatone, Winto, et Wisburgh."

[3] Lord Hailes, by consulting Dalrymple's "Annals," would have found that in July, 1298, the English soldiers, while at the siege of Dirleton, East Lothian, subsisted on the peas and beans growing in the fields.

stern resolves, when his lady came up to her lord and thus addressed him: "We are young enough to have more children; but if we surrender, we can never recover the loss of our honour." This from his heroic wife was enough; he resolutely refused to surrender, and actually stood to see his two sons hanged beneath the walls. It is worthy of record that his noble lady was as good as her word—she afterwards became the mother of two brave sons.

Such was the state of Scotland at the close of 1306, when the heads of the best and bravest of the kingdom were blackening in the sunbeam. But Heaven often sends assistance when man is almost without hope, as the darkest hour of night is often that which precedes the dawn of day—and Bruce was ultimately triumphant. Sir Alexander Seaton, who married the heiress of the house of Gordon, founded a line still more potent than his own, who succeeded to the honours of the Huntly family, and founded other subordinate lines of the same genealogy, still designated by the name of Seaton-Gordon.

Dominus Alexandre Seatone, Dominus de Gordon, is mentioned among the Scotch benefactors to the cathedral church of Durham in the 15th century. George Lord Seaton was governor of Edinburgh Castle during the regency of Mary of Lorraine, and in 1558 was appointed to treat for the marriage between Mary of Scotland and the Dauphin of France.

The castle of Seaton, with its church, was burnt and destroyed by the English army, under the Earl of Hereford, at the same time that Holyrood Abbey and Palace, Roslin Castle, and the town of Leith were burnt and destroyed. The church was then robbed of its plate, vestures, pictures, and organs, which were carried off to the English ships, at anchor beneath the castle.

The north front, which was the most ancient part of the castle, was much dilapidated. Lord Seaton lost no time in repairing the injury done to his residence; for during Queen Mary's absence in France he had proceeded so far as to erect and complete one of the most elegant and extensive mansions then to be seen in Scotland. The external ornaments of the new part of the palace were very beautiful, and are said to have been much in the style of George Heriot's hospital in Edinburgh. The apartments of state were 40 feet in height, and proportionally large. There were also two large galleries full of valuable paintings.

The house consisted of three long fronts of freestone; and in the middle a triangular court. The front to the south-east contained the large hall, drawing-room, state bed-room, &c., &c.

These apartments were beautifully decorated. On the ceiling of the hall were the arms of Scotland on one hand; and Francis II. of France,

with those of his consort Mary, on one escutcheon, surrounded by the bearings of the Duke of Châtelherault, encircled with the French order of St. Michael. The third floor was full of lodging-rooms: at every angle of the building, and on each side of the gate, were handsome towers. The offices and outer courts were upon an extensive scale,—and the whole of these, with the castle and church, were enclosed by a strong rampart-wall defended by towers pierced with loop-holes. The church, which was made a college by George, the second Lord Seaton, on the 20th of June, 1493, was considerably embellished and improved by George, the third lord, who covered it with stone, glazed the windows, embellished the altar, and pavemented the church, which he also furnished with cloths of gold and silks. Jane, daughter of Lord Hepburn, and widow of Lord George, built the forework of Seaton House and the northernmost gate of the church, taking down a gate formerly built by Catherine Sinclair, in order to make the church cruciform. She also built the steeple, founded prebendaries, and presented cloths of purple velvet and gold, and other valuable furnishings. At the same time that the palace was built, the ancient church was also completely repaired and fitted up by George, the fifth Lord Seaton, whose name appears conspicuously in history for his loyalty to the house of Stuart.

On Mary's return from France, she was sumptuously received and entertained by her lordly adherent; and thenceforth the noble mansion was denominated the Palace of Seaton.

Lord Seaton seems to have had no marked concern in any of those intrigues which brought about the ruin of his lovely mistress. His attentions appear to have chiefly consisted of acts of hospitality, which Mary gladly accepted; for the most memorable of her visits to Seaton Palace were during her troubles: in the hospitable halls of Seaton she always found a home, and in its noble lord a most faithful friend.

After the murder of Rizzio, Mary persuaded Darnley to flee with her from the terrible scene. On Monday, the 11th of March, 1566, they left Edinburgh at midnight, as formerly mentioned, and were received within the palace of Seaton, whence they set forward to the safer retreat of the castle of Dunbar.

On the 16th of February, 1567, Mary, worn out by griefs and perplexities, after the murder of her husband, again sought an asylum here. On this occasion she was accompanied by a considerable train, including the Earls of Argyle, Huntly, Bothwell, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, Lords Fleming, Livingston, and Secretary Maitland. It was during her residence at Seaton that a correspondence took place between the queen and the Earl of Lennox, which ended in the trial of Bothwell.

Lord Seaton was afterwards the champion who waited with a chosen band for the escape of Queen Mary from her lake-moated prison of Lochleven.

> ——————" A chieftain one
> By right of birth; within whose spotless breast
> The fire of ancient Caledonia burn'd.
> He was the foremost whose impatience hail'd
> The Stuart's rescue, to resume by force
> Of arms the crown which villany had grasp'd!"

After the disastrous rout of Langside, this faithful lord fled to foreign shores until the lenient hand of time appeased the rage of that disordered period. He was reduced to such extremities during his exile abroad, that for two years he drove a waggon in Flanders for his daily bread. His picture, in this occupation, and in the garb which he wore, was to be seen at the lower end of the large gallery.

There is another picture of one of the lords of Seaton in the possession of Lord Sommerville, which is declared by Sir Walter Scott to be one of the most remarkable monuments of antiquity and art belonging to Scottish history, and which cannot be looked upon without awakening the most painful recollections of those feudal times when conscious power, and the dangers as well as the privileges which depended upon it, impressed on the countenance of its possessor an air of haughty bearing, so different from that worn now by his successor, whose voice is no longer law within his baronial domains. The painting is a family piece, comprehending the Lord Seaton, his lady, and four children, painted in a hard but most characteristic style by Antonio More. The figures slope from each other like the steps of a stair; and all, from the eldest down to the urchin of ten years old, who is reading his lesson, have the same grave and even grim cast of countenance which distinguishes the high feudal baron their father. This very curious picture was published after the original in Pinkerton's "Inchnographia."

We find the same noble lord, on his return to his native land, transferring his loyalty and affection from the mother to the son. In the year 1583 King James VI. sent him as his ambassador to the court of France.

On the 4th of April, 1603, when James set forward to occupy his new kingdom, which, after so many years of expectancy, had, like ripened fruit, dropped quietly into his lap, his train, from taste as well as policy, was rather gay and splendid than numerous and imposing. Two circumstances occurred on the morning of his departure, either of which would have seemed ominous to an ancient Roman. As his Majesty's procession approached the palace of Seaton, the solemn funeral of a man of high rank, adorned with all the gloomy emblems of mortality,

interrupted his passage. It was that of Lord Seaton, one of the best, most disinterested, and most faithful among all those adherents who had upheld the banner of James's mother. The king halted with his retinue, and sat down on a stone, long afterwards shewn, while the funeral of this good and great man moved past. This sight was strikingly qualified to impress upon James, in the moment of his taking possession of so lofty an addition to his power, the mutability of all human greatness!

When King James revisited his native dominions in 1617, he lodged the first night at Dunglass, on the south-eastern boundary of the country; and on the second he took up his abode at the palace of Seaton.

In 1663 Lord Seaton entertained, with the utmost magnificence, King Charles I. and his whole court, when he made his progress to Scotland.

The last Lord Seaton, inheriting the undeviating loyalty of his ancestors, espoused the cause of the Pretender, and in 1715 joined Viscount Kenmuir with a fine troop of horse, at the head of which he behaved with great spirit and gallantry at the barricade of Preston.

At this period Seaton was garrisoned by 1500 Highlanders, under Brigadier M'Intosh, who were sent by the Earl of Mar to join other insurgents in the south, having retreated from Leith. Here he fortified himself till he received orders to join the army; and when he abandoned it, the English troops took immediate possession.

Lord Seaton was taken prisoner and sent to the Tower of London, along with Lords Balmerino and Kilmarnock, and others. After a long trial he was brought up for judgment before the House of Peers, who, on the 19th of March, 1715-16, pronounced the following sentence: "That you return to the Tower from whence you came, and from thence you must be drawn to the place of execution. When you come there you must be hanged by the neck, but not till you are dead, for you must be cut down alive; then your bowels must be taken out and burnt before your face; then your head must be severed from your body, your body divided into four quarters, and these must be at the king's disposal."

Such was the awful sentence pronounced on Seaton, who, while awaiting the period of its execution, did not appear to have lost his strength and presence of mind, or his mechanical powers; for he set to work and with great *nonchalance* deliberately sawed through the bars of the window, through which he made his escape.

The rest of his history is easily told. While the heads of his companions in arms were left drying in the winds on Temple Bar and London Bridge, he ended his chequered life at Rome, and with him closed the long and illustrious line of the Seatons, whose male descend-

ants have by intermarriages come to represent the great houses of Gordon, Aboyne, and Eglinton. On the forfeiture of Lord Seaton, the palace was taken possession of by the Commissioners of Inquiry, when all the valuable furniture, pictures, and effects were sold.[1]

In the memorable year 1745, the battle of Prestonpans[2] was fought in the neighbourhood of Seaton. Lieutenant-General Sir John Cope was assisted by the Earls of Loudon and Hume, Brigadier Fowke, Colonels Gardiner and Lascelles. Besides Hamilton and Gardiner's dragoons, there were 1400 foot and 200 of the Clan Monroe, in all about 2300 men. Cope having received information that the Highlanders were advancing to give him battle, he posted his army in an advantageous situation between the hamlets of Prestonpans and Cockeney. The king's troops had Seaton House at some distance on their left; Bankton, the seat of Colonel Gardiner, and Grange, the seat of the Honourable James Erskine, brother to the late Earl of Mar, on their right; the firth of Forth in their rear; and the village of Tranent in their front, which was secured by a broad and deep ditch. The rebels made their appearance on the 20th of September, upon the high grounds on the south boundary of the heath, to the right of the royalists. The disposition of the attack being made on the 21st about 4 o'clock A. M., the rebels marched hastily round by Seaton House and drew up in order of battle. The right wing of the first line was composed of the battalions of Glengarry, Clanranald, Keppoch, and Glenco, amounting to 1100 men, commanded by the titular Duke of Perth as lieutenant-general; and the left by Lord George Murray, who also acted in the same quality at the head of the men of Lochiel, Perth, Appin, and Glenbucket, being 2150 men. The second line consisted of the battalions of Athole, Glenmoriston, M'Pherson, and Nairn, amounting to 1600 men, and commanded by Lord Nairn, but they were not concerned in the engagement. Prince Charles was at the head of the main body, to whom he made a short animating address, and then, advancing with great celerity and enterprising intrepidity at the dawn of day, they made their strongest effort on the right of the royalists, who were soon thrown into confusion, broken, dispersed, and totally routed. The rebels received a general discharge from the enemy, which killed several, but, advancing, they discharged their fire, threw down their muskets, drew their claymores, gave a fearful shout, and rushed violently on the artillery. The victorious rebels cut many of the unhappy

[1] Some of the pictures belonging to this once splendid collection are preserved at Pinkie House and Dunse Castle.

[2] This engagement was indiscriminately called the battle of Prestonpans, of Tranent-muir, and of Glads-muir, from the names of the neighbouring places.

royalists to pieces in the heat of the action, and took most of the surviving infantry, nearly 1200 in number, prisoners, in less than an hour after the commencement of the battle. About 400 of the royal forces were killed or miserably wounded. Among the slain was the pious and brave Colonel Gardiner, who fell covered with wounds near the wall of his own garden, with three captains and one ensign. Among the wounded were Colonel Whitney and several other officers: and among the prisoners were Colonels Wright, Halket, Clayton, and Whiteford; Majors Bowles, Severn, Talbot, and Griffith; besides twenty captains, twenty-four lieutenants, and twenty-nine ensigns—in all, eighty-three officers, who, with all their train of artillery, baggage, tents, colours, and military chest containing 6000*l.*, were taken by the rebels. Sir John Cope, the Earls of Loudon and Hume, Brigadier Fowke, Colonel Lascelles, and other officers, joined the fugitive dragoons on their retreat to North Berwick. The success of the rebels is said to have been chiefly owing to Macdonald of Keppoch and Macdonald of Glengarry, who served in 1715, and who acted now as colonels in conducting the attack. Prince Charles after this victory returned in triumph to Edinburgh, carrying his prisoners and spoils in procession to the city, and attended by all the bagpipes of the Highland army, playing their favourite air, "The King shall enjoy his ain again." The wounded prisoners were sent to the city infirmary, and the officers who were not wounded were conducted to Perth.[1]

In Skirving's song of "Tranent-muir" are the following verses in allusion to the rout at Seaton House:—

"The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in clouds, man;
The morning fair, and clear the air,
They loos'd with devilish thuds, man;
Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
And soon did chase them aff, man;
On SEATON-CRAFTS they buft their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man!
* * * * * *
But Gard'ner brave did still behave
Like to a hero bright, man;
In courage true, like him were few
That still despised flight, man;
For King and laws and country's cause,
In honour's bed he lay, man;
His life but not his courage fled,
While he had breath to draw, man!"

The palace of Seaton was dismantled about the year 1792. Its vast, ancient, and dreary ruins exhibit one of the most melancholy pictures of prostrate greatness we have ever beheld.

[1] Memoirs of the Duke of Cumberland, by an Englishman, p. 290, 1767.

Some idea of the appearance and extent of this baronial mansion before its dilapidation may be derived from the accompanying engraving, taken from an old picture. A huge heavy-looking chateau now occupies the site. The old rampart-wall still remains, as does also the collegiate church, surrounded by a number of venerable stately trees, which afford shelter to what in former ages they were planted to adorn. A door of rude workmanship gives admission to the western extremity. The windows of the church have been closed up with rough deal boards. The walls are coated over with damp; the monuments almost destroyed; and the once fine pavement torn up and broken. Among the monuments Grose describes an entire slab of marble, five feet six inches in height, and four feet eight inches in breadth, containing a Latin inscription of fifty-two lines, recording the history of the family. Sir Alexander Seaton, contemporary with Edward III., and John Lord Seaton, *tempo.* James I. of Scotland, were buried in the aisle.

Grose mentions that the estate of Seaton was worth 5000*l.* yearly. The whole of it could be seen from the windows of the mansion. The other seat of the Wintons, also in ruins, lies two miles distant, and is called

Niddry Castle,

which stands in the parish of Kirkliston, about ten miles west from Edinburgh, on the road to Linlithgow, near a branch of the river Almond, which divides the counties of Edinburgh and Linlithgow, and runs into the firth of Forth at Cramond. The castle, which now consists of a square tower, was built by George, the fourth Lord Seaton, afterwards Earl of Winton, in the middle of the sixteenth century. It is described in ancient deeds as West Niddry, or Seaton Niddry, to distinguish it from Long Niddry, in Haddingtonshire, the ancient seat of the noble family of Douglas. This fortalice is celebrated as the resting-place of Mary of Scotland after her escape from Lochleven Castle, on her intended progress towards Dumbarton Castle, which being prevented, she perilled her crown and her life on the field of Langside, involving the noble Seaton and all her adherents in one great calamity.

During the period of Queen Mary's reign, or rather of her son's, in those melancholy times which were popularly termed the Douglas wars, each baron's house in Midlothian was attacked and defended, and the gibbet was the fate of the prisoners on both sides. Mercheston tower was

garrisoned by Morton, as were Corstorphin, Reedhall, Craigmillar, and other tenable places, in order to straiten the queen's party, who occupied Edinburgh. On the other hand, the queen established garrisons at Livingston, Blackness, and especially at Seaton Niddry, which last, being nearest to Edinburgh, seems to have given great annoyance to the king's party. Many stratagems were attempted to obtain possession of this important stronghold. A soldier belonging to the castle covenanted to introduce the soldiers of Morton into the castle by stratagem, and the night was fixed when they were to make the attempt with scaling-ladders. But the accomplice betrayed their purpose in time, and the governor, determined to punish them for their temerity, suspended beams on the outside of the fortress by ropes which were made fast to the battlements. The assailants arrived by night, planted their ladders, and, receiving a signal from their supposed confederate, began to ascend in numbers, when the governor caused the ropes to be cut, and the suspended beams, tumbling down on the ladders, crushed at once all on the ladders and below the castle wall.

The last account of the Seatons possessing Niddry Castle is dated the 12th of May, 1653, when George, Earl of Winton, was served heir to his grandfather George, in all the family lands.

The castle and lands of West Niddry appear to have passed from the Winton family to the family of Hopetoun during the troublesome reigns of Charles I. and II. In 1683, Charles Hope of Hopetoun was served heir male and of a line to John Hope of Hopetoun, his father, in the lands and barony of West Niddry, in whose family they now continue. The Honourable General Sir John Hope, who commanded and was wounded at the battle of Toulouse, in 1814, was created Lord Niddry on that occasion. He afterwards succeeded to his brother and became Earl of Hopetoun.

The Castle and Palace of Falkland.

FRONT VIEW OF THE PALACE.—No. 24.

"ALAS! AND WHAT SHALL YORK SEE HERE,
BUT EMPTY LODGINGS AND UNFURNISH'D WALLS,
UNPEOPLED OFFICES, UNTRODDEN STONES,—
AND WHAT CHEER FIND FOR WELCOME, BUT OUR GROANS?"

SHAKSPERE.

"FOR O! WAE'S ME! THE THISTLE SPRINGS
IN DOMICILE O' ANCIENT KINGS,
WITHOUT A PATRIOT TO REGRET
OUR PALACE AND OUR ANCIENT STATE."

FERGUSON.

The Castle and Palace of Falkland.

Falkland originally a Roman Station—Its Etymon—Formerly part of the property of the Earls of Fife—An Army convened here by Constantine Earl of Fife—Marriage of the Countess of Fife to Stewart Earl of Monteath, son of Robert II.; it then becomes a Royal Palace—The Duke of Albany, Governor, starves David Duke of Rothesay to death—Two Females murdered for attempting to protract his Life—Falkland erected into a Royal Borough—James V. and his Queen reside here—His Death—One of the favourite Retreats of his Daughter Mary—King James VI. holds his Court here—Curious Letter of D'Esneval respecting the Reconciliation of James and his Mother—Letter from King James urging his Mother's Liberty—Curious Anecdote of that King—Proverbs in allusion to Falkland—Rob Roy takes possession of the Palace—Charles II. resides here—Mr. Bruce repairs the Castle—The Hall of Falkland, &c.

THE palace of Falkland stands in the county of Fife, at the north-east foot of the *East Lomond*, one of two mountains which rise abruptly in the midst of a plain of considerable extent.

Tradition represents the present site of the castle and town of Falkland as a station occupied by the ninth Roman legion.

The name of the place is supposed by Dr. Jamieson to be of Suo-Gothic derivation—the word "*Falk*" signifying a species of hawk, which he supposes to have frequented this once celebrated spot. But without having recourse to Gothic lore, we may at once adopt the more modern and simple etymon of "*Falconland*," i. e. "the *land of Falconry*;" for although the name is variously spelt, "*Falconland*" is the term most frequently used in ancient records.

Falkland claims remote antiquity; it formed part of the property of the Earls of Fife, the descendants of Macduff, Thane of Fife, who attained so much celebrity in the reign of Malcolm Canmore by vanquishing the usurper Macbeth, and by having been chiefly instrumental in restoring Malcolm to the throne of his ancestors. Duncan, the sixth Earl of Fife, married Ada, the niece of Malcolm IV., when the lands of Falkland constituted part of her dowry.

In the Book of St. Andrews, now lost, Sibbald states that mention was made of Falkland having been the scene of the following event:—

In the reign of David I., Constantine Earl of Fife, and Macbeth Thane of Falkland, convened an army here, to prevent Robert de Burgoner from forcing the Culdees of St. Andrews and Lochleven to give him half their lands of Kirkness, which he had presumed to claim from them.

The castle and tower of Falkland are mentioned in ancient records. Of date 1371 there is an indenture betwixt Isabel Countess of Fife, and Robert Stewart Earl of Monteath, son of King Robert II., wherein she acknowledges him as her lawful heir-apparent; and that "the said earl shall have in his keeping the castle of Falkland, with the forest, and that a constable shall be placed therein by him as he pleases; that the said countess may stay in the tower as she pleaseth; and that the whole village of Falkland, over against the said tower, shall be set in tack," &c.[1]

This Robert was not only Earl of Fife, but Duke of Albany, and regent. On the execution of his son Murdo at Stirling, in 1424, James I. annexed the earldom of Falkland to the crown.

It was while in the possession of Robert Earl of Fife that this castle acquired the honours of a palace, having been occupied by him for a period of thirty-four years, during which time he had all the powers of the state in his hands, under the title of General Governor and Regent. It was also the seat of authority, as his aged and infirm father constantly resided at his castle in the Isle of Bute.

Falkland is remarkable for a scene of the most horrid cruelty that ever stained the page of history. Albany, the governor, fearing, from the great promise of David Duke of Rothesay, his nephew, and eldest son of Robert II., that he would prove the rival of his power, used the basest means to prejudice his weak father against the prince. Aggravating many youthful indiscretions of which he had been guilty, he prevailed upon the imbecile monarch to issue an order for his arrest, as a salutary check upon the humours of his son. Having in consequence been decoyed to the residence of his uncle, the young prince was shut up in the "tower of Falkland," where he was consigned to the cruel fate of death by hunger. His life is said to have been for some days feebly sustained by a young female, daughter of the deputy-governor, who had commiseration on him, and let meal fall to him from a granary above his cell:[2] others have it, that cakes of oatmeal were pushed through a chink or crevice in the wall. This was soon discovered; and the pity which had been shown by the female being viewed as perfidy by her cruel father, she was consigned to destruction. This brutal act did not deter

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[1] Hist. of Fife, p. 386. [2] Bellenden; Brown's Palaces, p. 31.

another female, employed by the family in the capacity of wet-nurse, from attempting to prolong the miserable life of the captive prince, by continuing to supply him with milk from her breasts by means of a long reed, until she also was detected, when she in like manner fell a sacrifice to her humanity.[1]

The unhappy prince, thus deprived of this wretched sustenance, which had rather increased the torments of hunger than allayed them, he having gnawed and devoured his own members, expired, after suffering the most terrible agonies. His fate was long concealed from his father, as none could be found with courage enough to convey the dreadful tidings to the king. A report of the murder of David, by his own uncle, at length reached his miserable parent; but the assassin was only pointed out by secret rumour, because nobody dared openly to accuse so powerful a man. The king, having implored vengeance from Heaven, and imprecated the most grievous curses upon those and their posterity who had perpetrated so heinous a crime, overcome with grief and bodily infirmity, returned to Bute, filled with increased suspicions that the murder had been committed by his brother, who, to allay the suspicions of the king, had recourse to every dissimulation, and even brought forth some criminals from prison, and caused them to be executed as the alleged perpetrators of the deed.

After this atrocity, Falkland almost ceased to be used as a royal residence till the reign of James V.; and it is highly probable that the first of this name had purposely withdrawn himself from a place which had been the prison and slaughterhouse of his brother,—whose fate he himself would in all probability have shared, had not a safer prison been destined for him in an enemy's country.[2]

In 1458 Falkland was erected into a burgh of barony by James II. This charter was afterwards renewed by James VI., in 1595. The reason assigned for this erection was the frequent residence of the royal family at the manor of Falkland, and the damage and inconvenience sustained by the many prelates, peers, barons, and others who frequented the court, from the want of innkeepers and victuallers.

James V. was much attached to Falkland, probably as affording ample means of gratifying his taste for hunting and hawking.

It was at Falkland that the king, while amusing himself with the pleasures of the chase, seized the opportunity of the absence of the Earl of Angus in Lothian, of freeing himself from the thraldom of the Douglases. Having ordered preparations for a solemn hunting on the fol-

[1] Pinkerton's Hist., vol. i., p. 68.

[2] Aikman's Hist. of Scotland, vol. ii.

lowing day, he, in the disguise of a clown, attended by some faithful servants, set out on horseback, and reached Stirling Castle by dawn of day.[1]

James resided frequently at Falkland with his queen, Mary of Guise; indeed, Falkland is indebted for much of its beauty and embellishments to this king, who added the front next the court. Beneath some of the pillars, the inscriptions "Jacobus Rex" and "Marie de Guise" are still to be seen.

The great encouragement which James gave to the arts and sciences drew to his court men eminent for their learning and genius. He was himself a poet of considerable ability, and he had likewise devoted much of his time to the study of architecture, his fondness for which led him so assiduously to re-edify and repair the royal palaces. Education too, under his protective care, began to assume some form and system: he gave stability to the universities by securing the most accomplished professors. Education before that period was either neglected or despised by the rich; few were able to read, and almost none to write beyond signing their own names. As for the middle and lower classes, they had nothing but traditions of their forefathers recited by the wandering minstrels, and

> "The songs to savage virtue dear,
> That won of yore the public ear,
> Ere polity, sedate and sage,
> Had quench'd the fire of feudal rage."

To this palace King James retired after his defeat at Solway Moss in 1542. Mary was only seven days old when she lost her father, who died as he had lived, with a kingly and gallant spirit. In the language of Pitscottie, "he turned him upon his back, and looked and beheld all his nobles and lords about him, and, giving a little smile of laughter, kissed his hand and offered it to them: when they had pressed it to their lips for the last time, he tossed up his arms and yielded his spirit to God." Thus died one of the most handsome men of his day at the early age of thirty; he had much of the ardour of his father, with a somewhat greater share of prudence. He was above the middle stature, his hair flowed luxuriantly over his shoulders in natural ringlets of a dark yellow or auburn colour, his eyes grey and penetrating, his voice sweetly toned, and otherwise highly prepossessing. He was buried in the royal vault in the chapel of Holyrood, where his embalmed body, in a state of entire preservation, was to be seen in the time of the historian Keith.

Falkland Palace is hallowed by its associations with the memory

[1] Pitscottie, pp. 217-220. Pinkerton, p. 290.

of the hapless Mary, who resided in this favourite retreat, where she frequently enjoyed the sports of the field. She had a "*garden and park*" at Falkland, the latter of which was planted with oaks and alders to the extent of three miles, and abounded with deer.[1] Here she spent a great portion of her time in the various recreations she was wont to indulge in. She was peculiarly fond of walking, and transacted most of her business during her perambulations. When not engaged in more active pursuits, she devoted a portion of her time to music, and was a proficient on the lute and virginals.

When the news of the assassination of the Grand Prior, and the death of her uncle the Duke of Guise, reached her at St. Andrews, she retired to Falkland, where she tried for a few days to dissipate her melancholy by the pastimes of the place; she afterwards removed to the more sequestered castle of Lochleven.

Falkland was the favourite palace of James VI., who had probably selected this castle as his residence on account of his peculiar attachment to hunting and falconry.

The following letter, dated the 1st of March, 1596, to Lord Philorth, is a strong confirmation of his attachment to the latter sport:—

"Right traist friend, we greit you hartlie well. Hearing that ye have ane gyir falcon qlk is esteamit the best halk in all that countrie, and meetest for us that have sae gude lyking of that pastyme, we have thurfur taiken occasion effectuuslie to requiest and desyre, seeing halks are but gifting geir an na utherwise to be accompted betwixt us, and you being sa well acquainted, that of courtesie ye will bestow on us that your halk, and send her heir to us with this bearer our servant, qwhom we have anis earand directed to bring and carry her tentilie. Q'in as he shall report our hartie and special thankis, sa shall ze find us reddy to requite your courtesie and good will, na less pleasure in any ye like gates as occasion shall put. Thus resteng persuadit of your preseanting us heir anent, we commit you in God's protection.

Sic subscribitur

JAMES R."

Another curious letter from D'Esneval, dated Falkland Palace, June 3, 1585, is in allusion to James and his mother; it was to the following purport:—

The reconciliation between the mother and the son was rendered more complete by the good offices of this French ambassador. He found James alone, he said, "excepting the presence of his most confidential household servants;" and he took the opportunity of telling

[1] Hist. of Fife, p. 386.

him that he had just received a letter from his mother, the Queen of Scotland, who named him with great kindness, and that she bade him tell James that her extreme affection for him had never been impaired. To which the young king listened very willingly, and said, "that he was always desirous of being her very dutiful son, and would have served her effectually if he had had but the means." James then told the French ambassador that he had written letters to his mother, expressing his affection, and when he was sure of not being seen had tendered them to the care of Fountenay,[1] who had refused to take them on account of the bad terms on which his mother was with him; "which were indeed," added the young king, "wholly owing to the English, with whom he was obliged to dissimulate; but that he would never hold faith with them:" and he entreated D'Esneval, "that, if he wrote letters expressive of the natural duty and love he bore the queen his mother, and could hand them to him without being seen, he would take care of them and forward them to her, if she would dispense with the regular formalities."

There is every reason to believe, from the letter written by Mary after her condemnation to death, in the ensuing October, to Queen Elizabeth, that these letters from her son had never reached her.

Some writers have impeached King James with abandoning his mother to her fate; but this is incorrect.

The suspicions of James of the treachery of Archibald Douglas, who turned out to be the principal agent of Patrick Gray, who intrigued against the life of Mary, are very plainly set forth in the following laconic letter from that prince, and written wholly in his hand:—

"Reserve yourself up no longer in the earnest dealing for my mother, for ye have done it too long; and think not that any of your *travails* can do good if her life be taken; for then adieu with my dealing with them that are the special instruments thereof. And therefore, if ye look for the continuance of my favour towards you, spare no pains nor plainness in this case, but read my letter written to William Keith, and conform yourself wholly to the contents thereof; and in this respect let me reap the fruits of your great credit there, *either now or never*. Farewell."[2]

[1] This is supposed to be the same who effected such serious mischief between the mother and son. He told James that his mother had said, "that if she recovered her throne she would reduce him to the fortune and degree of his father Darnley."

[2] MS. Cottonian Catalogue, C ix., f. 482.

The palace is remarkable for the following curious scene:—

This king, while walking in the royal gardens of Falkland, discovered therein Mr. Alexander Ruthven, brother to the Earl of Gowrie, who, overcome with the heat of the day, had fallen asleep; and having the curiosity to go and see who he was, the king was surprised to find a ribbon of a very rare description suspended from his breast, which he himself had not long before given to his queen as a love-token. Overwhelmed with jealousy and rage, without awakening the unconscious Ruthven, he immediately went to tax the queen with her infidelity, which, if we credit historians, he had no small cause to suspect. A ready-witted and nimble attendant of the queen, having observed the scene, and well knowing the cause of the king's surprise and indignation, with cautious hand removed the suspected emblem of the queen's favour from the neck of the incautious gallant, and instantly conveyed it to the queen; to whom she had scarcely been able to restore the ribbon and to recount the adventure, before the king, wound up to a pitch of frantic jealousy, abruptly appeared in "the presence," and demanded a sight of his late love-token. The queen, already in possession of the ribbon and secret, with well affected composure produced it to the astonished monarch; and, on examining it, he with resumed cheerfulness remarked that "Like is an ill mark,"—a proverb which has since not only been assumed by the "Falkland folks," still proud of ancient domestic allusions, but has also become familiar to all Scotsmen.

There are many other "old sayings" attributed to the ancient denizens of these royal domains. Fruchie, a little village about a mile from the palace, was assigned as a place of temporary banishment and penance for courtiers who had incurred the royal displeasure; and hence, it is said, the common ejaculation when any one wishes to get rid of an obnoxious person, "Go to Fruchie," which is certainly a much more civil mandate than many maledictions enunciated in more modern days.

In 1715, after the battle of Sheriffmuir, Falkland became the habitation and stronghold of the celebrated Rob Roy Macgregor, who with a party of his clan took possession of this residence of royalty, and proceeded to lay the country for many miles round under contribution. These violent and oppressive acts, although perpetrated within thirty miles of Edinburgh, do not appear to have been repressed, probably because the turbulence of the times had diverted the attention of government from feuds and rapine of a less extensive nature to the general distractions of the state. Macgregor and his clan, after having held undisputed possession of Falkland for some time, retired to their native mountains loaded with booty.

The last time that Falkland was honoured with the presence of royalty

was by Charles II., who remained about ten days in this castle, more in quality of a prisoner than a king, under the domination of his presbyterian subjects.

Previous to the "Jurisdiction Act of 1748," Falkland was the seat of a court, which had a civil jurisdiction over almost the whole county of Fife, and was at this time the constant residence of several gentlemen of the law, and the consequent resort of those from all parts of the shire who had occasion to repair to the *sittings* at Falkland. Since that period, Falkland has dwindled into pristine obscurity, and presents, even in the present day, a correct picture of a Scottish burgh of the sixteenth century; perhaps the only remaining specimen of such, with all its characteristic attributes of primitive simplicity, which now exists in the whole kingdom. Almost every person in Falkland is the owner of his own house, which descends from one generation to another.

After this, the more perfect part of the castle, or rather palace, of Falkland, afforded a residence to the clergyman of the parish, and was, till the recent erection of a manse, occupied as the domicile of the minister. The rage for novelty and improvement having erected a new manse about forty years ago, the only habitable portion of this princely edifice, having been deserted by its clerical possessors, was left to ruin and desolation. The roof has since been demolished, the floors destroyed, and almost everything but the walls has become a prey to time and neglect. Mr. Bruce, of the State Paper Office, having purchased the estate, his first care was to rescue this important ruin from the fate which threatened it; and in 1823-4 he commenced, and in part executed, a series of operations which were calculated to preserve the ancient fabric for centuries to come. This patriotic gentleman ordered the roof and the floors of the building to be repaired, several of the windows which had been previously built up to be opened and casemented, and the many chinks and crevices which time had made in the walls to be closed. The weed-grown court and environs were with the same conservative taste converted into a flower-garden and shrubbery. Mr. Bruce did not live to see the execution of his judicious and tasteful directions fully completed: the residue of the task devolved on Miss Bruce of Nuthill, in consequence of the death of her uncle, who has since accomplished the intentions and schemes which had been in part effected by her predecessor.

To these two persons are we indebted for the preservation of this venerable pile, the hunting-seat of our ancient monarchs, and consequently the scene of many of their pleasures and pastimes. Although we no longer behold the oak-covered forest where the lovely Mary was wont to join her courtiers in the chase, and are only left to view the

ruin and desolation which the hand of time has achieved, we feel gratified in witnessing the efforts that have been made to preserve the fabric from further dilapidation, and the embellishment of its weed-grown environs with some of the gayest productions of nature.

It is a matter of regret that the situation of the palace, which may be said to form a connection with the town, precludes the possibility of having it enclosed. The inn is, with a pitiful and unreverential taste, affixed to its gable, while its venerable front composes one side of the public street. The house opposite to the palace was the residence of the king's huntsman, and other houses of venerable aspect are said to have been the residences of the royal household while Falkland was the seat of our former kings.

But although the view of the front of the palace is destroyed by its unhappy obtrusion on the town, or rather that of the town on it, the back part in some measure compensates the tourist for his disappointed expectations: being situated on a gently rising terrace, it commands a view of the upper half of Stratheden, a country most beautiful and fertile, and, according to Chambers, distinguished by all the charms appropriate to *champaign*.

The remains of Falkland Palace still evince its former magnificence and exquisite proportions. The front of the palace has often been compared to the north-west wing of Holyrood, built by James V., and which formed the residence of Mary Queen of Scots. The gateway is placed between two fine round towers, and is surmounted by a lower and rather non-castellated range of buildings. Underneath, through a vast portico, we are introduced into the court-yard. At the top of the edifice there is an inscription, "Deus dat cui vult."[1] Along the lower range of buildings are three or four buttresses, each having a niche, which was formerly adorned with a statue. A similar style of architecture is seen behind, with this remarkable addition, that the walls are relieved by large medallion entablatures, in which the remains of several heads, *en profile*, in bas-relief, are still to be traced. The columns are elegant, and are of fine proportions, but not reducible to any order. The present ruin is but one of three sides which formerly existed.

The principal ornament of Falkland, now almost entire, is the splendid ceiling of the large hall, or audience-chamber, carved and painted in the most gorgeous style, and which is still in a wonderful state of preservation. Besides the great northern quarter of the palace, there still remain the interior wall of the east side, and a vast square building

[1] God bestows his gifts on whomsoever he pleaseth.

about two hundred yards apart, said to have been the square or court in which tournaments had been exhibited. The marks of galleries, which had been erected round the area for the accommodation of spectators, are still visible on the walls.

The aspect of these ruins, at once a fortress and a palace, imparts to the mind a degree of solemn interest, and conjures up associations of mingled melancholy and regret.

While traversing the levelled ruins of the original castle of Falkland, in imagination we behold the dungeon on the north side of the court-yard in which Robert Duke of Rothesay was doomed to perish of hunger. And in the less dilapidated and more courtly portion of the ruin, we view the halls of Scotland's former monarchs, the sporting-seat of Scotland's lovely queen, the resort of beauty and chivalry, the haunt of minstrels, and the court of mirth. How changed the scene! The music of the magic lute, touched by fairy hands, is exchanged for the doleful shriek of the solitary owl, or the voice of the jackdaw, alarmed by human tread, and leaving her half-built nest in timid flight.

The original garden, once the favourite retreat of the Scottish queen, is situated on the opposite side of a little rill, to the north of the palace, and is now converted into a ploughed field. The forest of Falkland, like the garden, has long ceased to exist.

To the lovers of such scenes we would recommend a pilgrimage to the once gay Falkland, as the most curious and interesting, but perhaps the most neglected haunt, in the wide circle of Scotland.

Sir David Lindsay of the Mount must have been much attached to this royal residence, if we may judge from his pathetic adieu to that court:—

> "Farewell, Falkland, the fortress of Fyfe—
> Thy polite park under the Lowmond-law."

The

Castle of Burntisland.

BURNTISLAND CASTLE IN THE 17TH CENTURY.—No. 25.

"ALMOST UNCONSCIOUS WHERE HE WENT,
BY SECRET PATHS HIS COURSE HE BENT,
UNTIL HE SAW THE MOON'S PALE BEAM
ON BATTLEMENT AND TURRET GLEAM.
HE STARTED:—'TWAS 'THE ABBOT'S HALL,'
WHERE MARY HELD HER FESTIVAL.
ITS TOWERS THE OCEAN WAVE O'ERHUNG,
AND FAR THE DARKENING SHADOWS FLUNG.
THE CASTLE GAIN'D, HE STEALS UNSEEN
INTO THE CHAMBER OF THE QUEEN;
HER SHRIEKS RE-ECHO THROUGH THE ROOM,
AND THE BOLD LOVER MEETS HIS DOOM!"

ANON.

The Castle of Burntisland.

ETYMON of Burntisland—Ancient History—Alexander III. is killed near the Castle—Bones of St. Margaret conveyed thither—Durie of Durie makes extensive additions to the original Tower—Curious Act of Parliament respecting it—The Castle afterwards belongs to Kirkaldy of Grange—Queen Mary's memorable Visit—The State Bedchamber—The Scene of Chatelard's Audacity—The Castle subsequently belongs to the Melvilles of Cairnie, Sir James Wemyss, afterwards Lord Burntisland, the Earls of Wemyss, Elgin, Leven, and Melville, which last changed it to Rossend, and is now the property of Will. Alex. Laurie, Esq., F.S.A. —The Castle stormed by Cromwell—Surrendered after two days' Siege—Cromwell's Letter describing its Capture—Description of the Castle, Garden—Restorations and Improvements by the present Proprietor—Prospect from the Battlements.

TRADITION, the only guide which we have in investigating the etymon of this ancient fortress, asserts that Burnt Island derived its name from the burning of the fishermen's huts by the Picts upon that part of the harbour called the Island.

In ancient writings, the name is variously given, *Birtiland*, *Brynt Island*, *Brunt Island*, *Burnt Island*, &c.

The early history of this fortalice, like that of many others, is involved in obscurity; but we may venture to affirm that its situation may have been the inducement to the erection of one of those "peels," "keeps," or "embattled towers," which, like Linlithgow (originally a "peel"), formed the strongholds of ancient despotism, and a safe retreat in times of trouble. In early history this castle is called the Tower of Wester Kinghorn, to distinguish it from "the Great Glammis Tower, or Castle, of Easter Kinghorn," the royal residence of King David I. and other Scottish monarchs. Alexander III. was killed by a fall from his horse betwixt "*Easter and Wester Kinghorn*," Anno 1296, in the thirty-seventh year of his reign, and was buried at Dunfermline[1] beside his queen Margaret; and it is a curious fact that Alexander, at the period of his queen's funeral, took great pains to collect and preserve the remains of St. Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, by inclosing the bones in a silver chest

[1] Abridgment of the Scottish Chronicles, p. 183—1597.

enriched with precious stones, which cabinet, during the troubles of the Reformation, was placed for safety in the castle of Edinburgh, and afterwards removed to Burntisland Castle by Father Durie, a priest and monk of Dunfermline.

The first account we meet with respecting this structure is that of the important addition made to the keep by one of the ancient family of Durie of that Ilk, who built the north and south wings of the castle in 1382, during the reign of Robert II., surnamed *Blear-eye*, the *first of the Stewarts*, over the principal entrance to which the arms of the Duries are inserted under a gothic canopy, supported by two savages girded with laurels. The castle continued for a considerable period in the possession of this family, several of whom were Abbots and Commendators of Dunfermline, and archdeacons of St. Andrews, from which circumstance the castle has been distinguished by the additional title of "The Abbots' Hall," as appears from the following unpublished Act of Parliament of James V., dated from Linlithgow, which being a literary curiosity, we copy it verbatim—

Act of Parliament, etc.

Ratifieng the Erectioun of Brunt Hand, 1585.

In the Current Parliament haldin at Linlythqw within the Greite Hall of the Palice thairof the aucht day of December the zeir of God I^m V Foure-scoir fyve zeiris, Oure Souerane Lord with avise of the Three Estatis of Parliament hes ratifeit and apprevit and for his Hienes and his successouris ratifeis, apprevis the letters of dimissioun, resignatioun, and ouergiving maid be vmquhile George, Archideane and Principall of Sanctandrois, and Commendatar perpetuall of the Abbay of Dunfermling and Convent thairof, in fauour of oure Souerane, Lordis darrest guidschir King James the Fyft of maist noble memorie, his airis and successouris, of all and haill the porte and heavin callet the Heavin of Brynt Iland liand contigue with the landis of Wester Kinghorne, within the Schirefdome of Fyff, and of the Stanehous, Toure and Fortalice sumtyme callit the Abbotis hall with the vthir houssis and biggingis thairof with sax aikeris of land nixt adjacent in the said port and heavyn Begynnand fra the north wall of the said stanehous and tour, and passand directlie east as the head of the hill passis vpoun the north parte, and fra the foirsaid port and heavyn as the sey flowis vpoun the foirsaidis landis of Wester Kinghorne to the eastwart, ay and quhill the foirsaidis sax aikaris of land be compleit for bigging of ane Toun for vsing of the said port and heavyn, as in the said letter at mair length is contenit. Togidder with the Charter and Infeftment maid be oure said Souerane Lord darrest guidschir foirsaid eftir his perfyte age of xxv zeiris compleit to the Prouost, Baillies, Inhabitantis and Burgessis of the said Toun of Brunt Iland erectand makand and constitutand the same in ane Free Burgh Royall and endeuand the same burgh, with privilegeis freedomis and liberteis of ane free Burgh as in the said Charter and Infeftment at mair lenth is contenit. Togidder with the precept and instrument of sesing following thairupoun in all pointis claussis and circumstanceis thairof, and ordanis the Commissioneris of the said Burgh now and at all tymes cuming appointit and to be appointit in all Parliamentis Conventionis and Assemblies and Counsallis quhair the Burrowis hes voit to be resauit and admittit, alsweill as ony othir Commissioneris of ony Burgh within this Realme. And ordanis letters of publicatioun to be direct thairupon in forme as effeiris. *Extractum de libro Actorum Parliamenti per me Robertum Scott, Directorem Cancellarie, ac Deputatum honorabilis viri Alexandri Hay de Eister Kennett Clerici Rotulorum Registri ac Consilii S. D. N. Regis, sub meis signo et subscriptione manualibus.*

Sibbald, in his "History of Fife," states that in the "Cartulary of Dunfermling" (to which abbey this town and castle belonged) there is a grant by George Durie of that Ilk, "of our lands of Nether Grange of Kinghorn Wester, called *Le Mains*; together with the keeping of the place or fort of the same, and for preserving and custody thereof dispose heritably our lands of *Grefland* and *Cunningerland* (which means *rabbit-warren*) now called Burnt Island, within our shire of Kinghorn, regality of Dunfermling, and sheriffdom of Fife."—This document is dated 1538.

Sir William Kirkaldy, chief of that family, who derived their title from Grange, a mile north of Kinghorn, and frequently mentioned in history, was for some time proprietor of the castle and lands,[1] which he is supposed to have received at or before the Reformation, and probably at the time when the Abbot Durie was dispossessed by the Lords of the Convocation: but it appears to have reverted to the Durie family without any conveyance or record extant, although the progress of writs, and other documents, in the possession of Will. Alex. Laurie, Esq., the present proprietor, is perfect and complete from a much earlier date.

Sir William Kirkaldy, who was appropriately styled by the Constable Montemorencie "the first soldier in Europe," as he was decidedly the most upright man of the age, was lord treasurer to James V., and the faithful friend of Mary of Scotland: and although we cannot vouch for his being possessor of the Castle of Burnt Island during her visits to Fifeshire, it is highly probable that such was the case. It cannot, however, be doubted for a single moment, that the Laird of Grange was on the spot to welcome the daughter of his former royal master and friend.

It has been already stated that Sir William Kirkaldy was one of the few friends of Mary, who admired him for his rare qualities, and that he was ever distinguished by her esteem and confidence. It was by Kirkaldy's hand she was conducted to her treacherous nobles, who promised, in presence of this faithful soldier, to love and protect her; but both Kirkaldy and his royal mistress were grossly deceived—a deception which Kirkaldy lamented greatly, inasmuch as he was the innocent accessory to a reconciliation which terminated in the bondage of his royal mistress; and he did not hesitate to upbraid the lords for their treachery. But after her imprisonment, he held the Castle of Edinburgh on behalf of his injured queen, until, after a noble struggle of many weeks, he was obliged to surrender it along with his life, as he was unfeelingly executed.

To the castle of Burntisland Mary must have paid several visits on her excursions in Fife, though history is silent as to the chieftain's dwelling;

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[1] A stone engraved with the arms of Kirkaldy of Grange, on a field gules, mullets and crescent or, which was long preserved in the castle grounds, was stolen therefrom about twelve months since.

but in one of her progresses from Dunfermline to St. Andrews, when lodging at this castle for the night, it is mentioned as the scene of one of the interesting and romantic episodes in her chequered history.

In our preceding account of Holyrood, it will be seen that Chatelard (an attaché of the French ambassador, the Marshal d'Anville), an enthusiast in music and poetry, of which the queen was passionately fond, presuming on her partiality, concealed himself in the bed-room of the queen at Holyrood House, for which offence he was dismissed the presence. But his fatal infatuation led him to follow the queen to this castle, where she slept on the night of the 14th of February, 1562-3. When her Majesty had retired to her bed-chamber, Chatelard had by some unknown means contrived to enter it immediately after, to clear himself, as he pretended, from the former imputation on his conduct. The queen was in the act of stepping into bed, but was still attended by her ladies. Astonished at his audacity, the queen called for help, and the shrieks of the ladies soon alarmed the royal household. The lords-in-waiting rushed into the apartment and seized the intruder. The queen, highly incensed, commanded the Earl of Murray, who was the first to run to her assistance, to despatch the wretch with his dagger; but Murray more prudently took him prisoner, determined to bring him to condign punishment. On the second day after the outrage, Chatelard was tried, condemned, and executed at St. Andrews, as already mentioned.

The *locale* of this extraordinary scene is a handsome wainscoted apartment, situated in the old square tower, or keep. It has two curious closets, cut out of the depth of the wall, which is nearly 10 feet thick, and in one of which is a concealed stair, which it is said led down to the sea at the foot of the castle rock. This room has always been called the state bed-chamber, and opens directly from the old hall of the castle.

The castle, after the death of Kirkaldy, was the residence of Sir Robert Melville of Carnie, lord treasurer to James VI. Sir James Wemyss of Bogie, who took his seat in the Scottish parliament as Lord Burntisland from the years 1672 to 1687, resided at this castle. It was afterwards the property of the Earls of Wemyss, Elgin, Leven, and Melville, during the residence of which last lord the name of the castle was changed to *Rossend*, although, when it was the temporary residence of Oliver Cromwell, it was distinguished by the ancient title.

On the 19th of April, 1651, Oliver Cromwell made an attempt to storm this castle, but he was sharply repulsed. Next day he repeated his visit, sending a number of boats well manned to continue the siege —but with indifferent success, for the garrison held out until the whole coast of Fife was overrun with the greatest part of the Protector's army; when the castle was surrendered.

The following important document respecting the capture of this fortress was sent by the "Lord General" to the Speaker in Parliament, dated at "*Bruntisland*," 29th July, 1651:—

"SIR,

"The greatest part of the army is in *Fife*, waiting what way God will further lead us. It hath pleased God to give us in *Brunt Island*, which is indeed very conducing to the carrying on of our affaires. The town is well seated, pretty strong, but marvellous capable of further improvement in that respect, without great charge. The harbour at a high spring is near a fathom deeper than at Leith, and doth not lye commanded by any ground without the town. Wee took three or four small men-of-war in it, and I believe 30 or 40 guns. Commissary-General Whaley marched along the sea-side in Fife, having some ships to goe along the coast, and hath taken great store of great artillery, and divers ships. The enemies affaires are in some discomposure, as we hear: surely the Lord will blow upon them.

"Your most humble Servant,

"Oliver Cromwell"

In Cromwell's time the rampart was mounted with guns; and it is stated, by the Protector himself, that it took his troops two days to obtain possession of the place, and even then it was only surrendered upon condition that he was to pave the streets and repair the harbour, which he did.

Rossend was the residence, or rather head-quarters, of the Covenanters during the Reformation; and in the rebellion of 1715, it was garrisoned by the Earl of Mar and his troops.

The square tower, or keep, abuts on the east side of the building, in which are the arms of Ochiltree or Colville. From the tower, eastward, runs a rampart with embrasures, flanked by a round tower embattled, on the sides of which are culverin holes: this tower is now covered with ivy, and is of very romantic appearance, reminding us of the remark of a German tourist, who says that "the cause of the principal beauty in British ruins is the dampness of the climate, which covers them immediately with verdure."

The rooms in the other part of the castle are commodious. On the first floor there are five ancient wainscoted rooms, *en suite*, besides three modern apartments: all the rooms are over-arched or vaulted, and one

of them is of great strength. In the kitchen there is a fireplace of very old construction, 18 feet wide, composing a fine arch, with torus moulding. Below the square tower are dungeons, the entrance to which has been closed up: the dungeons were supplied with square holes, covered with moveable stones, similarly to that of the dungeon at Linlithgow. About 60 years ago the castle had a fine old gate, with the remains of a drawbridge and flagged court-yard in front; but the proprietor was seized with a barbarous fit for modernising, and having placed himself in the hands of an eminent architect (?), he so distorted and debased this beautiful castle as to render it almost a deformity. But as good fortune would have it, the castle has come into the hands of a gentleman whose taste is the very reverse of that of his predecessors, and who has, with incalculable trouble, happily restored much of that which unhallowed hands had desecrated.

In the lower garden is a splendid well, 30 feet deep, built and partly hewn out of the solid rock, in the most regular and beautiful manner, and which is said to be more ancient than the castle. It was near to this place that the sea at flood-tide formed a *ditch* or moat to the south and east of the castle, which crowns the summit of a wooded craggy eminence, and which, as it were, overhangs the sea, standing out in bold relief from the hills of Dunearn, and the Bin in the background.

Thus loftily situated, the castle commands the most varied and splendid prospects in every direction, embracing many surrounding counties. The prospect seaward reaches beyond the May Island, at a distance of about thirty miles; while to the westward the scenery is of the richest description, the coast being indented with wooded creeks, and displaying in fine outline the formidable cliffs of Hawk-craig and Caroline Point, beyond which are distinguishable, in the extreme distance, St. Margaret's Hope, the castle of Blackness, and the waters of the upper Forth.

The view of Edinburgh, across the blue expanse of the Firth, which at this place covers an extent in width of about five miles, studded with vessels sailing in every direction, is unrivalled, but more particularly during a setting sun, when "Duneden, stretching her white arms to the sea," appears clothed in all the varied and splendid hues of tropical scenery.

Rossend Castle, having been fortunately rescued from the hands of modern vandalism, bids fair to become a monument, for ages to come, to the memory of "Mary of Scotland," and an excellent specimen of the strongholds erected by our stern forefathers, at a period when—

> "Lands intersected by a narrow firth
> Abhorr'd each other. Mountains interposed
> Made enemies of nations, that had else,
> Like kindred drops (as now), been mingled into one."

The Castle of Dunnottar.

FOUNDED by the Keiths, Great Marischals of Scotland — Taken by the English — Besieged and destroyed by Wallace, who burnt 4000 English in the Ruins — Rebuilt by Edward III. — Taken by Sir Andrew Murray — The Regalia of Scotland preserved in the Castle — The Castle left in charge of George Ogilvie — The Regalia removed secretly to the Church of Kenniff — The Castle surrendered — Ogilvie and his Lady imprisoned — Her Death, and parting charge to her Lord — The Restoration — Ogilvie gives up his precious Charge to the Earl Marischal — Ogilvie created a Baronet by Charles II. — Brief description of the Ruins — Prison and Grave of the Covenanters — Poetical Description of the Ruins.

THE castle of Dunnottar, anciently Dunotter, corrupted into Dunnottar, stands upon a peninsulated rock, half in and half out of the sea, about a mile and a half to the south of Stonehaven.

This magnificent ruin is only accessible from land by a narrow steep, winding round the body of the rock, having no connection with the land, which is here divided from it by a deep chasm, the peculiar position of which, belonging neither to the sea nor to the land, may have given rise to what may be called its *amphibious* etymon, the *Otter Mount*.

The vast number of towers, covering three acres, present to the eye of the passing traveller the appearance of some deserted city raised in mid air. From the immense strength of its natural situation, this spot must have been occupied at a very early period; but the accounts we have of it go no farther back than about the year 1283, when it was the stronghold of Sir William Keith, great Marischal of Scotland, to which he retired during the contention between Bruce and Baliol for the Scottish crown. It was, however, taken by the English. In 1298, Sir William Wallace took and burnt the castle, consigning 4000 of the English to the flames.

In 1336, Dunnottar was rebuilt and fortified by Edward III., during his possession of Scotland; but on his quitting it, Sir Andrew Murray lost no time in making himself master of this important stronghold.

In 1562 Queen Mary, in her progress to the north, attended by the Earls of Argyll, Morton, Marischal, Mar, and others of the nobility, honoured the castle of Dunnottar with a visit on her return home, having been invited thither by the lordly proprietor, who had accompanied his sovereign on that expedition. Her majesty, having taken leave of her host, continued her journey, visiting Montrose, Arbroath, Dundee, Stirling, and Linlithgow, and arrived at the palace of Holyrood after an absence of upwards of three months.

In 1650, when the Cromwellian army had triumphed over Charles I., Dunnottar, being considered the strongest fortress in the kingdom, and being at some distance from the seat of war, was chosen as the most safe depository of the regalia of Scotland; and these national emblems were intrusted to the custody of the Earl Marischal. Amongst other royal artillery transported thither for the defence of the castle, the great gun "Mons Meg" is mentioned. The large embrasure where she lay is still to be seen. A shot fired from this cannon, as already stated, dismasted a vessel about to enter the harbour of Stonehaven, one mile and a half distant.

The earl being called into the field to defend his king and country against the usurper, he made choice of George Ogilvie, of Barras, as the fittest person to whom to intrust the care of his castle, which contained the emblems of Scottish royalty; and he accordingly invested the gallant Ogilvie with the title of his lieutenant. Meantime the Earl Marischal followed the fortunes of Charles II.; and at the battle of Worcester he was taken prisoner, and was confined for a considerable period in the Tower of London.

George Ogilvie, being thus sole governor of the castle, which had not sufficient force nor provisions to hold out against a long siege, and observing the advancing army daily reducing every stronghold, became much perplexed how to prevent the crown jewels falling into the enemy's hands. He at last consulted his lady, one of those heroic dames, whose deeds, like bright stars, appear occasionally in the horoscope of the nation. This sagacious and undaunted lady soon devised a scheme for preserving the regalia, even unknown to her lord, in order that he might freely declare that he knew not where they were deposited.

We have already given a short account of this transaction amongst the previous particulars respecting the regalia as found in Edinburgh Castle; but it is proper that we should here be more explicit.

The plan being agreed upon, Mrs. Ogilvie sent for the Rev. James Granger, minister of Kinneff, and his wife; and on their promise of fidelity, the governor's lady put the royal honours into a sack in the midst of some flax, and they were thus conveyed out of the castle on the back

of a female servant, or spinster, without creating the least suspicion as to the precious contents of her burthen. The relics were buried for some time under the pulpit of the church of Kinneff; and it is said that they were also concealed in a double-bottom bed, in the manse.

Meantime the castle was briskly besieged; when finding it impossible to hold out against such an enemy, the governor capitulated to Colonel Thomas Morgan, and surrendered upon honourable terms. The garrison were permitted to march out of the castle with drums beating and colours flying, which were carried by Sir William Ogilvie of Barras, son to Governor Ogilvie, being the last person who carried colours at that time in Scotland for the king. One of the articles of capitulation was to deliver up the regalia, or give a rational account of where they were to be found.

After the surrender of the castle, the English demanded the regalia of the governor. He declared he knew not where they were, his wife having taken them away, but whither, he knew not; upon which he was put in close confinement in the castle, and his lady was threatened with torture. She boldly affirmed, by way of evasion, and for her own safety, that she had delivered the crown jewels to John Keith, afterwards Earl of Kintore, who, she said, carried them abroad to the king. The English, distrusting this account, placed the lady also under strict confinement, and sent a party to the house of Barras, to apprehend her son, that they might torture him in sight of his parents, and extort a confession as to the fate of the jewels; but he providentially escaped, undergoing, however, much fatigue, and travelling night and day until he reached his friends in Angus, where he remained concealed. Major-General Dean, commanding the parliamentary forces, finding that Lady Ogilvie still adhered to her first declaration, and being prevailed upon by the mediation of friends, and by her statement having the appearance of truth, allowed the governor and his wife to go to their own house of Barras, upon conditions, "that they depart not above three miles from their habitation, and that neither of them act nothing that is or may be prejudicial to the commonwealth, and likewise, on warning being given, they present themselves true prisoners at Dunnottar Castle, to the governor thereof or his deputie."

Under this restraint the heroic lady died, the captain remaining therein until the Restoration, while the worthy minister of Kineff and his wife continued to preserve their secret inviolate.

Thus were the brave Ogilvie and his lady the principal preservers of the royal honours of Scotland. On her death-bed she for the first time imparted the important secret to her husband, and made him swear that although he should be brought to the scaffold, he would never betray

his trust, nor deliver up to the English the regal honours, which she had preserved at the cost of her liberty and life.

Ogilvie, after the Restoration, delivered the regalia to the Earl Marischal. He was most kindly received by the king, who made him a knight baronet, with the promise of a pension as soon as his majesty's revenues were settled.

During the reign of Charles II. Dunnottar was a state prison for the Covenanters, many of whom lie interred here. The cells which were occupied by these captives are still entire and distinct; the iron rings and thumikins, that fastened the prisoners for security or torture, still remain. Many a sigh has been sent forth from the bosom of this rock; many a despairing glance has wandered over the boundless waves; and many a weary heart has sunk into eternal repose amidst the sullen roar of the ocean.

The following inscription is copied from the stone erected over the Covenanters' grave in the parish churchyard:—

HERE · LYES · IOHN · STOT · IAMES · ATCHI
SON · IAMES · RUSSELL · & WILLIAM · BRO
UN · AND ONE · WHOSE · NAME · WEE · HAVE
NOT · GOTTEN · AND · TWO · WOMEN · WHOSE .
NAMES · ALSO · WEE · KNOW · NOT · AND · TWO
WHO · PERISHED · COMEING · DOUNE · THE · ROCK ·
ONE · WHOSE · NAME · WAS · IAMES · WATSON
THE · OTHER · NOT · KNOWN · WHO · ALL · DIED ·
PRISONERS · IN · DUNNOTTAR · CASTLE ·
ANNO · 1685 · FOR · THEIR · ADHERENCE ·
TO · THE · WORD · OF · GOD · AND · SCOTLANDS ·
COVENANTED · WORK · OF · REFORMA ·
TION. REV . JJ CH . 12 VERSE .

The castle was dismantled in 1715, having till that period been kept in repair. The buildings, which are of different periods of architecture, are numerous. The banqueting hall, or gallery, is one hundred and twenty feet long: there are also a chapel, offices, &c.

We are happily relieved from giving any further account of this magnificent relic of bygone days, by the following beautiful description from the pen of the pious and accomplished Mrs. Carnegie of Charlton,[1] addressed to the Rev. James Walker, minister of the place. The date of the original MS. is 1763.

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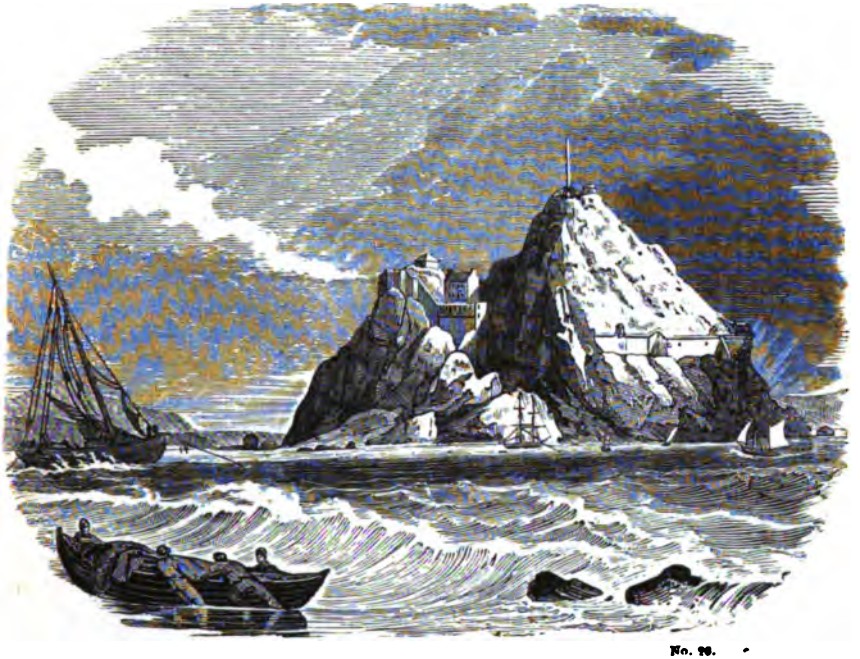
[1] We are almost assured that Mrs. Carnegie was formerly Miss Scott of Benholm; when a boy we gave this poem as our first recitation at the Grammar School of Aberdeen, in 1813; and at that time we understood that Miss Scott was its author.

DUNNOTTAR CASTLE.

Dunnottar! ruin'd pride and falling towers
I sing, O! Walker, and the song is yours;
With you I wander'd o'er the moss-grown domes,
Still o'er the scene with you my fancy roams;
Still the idea rises to my view
With gloomy grandeur, pleasure ever new.
The rolling main, the rocks' stupendous height,
Oh striking prospect! swim before my sight.
In flowing verse be now the scene display'd,
Muse, fancy, mem'ry, I crave your aid.
High on a rock, half sea-beat, half on land,
The castle stood, and still its ruins stand;
Wide o'er the German main its prospect lent,
Steep is the path, and rugged the ascent;
And when with labour climb'd the narrow way,
Long sounding vaults receive you from the day.
There hung the huge portcullis, there the bar,
Drawn on the iron gate, defy'd the war.
Oh! great Dunnottar! once of strength the seat,
Once deem'd impregnable, thou yield'st to fate!
Nor rocks, nor seas, nor arms thy gate defend;
Thy pride is fallen! thy ancient glories end.
Up from the gate we climb the slipp'ry way,
Still falling turrets, mould'ring tow'rs survey.
The walls, the caves, with various moss o'ergrown,
And threat'ning hangs on high the loosen'd stone,
Slowly we mount, thro' broken arches creep,
And gain at length the summit of the steep;
Curious around the airy height we gaze,
Here the great wall its ample round displays.
O vast circumference, and depth profound!
Now fill'd with ruins of the falling mound.
Here stood the palace, rais'd in air sublime,
On rows of vaults that seem to mock at Time;
Yet he asserts his pow'r, and claims his prey;
They break, they fall; what can resist his sway?
Here thro' innumerable vaults we run,
Cold, darksome, raw, impervious to the sun;
Brown with the rust of years, and from their tops
Incessantly the oozing moisture drops.
We leave the gloom, the wheeling steps ascend,
Our walk along the roofless palace bend;
Here thro' the long apartments, as we pass,
The south wind whistles in the waving grass
That clothes the pavement, crowns the naked walls,
The broken turrets and deserted halls.
Here, once the seat of many a mighty name,
The jackdaw chatters, and the sea-fowl scream.
Here dwelt great Ogilvie, and held the tow'r,
The last that yielded to th' usurper's pow'r;
By honest craft, from hence the crown convey'd,
And Caledonia's gems in safety laid.
Nor hopes of favour nor the threats of pow'r
Could shake his soul, or his fix'd heart allure.

Firm as these rocks, he and his daring wife
Endur'd the torture, scorning shameful life;
Still kept the charge till fate their king restor'd,
Then sent, uninjur'd, to their rightful lord.
Glorious defenders of the regal gold,
Illustrious Caledonians, patriots bold,
With joy your heroism I rehearse,
And give your mem'ry, all I can—a verse.
Oh! may this land your guardian care engage,
Your great example fire with gen'rous rage,
And warm to glorious deeds each future age.
Thou, Barras, hear! and deign t' approve the lays,
That try my valiant ancestors to praise.
  Now turning from the walls, high o'er the steep
Impending cliffs, we view the boundless deep.
All round the winding coast black rocks arise,
With wild, uncouth variety surprise.
The waves roll slow and silent to the shore,
Then dash the craggy rock, with sullen roar;
From rock to rock the breaking surge rebounds,
While endless echoes catch and swell the sounds.
The green sea here with ceaseless fury raves,
And tossing high in air her raging waves,
Bursting they fall with loud repeated shock,
And in white torrents pour along the rock.
But off from shore in peace the ocean lies,
Ting'd with the colours of the glowing skies.
The gentle breezes sport upon the deep,
And murm'ring, soft, the vast expansion sweep;
Refulgent Phœbus, in meridian height,
Enrobes the lucid wave with dazzling light;
The sparkling beams on the smooth surface play,
And streams of foam float o'er the wat'ry way.
Here let description cease, but yet prolong
Thy task, my Muse, and moralize the song.
Think, all who gaze on fam'd Dunnottar's wall,
Like it shall all terrestrial glory fall.
Youth flies apace, frail beauty meets decay,
The mighty's strength like ice shall melt away.
Riches take wings, and fame's far sounding boast
Shall die away, the pride of pow'r be lost,
* * * * *
Virtue alone can give eternal joy,
No chance can alter, no possession cloy.
Virtue, like this great rock, stands firmly brave,
And scorns the ebb or flow of fortune's wave;
Unmov'd, the storms of life can calmly bear,
Collected in itself, and void of fear.
E'en when these rocks and seas shall pass away,
And that bright orb no longer pour the day,
Virtue shall stand the test, like gold refin'd,
And beam immortal radiance on the mind;
Through endless ages, gain increasing store
Of light and life, and joy, and active pow'r,
And bloom when time and nature are no more!

The Castle of Dumbarton.



No. 98.

"DUMBARTAYNE,

A CASTLE STRONG AND HARDE FOR TO OBTAINE;

IN WHICH CASTLE SAINT PATRICKE WAS BORNE,

THAT AFTERWARDS IN IRELANDE DID WINNE;

ABOUT THE WHICHE (CASTLE DUMBARTAYNE) FLOWETH, EVEN AND MORNE,

THE WESTERN SEAS, WITHOUT NOISE OR DINNE;

WHEN FORTH OF THE SAME THE STREAMS DO RINNE

TWIS IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, WITHOUT ANY FAILE;

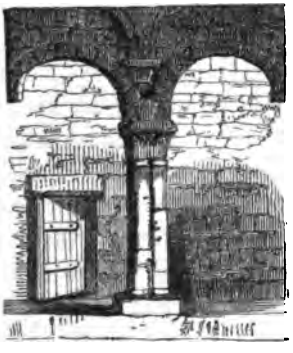
THAT NO MAN MAYE THAT STRONG CASTLE ASSAILE."

HARDYNGE.

The

Castle of Dumbarton.

ETYMON of Dumbarton—A Roman Station—Theodosia built on the site of Alcluith—The Balclutha of Ossian—In the hands of the Picts, Danes, and Norwegians, who lay it in ashes—Smollett's descriptive letter to a friend—Castle abandoned by the Romans—Wall of Antoninus—Wallace surprises the Castle—Monteath bargains with the English to betray his friend—Wallace received and imprisoned; conveyed to London; tried; and executed—Bruce Crowned—Castle surrendered by Monteath—Bruce's Death—The Clyde a naval station of James IV. and V.—Circumnavigation of Scotland—Queen Mary sails from Dumbarton to France: her subsequent Visits—Castle long held for the Queen—Original Letter addressed by the Nobles to the King of France, requiring his assistance to liberate their Queen—Memorable Visit of Queen Victoria and the Prince Albert—Description of the Castle—Eminent Men—Smollett's description of the Leven.



THE Castle of Dumbarton is of unknown antiquity. It was the Alcluith of the ancient Scots,[1] and the Theodosia of the Romans. It is called in our old language Alcleuch—"a high and strong rock;" its more recent name is derived from "*Doun-barr*"—a high and fortified hill: so that to derive its etymon from the Britons is a great mistake of their historians, and which from them has descended to our own authors.[2]

In 368, Theodosius, the Roman general who had been sent into Britain by the Emperor Valentinian I. against the Picts and Scots, is said to have built and fortified Alcluith, which he called Theodosia, as a stronghold and frontier city, which has been considered by some as the limit between the Britons and Picts.

The name of this remarkable fortress has undergone many changes. It is called by ancient writers ALCLUITH, ALCLUYD, and PETRACLÆTHE—"the rock of the Clyde." It is also supposed to have been the BALCLUTHA of Ossian, which is thus beautifully described in the poem of "Carthon:" "I have seen the walls of Balclutha; but they were desolate. The fire

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[1] Bede, the historian, who flourished about 730, describes *Dumbritton* as the strongest fortress in Scotland; and another writer, in 1333, calls it a strong castle standing on the marches between the Picts and Scots.

[2] Historiæ Scoticæ Nomenclatura, by Christopher Irvin, 1819.

has resounded in the halls, and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shakes there its lonely head. The fox looks out from the window, the rank grass of the walls waves around his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina; silence is in the house of her fathers. 'I have come,' said the great Classamor, 'in my bounding ship to Balclutha's walls of towers. The wind has roared behind my sails, and Clutha's streams received my dark-bosomed vessel.'"[1] The gigantic rock on which the castle is built is situated at the junction of the rivers Leven and Clyde, which seem to embrace each other under the shadow of the mighty pile.

Mr. Glen, in his "History of Dumbarton," has endeavoured to immortalise his birth-place as the palace or seat of government of the Strathclyde kings, fourteen of whom are said to have held their regal state in this impregnable fortress.

During the period in which the Roman army possessed Alcluith, Saint Patrick was born, some say at Alcluith; others, perhaps with more probability, assign to Old Kilpatrick that honour.

During a period of ages, a thousand battles have been fought on this debateable ground. In 756, Alcluith was besieged by Eadgbert, King of Northumberland, and Uengust, King of the Picts, and was ultimately surrendered to them, after suffering great extremity. In 782, Alcluith was laid in ashes, but it was soon after re-erected. It was again stormed by the Danes and Norwegians in 872, who, after closely besieging it for a period of four months, ultimately destroyed the castle and town. Tradition asserts that during this protracted conflict the clouds rained blood for seven days all over Britain, and that even milk, cheese, and butter were converted into blood.

Tobias Smollett, a native of Dumbarton, adopts, after other authors, the British etymon in the following brief but interesting account of Strathclyde and its classic boundaries:—

"Dumbarton was once the capital of the kingdom of ARECLUYD, inhabited by the Britons or Cumbrians, whence its name of DUNBRITTON. This kingdom extended westerly to the extremity of Cunningham, or to the Cumbrae Islands in the mouth of the Clyde; it was bounded by the Forth on one side, and the Irish Channel on the other. The greatest part of Dumbarton had been destroyed by an inundation. I myself, when a boy, have felt the stones of the pavement under water, between what is called the 'College' and the 'Town's-end.' I think I

[1] Ossian, vol. i. p. 78.

remember to have seen the ruins of old stone houses on the other side of the 'Sands,' and at the stony flat there are many remains of Druidical worship. . . . . There was a stationary camp within three miles of the place, at Kilpatrick, for the guard of the wall built by Lollius Urbicus, in the reign of Antoninus, commonly called Graeme's Dyke, which Buchanan ignorantly confounds with the wall built by Severus from the Esk to the Tyne, in the north of England; and as the Britons of Arecluyd were under the Roman protection, they must have maintained an intimate intercourse, and without doubt the Roman generals and officers of rank lived at Dunbritton.

"You will think this is a strange rhapsody, but to me the subject is interesting. I have had occasion to inquire into the antiquities of our country: I find the Scots came from Ireland but yesterday in comparison with the antiquity of the Caledonians and Britons of *Arecluyd*. I would derive myself from the last. But whether ancient Scot, Briton, or Norman, I certainly am, with great affection and esteem,

"Dear Sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"T. SMOLLETT." [1]

Although the Romans voluntarily abandoned Britain about the year 409, the Britons afterwards were assisted by the Romans to repel the Picts and Scots; and in 421 they aided the Britons in building a turf wall on the march between the Clyde and the Forth, from the vicinity of Dumbarton to about two miles west of Abercorn, situated on the south bank of the Forth; and thus the wall of Antoninus was built of turf, on the old stone foundation. Some remains of this wall are still to be seen, intersecting the parishes of Kilsyth and New Kilpatrick, at Dunglass, on the margin of the Clyde; and at the village of Duntocher there is still a Roman bridge of two arches, built by Lollius Urbicus. The bridge having become much dilapidated, the late Lord Blantyre repaired its fabric, and restored the original Latin inscription, which is cut on a large stone placed in the building, with an addition recording its reparation, the English of which is:—"This bridge was built under the auspices of the Emperor Titus Elius Antoninus Hadrianus Augustus, father of his country, by Quintus Lollius Urbicus, his lieutenant: being almost ruinous, it was restored by Lord Blantyre, in the year of our Lord 1772."

We must leave the many battles and sieges which this singular stronghold has witnessed, and the sanguinary conflicts of Wallace and

[1] This letter is dated Chelsea, 9th of March, 1756, and was addressed to a townsman.—Glen's History of Dunbarton, 1847, p. 43.

Bruce, to the local historian, and proceed with a brief sketch of a few of the most interesting and important events connected with the castle, which still remains the same as when its battlements were surprised by the intrepid Wallace, with a handful of men, and when afterwards they darkened around the betrayed patriot, the memory of whose imprisonment alone throws around the rugged pile a romantic and imperishable interest; and where still lies the warrior's sword, which "oft made lanes in battles" —at once a trophy of treachery and a memorial of renown. The name of Monteath, since the death of that champion, has been coupled with many a malediction, which was softened down, but not subdued, by that chieftain's subsequent attachment to the person and fortunes of the illustrious Bruce. The following brief account of the imprisonment and death of the Scottish patriot may be deemed interesting.

It is said that it was in the church of Rutherglen, near Glasgow, which was taken down in 1794, that Sir John Monteath bargained with the English to betray his friend and companion in arms.[1] Monteath at this time held Dumbarton Castle for Edward, where he received Wallace as a friend, but made him a prisoner, and afterwards handed him over to the tender mercies of the English monarch, his deadliest foe, to suffer all that the malice and envy of Edward's disappointed ambition could suggest.

Wallace was led in triumph through London, "all the men and women wondering upon him;" and well they might: with what intense feeling must these curious wonderers have gazed on that tall, majestic, but attenuated form, which had borne the brunt of so many battles and been the prey of a thousand privations, as with a martyr's devotion he was conducted in triumph through the capital.

"My country, at that hour, where slept thy sword?"

Perhaps, lurking in the multitude, some gallant Scot, his heart subdued by grief, may have cursed the proud factions who had been the direful means of the patriot's failure in a cause as holy as soldier ever fought for, and for which he was now to meet the traitor's doom. But Wallace, the terror of England, was too strongly guarded to admit of rescue. He was conducted to the house of William Delect, in Fenchurch Street, there to lodge until his trial next day at Westminster; on which occasion he was conducted on horseback from Fenchurch Street to Westminster Hall, accompanied by the Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, and other officials, on horseback and on foot. Arrived at the great hall, he was placed on the south bench, and subjected to the paltry mockery of a crown of laurel being put upon his head, because it had been commonly reported that he had said

[1] This church was also famed for a truce concluded in it between England and Scotland, in 1297.—Encyclop. Brit.

"he ought to wear a crown in that hall." Yet whatever his enemies may have imagined, never were laurels won with truer glory, or placed on nobler brow! In the midst of taunts and contumely, never did Christian prisoner behave to his persecutors and unscrupulous judges with a more quiet and serene dignity.[1] When Sir Peter Malorie, the king's justice, impeached him of treason, he replied, he was never a traitor to the king of England; but for other acts of which he was accused he frankly confessed them. And certainly as Wallace never could be brought to acknowledge fealty to the English monarch, he therefore could be no traitor to him. But he was the most distinguished of all the Scottish patriots who had ever appeared to vindicate the independence of their country. He had been tempted with bribes, but all in vain; Edward therefore despaired of ever bending such a man to his iron rule, and must have been convinced that while the champion lived, he could never accomplish the subjugation of Scotland: the patriot's death therefore was the inexorable decree.

On the 23rd of August, 1305, Wallace was executed in the same manner as the last Prince of Wales, being dragged at the tails of horses to the common place of execution, the Elms in West Smithfield, where he was hanged on a high gallows; and while he yet breathed, his bowels were taken out and burnt before his face. His head was then cut off and set upon a pole on London bridge; his right arm was sent to Newcastle, his left to Berwick, the right foot and limb to Perth, and the left to Aberdeen. The English king thus concluded this cold-blooded and infamous act in the most infamous manner. Obeying the dictates of state policy, Edward was determined to have Scotland at whatever cost; and he fully expected, by this and similar bloody tragedies, to deter others from following the example of the murdered hero. But "he who would circumvent God, lives often to find that he has circumvented himself;" as was the case with the great King Edward.

Only six months after Wallace's death, appeared Robert the Bruce in arms, asserting the independence of Scotland and his own right to the crown. On the 27th of March, 1306, Bruce was twice crowned at Scone, sitting under a banner emblazoned with the arms of Baliol, which the Bishop of Glasgow had concealed in his treasury. The crown was first placed on the king's head by the Bishop of St. Andrews; but the Countess of Buchan, whose brother Duncan, Earl of Fife, inherited the

[1] Wallace was alike admired for his prowess in the field, and his moderation and piety in domestic life. Mr. Ure, in his History of Rutherglen, has preserved the following lines attributed to the warrior:—

"He that sits down to ye bord for to eite,
Forzetting to gyf God thanks for his meite,
Syne risis upe and his grace ower pass,
Sittis down lyk ane oxe, and rysis up lyke ane ass."

privilege of crowning the Scottish kings, hurried, during his absence in the English service, to Scone, insisted upon the family prerogative, and with her own hand exercised that right, by placing the symbolic circlet a second time upon the brow of the youthful monarch—an act which serves to show the enthusiasm that prevailed in the hearts of the Scots, in whom the love of liberty had never been permitted to slumber—an act too for which the countess, for her life, was confined in a wooden cage, in the castle of Berwick, by the implacable Edward. Bruce's misfortunes and triumphs are well known: his adventures resemble the passages of a romance, more than legitimate history; but at last, by his unsubduable valour and perseverance, he triumphed over the English. The castle of Dumbarton became in its turn one of the fortresses of the valiant Bruce; for shortly before the battle of Bannockburn he laid siege to it, while it was in the possession of the English, and commanded by Monteath, the betrayer of Wallace. The price modestly demanded by him for surrendering the fortress was the whole county, with the earldom of Lennox, which Bruce agreed to, having previously obtained Lennox's consent to conclude the treaty. The perfidious Monteath, however, had concealed a number of English soldiers in one of the vaults, who were instructed, on a given signal, to rush out and seize their unsuspecting prey: but Bruce was timely apprised of the ambush, and therefore escaped. He, however, from state policy, a phrase, alas, so fruitful in all ages of crime and misery, pardoned Monteath, who henceforth became gratefully attached to the Bruce; and by his prowess at Bannockburn he did much to wipe off the ignoble stain of Wallace's death from his escutcheon.

Edward, vainly attempting to stem the torrent of Bruce's success, was marching to the borders at the head of an army, when he fell sick at "Burgh on the Sands," immoveable in his dire purpose to the very death, and spending his last breath in making his son swear that he would boil his body in a cauldron, bury his flesh, and keep his bones to be carried at the head of the army against the Scots every time they fought with them.[1]

The heroic Bruce died at Cardross, in the neighbourhood of Dumbarton, on the 7th of June, 1329, in the 55th year of his age and the 24th of his reign. A gentle eminence on the north of the farm-house of "Castle Hill," in the parish of Cardross, is pointed out as the site of the castle in which the Bruce closed his brilliant career.

During the reign of James IV., Dumbarton was his principal naval station. In 1494 the king made a great expedition from Dumbarton

[1] Froissart.

by sea to Tarbet, in Kintyre, and in 1495 he proceeded again to the Western Isles. In 1540, King James V. undertook a grand circumnavigation of the whole realm of Scotland. He sailed from Leith on the 22nd of May, and landed at Dumbarton about the end of July, after a perilous voyage.

In 1547, Mary of Scotland arrived at Dumbarton, from the island of Inchmahome, while the French fleet lay at anchor beneath the battlements, prepared to transport her to France. All things being prepared, the infant queen, then in the fifth year of her age, embarked, accompanied by the four Maries, the lords Erskine and Livingstone, and her three natural brothers, who were all cordially received at the French court. On Mary's return from France, in 1563, she included Dumbarton in her progress through Scotland.

On the 29th of June the queen arrived at Linlithgow on her tour to the Highlands, and on the next morning rode to Dunnipace, where she spent the night. On the 1st of July she rode from Dunnipace to Glasgow, near which she remained till the 13th, visiting Hamilton and Paisley. On the 14th she rode to Dumbarton, where she slept. On the morrow she rode to Rossdu and Lochlomond, where she passed the 16th. On the 17th she returned to Dumbarton, where she passed the 18th. On the 19th she went to Currie, where she remained till the 21st, when she rode to Thoard; here she remained till the 22nd, after dinner. She then rode to Inverary, where she remained three days and a half. There she was nobly entertained by the Countess of Argyle, her natural sister —the same countess whom the Edinburgh preachers afterwards obliged to do penance in the church for being present at the baptism of Prince James.

The queen left Inverary on the 26th of July, and, instead of passing to the eastward, over the heights of Albin, into Athole, she turned to the westward, to Strone, where she slept, and went to Dunoon on the 27th, where she slept, and spent a day. On the 29th she rode to Toward, being the south point of Cowal, projecting into the firth of Clyde opposite to Rothesay in Bute. She dined at Toward, and passed from thence to the coast of Cunningham, and slept at Southannan. Here she dined on the morrow, and rode to Eglinton. The household book from which this itinerary is taken is unfortunately wanting for the month of August, 1563. It appears, however, that the queen remained about 14 days in Ayrshire; that she passed from Carrick into Galloway; spent some days at the abbey of St. Mary's Isle[1] near Kirkcudbright, whereof

[1] There is a charter extant, granted by the queen at St. Mary's Isle, on the 15th of August. Privy Seal, Ric. xxxi. 143. She was at Dumfries on the 20th of August (Keith, App. 97).

her treasurer Richardson was commendator, and proceeded thence to Dumfries.

Soon after the queen's return, her minister, with his two natural brothers, went on a journey to Inverness, where they held justice courts, punishing thieves and murderers: in an evil hour they burnt two of the weird sisters on the classic ground of Forres, who had been found guilty, by their spells and incantations, of the disease and death of Lord John of Coldingham, at Inverness.

Dumbarton was long held for Queen Mary. During her imprisonment in England, the principal lords of Scotland assembled here to take into consideration the measures for the liberation of their captive queen, where they drew up the following interesting document addressed to the King of France:—

"The present will only be to bring to your memory the letters that we have written by the Lord de Beaumont, ambassador, and Chevalier of your Majesty's Order (of the Holy Ghost), together with our last letters to the city of Largis, of the 28th of last July, in which we have supplicated your Majesty to obtain the liberation of the Queen our Sovereign, and stated our pressing need of your aid and succour, and how much already, for this very long time, *we have required succour of your Majesty;* and that *the Queen* has been detained captive in England (*there* where she had thought to find a passage to come to your Majesty): on this we have not had, to our great regret, any answer.

"And forasmuch as during the absence of her Majesty we have had to this day other injuries from those who have detained her Majesty prisoner, and are still trying to usurp her regal authority; in consequence of which we supplicate very humbly your Majesty to obtain that the Queen our Sovereign may be replaced free in her realm of Scotland, for we are assured that her liberty will not be refused to your Majesty, if you once make it appear that you are annoyed at her detention.

"Moreover, we supplicate very humbly for your Majesty to succour us with more money and munitions for the re-establishment of the Queen our Sovereign to her pristine authority, of which she has been despoiled by a pack of wicked and ambitious traitors.

"We doubt not that your Majesty will accede to our just desires, from the consideration of the ancient amity that has been entwined for so many years between these two kingdoms, and so we hope that it will be agreeable to your Majesty, that we are by necessity constrained to seek friendly aid of you rather than elsewhere, for the re-establishment of the Queen our Sovereign, and for us to redress the injuries that we have had from a pack of traitors.

"Wherefore we pray your Majesty, without more delay to send us a

final answer, to the end that we may know by it what we may venture to hope from your Majesty. And after we have presented our very humble request to your Majesty, we pray God to give your Majesty in health, a life happy and long.

"At Dumbarton, this 24th of August, 1568. Your very humble and very obedient servants,[1]

"Archbishop of St. Andrew's.	A. Boyd.
Eglyntoun.	Sanquhar.
Huntly.	Lord Ogilvy.
Argyll.	Herrys.
Cassillis.	Ross.
Erll of Craufurd.	Oliphant.
Jo. Ross.	Maxwell.
Claud Hamilton.	Boyd.
Fleeming.	Cambel."

The castle was taken and lost repeatedly by the Covenanters in their contests with the royal troops; but its capture by stratagem, effected by Captain Crawford, of Jordanhill, from Lord Fleming, who held it for Queen Mary, is one of the most desperate and successful enterprises related in history, and may justly be compared with the capture of the Numidian fortress in the Jugurthine war by Marius, or the more horrible surprise of Feschamp by the gallant Bois Rose.

"In the enterprise Crawford was assisted by Cunningham, commonly called the Laird of Drumwhassel, one of the bravest and most skilful officers of his time, and he had been fortunate in securing the assistance of a man named Robertson, who, having once been warder in the castle, knew every step upon the rock familiarly, and for a bribe consented to betray it. With this man Crawford and his company marched from Glasgow after sunset. He had sent before him a few light horse, who prevented intelligence by stopping all passengers, and arrived about midnight at Dumbuck, within a mile of the castle, where he was joined by Drumwhassal and Captain Hume, with a hundred men. Here he explained to the soldiers the hazardous service on which they were to be employed, provided them with ropes and scaling-ladders, and advancing with silence and celerity, reached the rock, the summit of which was fortunately involved in a heavy fog, whilst the bottom was clear. But on the first attempt all was likely to be lost. The ladders lost their hold whilst the soldiers were upon them, and had the garrison been on the alert, the noise must inevitably have betrayed them. They listened,

[1] Original in his Imperial Majesty's Library, St. Peterburgh.—Strickland, vol. iii.

however, and all was still: again their ladders were fixed, and this time their steel hooks catching firmly in the crevices, they gained a small jutting-out ledge, where an ash tree had struck its roots, which assisted them, as they fixed their ropes to its branches; but in the middle of the ascent they met with an unexpected difficulty. One of the men on the ladder was seized with a fit, and clung, seemingly without life, to the ladder. A brief pause ensued. How to pass over the man was a matter for consideration; to tumble him headlong from his place would be the height of cruelty. Crawford, however, soon put a period to the debate by ordering him to be bound fast to the ladder, and then to turn the other side of it: the assailants mounted with ease over the belly of their companion, and thus speedily towed up both the ladders and the rest of their companions. A sentry of the garrison, the first man who showed himself on the parapet wall, had scarcely time to give the alarm, when the assailants entered, and he was immediately knocked on the head and killed. The officers and soldiers of the garrison ran out half naked and unarmed, while Crawford and his party rushed forward and took possession of the magazine, seized the cannon, and turned them against their thunderstruck enemies. The garrison capitulated; Lord Fleming, the governor, made his escape in a small boat, and landed in Argyleshire. Captain Crawford gained a bloodless victory, not a man being lost in the daring enterprise; and for this he was made governor of the castle.[1]

Two hundred and eighty-four years had rolled over Dumbarton towers, before it became celebrated by the visit of another queen. On the 13th of August, 1847, her Majesty the Queen, her consort Prince Albert, and their royal children, on their visit to this portion of her dominions, honoured the castle with their presence. It was a proud day for Dumbarton, on which the Fairy and Undine steamers entered the transparent waters of the classic Leven, when the royal barge was lowered, and the royal party descended into it amidst the most tremendous shouts of the assembled and admiring multitudes. Pulled by eight jolly tars, the royal party were immediately at the crimson-covered stair attached to the landing-wharf, belonging to, and fitted up by, Mr. Denny, of Castle Green. Earl Grey and others of the suite arrived only two minutes previously. J. C. Colquhoun, Esq., Sheriff of the county, stood uncovered on the landing-place, and received her Majesty with all due honour. The queen stept from the royal barge on an elegant embroidered rug, amidst the repeated plaudits of congregated thousands, which lined both banks of the Leven. Leaning on her con-

[1] Tytler's History of Scotland.

sort's left arm, she ascended the stair to the platform, where again her Majesty was received by Sir James Colquhoun, Lord Lieutenant of the County, Provost Risk, of Dumbarton, and other official gentlemen of the burgh and county. The queen and Prince Albert then passed along the adorned avenue, accompanied by Earl Grey and all the royal suite, to carriages waiting to convey them to the gates of the fortress. This crimson-carpeted and flowery vista was lined on either side by a guard of honour. At the termination of this avenue was erected a triumphal arch of flowers and evergreens, surmounted with a lovely wrought floral crown, and the letters "V. R." formed with variegated flowers. Here at this spot a short detention took place, owing to the pealing of the guns of the citadel making the horses of the royal carriage restive. Orders were issued by her Majesty that the cannon of the castle in the mean time should cease firing, and an officer of dragoons was despatched for that purpose. A trumpeter sounded aloud the well-known notes, which silenced the thunder of the castle. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the royal children, &c., entered the first carriage, and drove on slowly, preceded by the Sheriff of the County, Lord Lieutenant, Sheriff Substitute, Provost and Baillies of the Burgh, and their officials; and immediately following the royal carriage were the Town Council, with white rods in their hands. All this was done by special arrangement betwixt the burgh and county gentlemen.

The town-clerk of Dumbarton, on the royal party entering the gates of the castle, knowing that no address could be received personally by her Majesty, except from the metropolitan cities, such as London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, presented to Earl Grey a loyal address from the royal burgh, to which his Lordship said her Majesty would send a gracious reply.

The royal *cortège* having arrived at the castle gates, the queen alighted, and leaning on the arm of the prince, nimbly ascended the stairs —above 350 steps, to the armoury and barracks, took an outside momentary view of them, and afterwards ascended the steep acclivity, to the Argyle or Three-Gun Battery, near the powder-magazine, leaving the chief part of her loyal and royal train perspiring and panting behind. A splendid chair was here placed for her Majesty, which was used for five or six minutes only, in viewing, over the ramparts, the gorgeous scenery spread out before her Majesty in the distance. The valley of Strathleven, and the serpentine windings of the classic river, from Lochlomond till it joins the Clyde at the base of the castle, especially attracted the royal attention. Here on this elevated spot were presented to her Majesty the several addresses of the county of Dumbarton and the city of Glasgow. Altogether the queen seemed to express

supreme delight at the enchanting and extensive prospect—the like of which could scarce meet the royal view anywhere in Britain.

On approaching the governor's house, when her Majesty returned from the Argyle Battery, she was presented with an elegant bouquet of flowers by the lady of John Cabbell, Esq., of Crossbasket. The queen most graciously received the floral tribute, which she was pleased to show to the prince as they proceeded to the esplanade.

In descending the castle, the queen and royal consort examined the two-handed sword of the Scottish hero Wallace, which the prince held in his two hands, making a slight brandish with it. Its hilt, covered with velvet, her Majesty inspected curiously. The stairs were descended with great agility by the royal suite. Her Majesty seemed determined to put old and young to the blush by her nimbleness, as she and the royal consort were down and had entered her state carriage ere some of her train had reached the bottom of the fortress stairs. Her Majesty's carriage was preceded and followed in the same manner as before, to the place of her re-embarkation, receiving the rapturous acclamations of the many thousands which everywhere lined both sides of the road. Her state barge received its invaluable freight—the youthful Queen of Great Britain—the beloved object of universal loyalty and attraction—and a bright example to all the females of her extensive empire. She left the classic stream, the ancient fortress, amidst the roar of cannon, and the heartfelt plaudits of thousands of her happy subjects, evidently gratified by this visit to the royal fortress. We must now conclude with a very brief description of the castle of Dumbarton, which, viewed from a distance, is one of the most magnificent and striking objects in the vale of the Clyde.

The castle is about one English mile south of the ancient burgh of that name, and is surrounded on the south by the river Clyde, and on the west and north by the river Leven, forming a beautiful peninsula at the confluence of the sister rivers which guard it. Mounted on a two-headed perpendicular rock, the huge ranges of basaltic columns, the lofty ramparts, on which the sentinels pacing to and fro appear from the river below no bigger than infants, have a most imposing effect as we approach this citadel of waters. Like the rock itself rising from ocean's bed, the history of Scotland rises to the mind's eye. The heroic Wallace, the patriot Bruce, Mary of Scotland, all appear before us. The bloody scenes which had been enacted on this spot, like the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth, assume as it were a palpability of form, till we are lost in thought. Perchance at this moment, when sunk deep in meditation, the words "Stop her," on board the steamer, put a period to our reverie. We heave a sigh for

the past, and give a smile for the present. Wallace gives place to Wellington; and the lovely but unfortunate Mary of Scotland, to the dearly beloved, amiable, and happy Queen of Great Britain!

In some parts, the castle rock rises almost perpendicular from the level plain to the height of about 400 feet, dividing itself into two halves, called the eastern and western rocks, and is about a mile in circumference, the whole being at flood tide nearly three-fourths surrounded by water. The western compartment of the rock is more elevated than the other, the access to which is by a long flight of narrow steps, leading upwards to the top, where stands the chief signal-post and an ancient beacon. The entrance to the castle is from the south side, opening into a spacious area. A second gateway from the lower to the upper part of the castle[1]

GATEWAY BETWEEN THE UPPER AND LOWER PART OF THE CASTLE.—No. 27.

leads to the governor's house, which is surrounded with cannon. This battery is called King George's battery. The other batteries are called respectively—the Prince of Wales battery, the Duke of Argyle's

[1] *Vide* Engraving, No. 27.

battery, the Duke of York's battery, the Spanish battery, the Bower battery, and the one-gun battery.

On the top of the eastern division of the rock stands the magazine, which is bomb-proof; a lightning-rod from the top of the building conducts the electric fluid into the bottom of a deep well, which last is of much importance to the garrison, and supplies several wells and tanks with abundance of pure water. Adjacent to the magazine is a watch-tower, called "Wallace's Tower."

Adjoining the barracks is a strong building which was used as a state prison, and immediately in front is the *donjon* keep or prison, a dreadful-looking hole. The armoury, which is situated near the barracks, contains about 2000 stand of arms, and a great number of swords, pistols, and other warlike instruments. The sword of Wallace is preserved here, and the remains of the Scottish *maiden*, an old instrument of decapitation.

The castle of Dumbarton is highly deserving of a visit, as presenting one of the most special wonders of nature; but this is not all—the queen of Caledonian lakes washes its rocky base, flowing from the south-west end of Lochlomond, whose banks are graced with names of the highest note:—Napier, the inventor of logarithms; Buchanan, the elegant historian; and, in degenerate times, the elegant and humorous Smollett.

> "Lomond! 't was near thy southern shore
> Their infant years were spent. Along thy banks
> In playful youth, unconscious of their powers,
> They sportive roved."

The delightful scenery on Leven's banks, the transparency of its waters warbling over its pebbly bed, are thus beautifully described by Smollett, to whose memory a monument is erected at the village of Renton:—

ON THE RIVER LEVEN.

"On Leven's banks while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrent stains thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled parr.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of beech and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen;
And lasses chanting o'er the pail;
And shepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient faith, that knows no guile;
And industry, embrown'd with toil;
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard."

The Castle of Hermitage.

HERMITAGE CASTLE.—No. 28.

"INVIDIOUS RUST CORRODES THE BLOODY STEEL,
DARK AND DISMANTLED LIES EACH ANCIENT PEEL;
AFAR, AT TWILIGHT GREY, THE PEASANTS SHUN
THE DOME ACCURST, WHERE DEEDS OF BLOOD WERE DONE."

LEYDEN.

"THE SAME, WHO LEFT THE DUSKY VALE
OF HERMITAGE IN LIDDESDALE,
ITS DUNGEONS AND ITS TOWERS,
WHERE BOTHWELL'S TURRETS BRAVED THE AIR,
AND BOTHWELL BANKS ARE BLOOMING FAIR,
TO FIX HIS PRINCELY BOWERS."

MARMION.

The

Castle of Hermitage.

Its Foundation by Walter Comyn, Earl of Monteath, on the Lands belonging to the Family of Soulis—Their Legendary History—Soulis the Magician burnt in a cauldron—Dr. Leyden's Ballad—The Cout of Keeldar; his grave —Castle in the possession of the Black Knight of Liddesdale—Murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay—Death of the Knight of Liddesdale—Castle surrendered to the English—Acquired by the Douglases—The Earl Angus kills Spiers of Kilspindie—Angus obliged to exchange his Domains—The Castle becomes the Property of the Bothwells—Account of James, Earl of Bothwell; his Imprisonment, Escape, and Return to Hermitage; Wounded by a Moss-Trooper—Stuart Earl of Bothwell and the Witches—Lord Cliftonhall's Daughter burnt—Queen Mary visits Hermitage—Holds a Court at Jedburgh—Description of her Residence—Rob Gibb's Quaich—Ruins and Scenery of Hermitage—Death of the Chief of the Armstrongs—Mangerston's Cross—Ruins, Antiquities, &c.

THE period of the foundation of this celebrated castle is ascertained by Fordun. The chief of the powerful family of Bisset had fallen under the displeasure of Alexander II., for his supposed accession to the murder of the Earl of Atholl at Haddington. Bisset fled to England, and instigated Henry III. to invade Scotland, alleging, among other charges, that Walter Comyn, Earl of Monteath, had done prejudice to England by erecting two castles, one in the valley of *Liddle*, and one in Lothian.[1] Henry immediately assembled an army at Newcastle for the purpose of invading Scotland. One of the castles which had thus given offence to the English monarch was the *Hermitage*.[2] The building of this castle is therefore fixed to a period shortly preceding 1244; and, from comparing these authorities, the founder appears to have been Walter Comyn, Earl of Monteath. The quarrel between the two nations was accommodated by the mediation of Robert, Earl of Cornwall, and some of the English barons, but without

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[1] Mathew Paris, p. 871. Border Antiq., p. 161.

[2] "Propter quod coadjunato, Henricus Angliæ rex exerciter suo copioso commissurus bellum contra regem Scotiæ, Alexandrum eo quo quoddam castellum erectum fuit per Scotos in Marchiis inter Scotiam et Angliam, in valle scilicet de Liddale quod appellatur *Hermitage*."—Fordun, Lib. ix., p. 74.

any further mention of the castle of Hermitage. The power of the Comyns was at this time immense. Whether, however, the Earl of Monteath had founded Hermitage Castle as a private baronial fortress, or whether he erected it as a royal castle, cannot now be discovered; but the latter was probably the case, for it does not seem at all likely that Monteath should have fortified a castle for his *own use*, upon a territory which at that period belonged to the powerful family of Soulis.

The first of those distinguished barons who settled in Scotland was "Ranulph de Soulis,"[1] who followed David I. to Scotland, and was rewarded by a grant of Liddesdale, of the manor of Nisbet, and of other lands in Teviotdale and Soulistown, now called Saltoun, in East Lothian. De Soulis founded a fortress in Liddesdale, which gave name to the village of Castleton. Probably many of the legends connected with the family of Soulis are founded upon circumstances which really happened at Castleton, though popular tradition has transferred their scene to the more extensive and important ruins of the Hermitage.

The tradition of the country has loaded the memory of one of the Soulis family with many crimes. He is accused of having treacherously decoyed into his castle of Hermitage the chief of the powerful clan of the Armstrongs, under the pretence of hospitality, and of having therein consigned him to the axe. He is also stated to have been a magician, and to have bartered his eternal weal for temporal grandeur. The neighbouring borderers having teazed the king with complaints against this oppressor, he at length used the hasty expression, "Boil him and sup his broo."[2] In consequence of this expression, which the petitioners understood literally, they did, it is said, actually boil Soulis upon a spot called the Nine-stone Rig, where nine upright stones (obviously an old Druidical circle) are pointed out as having been the supports of the cauldron.

"On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones but barely nine;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnish'd brass did glimmer and shine.

"They rolled him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;
They plunged him into the cauldron red,
And melted him—lead, bones, and all.

"At the Skelf-hill the cauldron still
The men of Liddesdale can show;
And on the spot where they boiled the pot
The spreat and the deer-hair ne'er shall grow."

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[1] Chalmers' Caled. [2] Eat the broth, or soup.

Whether they were as strict in performing the other part of this sentence, viz. *supping his broo*, we have not been able to ascertain.

Upon the supposed catastrophe of Lord Soulis, the late Dr. John Leyden has written a beautiful ballad, which may be found in the 'Border Minstrelsy,' part III. Another tradition, discarding the tale of the king and the cauldron (which, howsoever it came to the border, is obviously borrowed from the murder of Melville of Glenbervie, a sheriff of the Mearns), tells us that a faithful adherent of the murdered chief of the Armstrongs, determined to revenge the death of his master, obtained admittance, in the disguise of a minstrel or pilgrim, into Crichton Castle, where Soulis then resided, and stabbed him in his own apartment. This last version of the tale seems to bear a confused reference to the death of Ranulph de Soulis, assassinated, as we learn from the Chronicles of Melrose, in his own house, and by his own domestics, in 1207.[1] The only reason, perhaps, for making Crichton Castle the scene of the slaughter, was, that in latter times both fortresses belonged to the Bothwell family. Another tale of wonder connected with Hermitage Castle is the fate of the "Cout of Keeldar," a gigantic English champion, who came from Cumberland to defy the Governor of Hermitage. Being clad in arms of proof, he was safe from every assault, until he was forced by spears into an eddy of the river, called from his name "the Cout of Keeldar's Pool."

Outside of the ancient burial-ground of the castle, a grave of huge dimensions is pointed out as that of the unfortunate "Cout of Keeldar"—

> "Where weeps the birch with branches green,
> Without the holy ground;
> Between two old gray stones is seen
> The warrior's ridgy mound."

Upon the fall of the house of Soulis, owing to their engaging in a conspiracy against Robert the Bruce, the castle of Hermitage, with the lordship of Liddesdale, passed into possession of Sir John Grahame, Lord Abercorn. The heiress of this baron conveyed this castle and demesne to her husband William Douglas. Being taken by the English, in the reign of David II., it was regained by the valour of William Douglas, called the Black Knight of Liddesdale, a natural son of the good Lord James of Douglas. Inheriting the martial spirit of his family, this Sir William Douglas rose to high distinction during the distracted reign of David II., and attained the proud title of the Flower of Chivalry by his valour. Hermitage Castle having been taken by the English, he regained it by storm, after which it became his principal stronghold

[1] Chalmers' Caled., p. 512. Border Antiquities.

and the scene of the following terrible story, as told in the notes to the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel':—

"William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II., and was so distinguished by his valour, that he was called the 'Flower of Chivalry.' Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. The king had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of this preference, the Knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay while he was administering justice at Hawick, and seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner, '*horse and man, into a dungeon*,' and left him to perish of hunger. It is said the miserable captive prolonged his existence for several days by the corn which fell from a granary above the vault in which he was confined.

"Some years ago, a person digging for stones about the old castle of Hermitage broke into a vault containing a quantity of chaff, some bones, a sword, and some pieces of iron; amongst others, the curb of an ancient bridle of large dimensions, which Sir Walter Scott presented to the late Earl of Dalhousie, under the impression that it might be a relique of his brave ancestor. The worthy clergyman of the parish has mentioned it in his statistical account of Castleton. So weak was the royal authority, that David, although highly incensed at this atrocious murder, found himself obliged to appoint the Knight of Liddesdale successor to his victim as sheriff of Teviotdale. But he was soon after slain, while hunting in Ettrick Forest, by his own godson and chieftain, William, Earl of Douglas, in 1353. The place where the Knight of Liddesdale was killed is called, from his name, William's Cross, upon the ridge of a hill, called William's Hope, betwixt Tweed and Yarrow. His body, according to Godscroft, was carried to Lindean Church, the first night after his death, and thence to Melrose, where he was interred with great pomp, and where his tomb is still shown."

The cause of this slaughter, aggravated by the relation of the parties and their spiritual connection, which made it, in the eye of the church, a sort of spiritual parricide, has been variously assigned to jealousy, and to revenge for the death of Sir Alexander Ramsay and Sir David Barclay, both murdered by the command of the Knight of Liddesdale. But the real cause is probably to be found in a secret and traitorous alliance formed between the King of England and the Knight of Liddesdale, by which the latter, tarnishing all his former renown, agreed to serve that king in all his wars, excepting against his own nation; to grant the English at all times free passage through his lands, and that

(although the Scots were ostensibly excepted) he should act against any auxiliaries they might bring into the field. It is probable that, the secret of this base alliance having transpired, the king had been induced to take off Douglas by assassination, and the Earl of Douglas had consented to become the instrument of the murder.

The Earl of Douglas obtained a royal grant of the lordship of Liddesdale and castle of Hermitage, which seems to strengthen the opinion that the king held the death of the former proprietor good service. He did not, however, immediately obtain possession of Hermitage. Mary Grahame, relict of the Knight of Liddesdale, and heiress of the castle, which she had brought to him in marriage, in resentment of his death, entered into a treaty for surrendering it to the English. By an indenture between the lady and the King of England, Oct. 8, 1354, she surrendered the valley of Liddle and the castle of Hermitage, on condition that she should hold them of him as a fief during all the days of her life. And it is further provided, that, if she married an Englishman, the said fief should continue to them in life-rent, and to the heirs of their bodies in fee. The recent widow had probably already a sufficient match in view; but, for the security of England, until it should take place, she consented to admit an English governor, to be elected by the Earl of Northampton and the Lords Percy and Neville, for defence of the castle against the Scots. It appears that she soon afterwards qualified herself to demand implement of the most favourable clause of the contract, by wedding Hugo de Dacre, brother of William Lord Dacre. Edward, therefore, upon the 1st of July, 1355, granted the valley of Liddle and castle of Hermitage to his wife and him, for their joint lives, and to the heirs of their body; failing whom, the possessions were to revert to the Crown. These grants did not long avail the parties in whose favour they were conceived.[1]

The true heirs of Hermitage Castle were Mary, daughter and heiress of the Knight of Liddesdale, and her husband Sir James Douglas, afterwards called Lord of Dalkeith. But the King of Scotland had granted the Hermitage to the Earl of Douglas; and the King of England to Lady Elizabeth Dacre and her English bridegroom. The true heiress and her husband seem to have acquiesced in the first grant, in consideration of receiving investiture of the lands of Dalkeith, Newlands, and Kilbucho, of which they could obtain immediate possession. Thus Liddesdale and Hermitage Castle were united to the immense possessions of the house of Douglas. The Earl of Douglas probably obtained possession of Hermitage in 1356, when the English

[1] Rymer's Fœdera, pp. 760, 894. Border Antiq., 163.

were expelled from the West Marches of Scotland. From the house of Douglas, even before its fall, Hermitage Castle passed into the family of Angus, the younger, and in some respects the rival, branch of that family. James, the fourth Earl of Angus, is styled Lord of Liddesdale and Jedwood Forest. Of date 24th of May, 1452, there is a commission given by the Earl of Angus to Sir Archibald Douglas and William his son, as bailiffs of Liddesdale; and the keeping of the castle of the Hermitage is committed to their charge.

At length the power which this sequestered fortress threw into the scale of the house of Angus, gave offence to the Crown, and they were deprived of it, on the following remarkable occasion:—

Spens of Kilspindie, a renowned cavalier, had been present at court when the Earl of Angus was highly praised for his strength and valour. "It may be," answered Spens, "if all be good that is upcome," insinuating that the courage of the earl might not answer the promise of his person. Shortly after, Angus, while hawking near Borthwick with a single attendant, met Kilspindie: "What reason had you," said the earl, "for making the question of my manhood? thou art a tall fellow, and so am I; and, by St. Bride of Douglas, one of us shall pay for it!" "Since it may be no better," answered Kilspindie, "I will defend myself against the best earl in Scotland." With these words they encountered fiercely, till Angus with one blow severed the thigh of his antagonist, who died upon the spot. The earl then addressed the attendant of Kilspindie:—"Go thy way; tell my gossip the king, that here was nothing but fair play. I know my gossip will be offended; but I will get me into Liddesdale, and remain in my castle of Hermitage until his anger is abated." The king, seeing that no order could be taken with the Earl of Angus while in possession of Liddesdale, caused him to exchange that lordship for the lands and castle of Bothwell in Clydesdale; and thus the Hepburns, earls of Bothwell, succeeded the Douglases as lords of Hermitage. The sixth earl of Angus, nicknamed "Bell-the-Cat," on his exchanging his domains, is alluded to in the romance of 'Marmion,' quoted at the beginning of this description.

James, Earl of Bothwell, succeeded his father Patrick in his titles, estates, and offices, when he was about 26 years of age, and he now enjoyed from the third earl, not only large estates, but the hereditary offices of Lord High Admiral of Scotland, Sheriff of Berwick, Haddington, and Edinburgh, as well as Baillie of Lauderdale, with the castles of Hales and Crichton for his fortlets: Earl James became thus, by descent from his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, the most powerful noble, if we except the Duke of Chatelherault, in the south of Scotland. James, Earl of Bothwell, was early noticed in public life.

On the 14th December, 1557, he was one of the nobles who signed the commission for effectuating the queen's marriage with the dauphin. He became the queen's lieutenant on the borders, and keeper of Hermitage Castle, for which he was paid 23*l.* per month;[1] and on the 29th November, 1558, Bothwell, as Sheriff of Edinburgh, attended the marshal and constable, in opening the parliament, wherein he sat. His first military exploit was a successful inroad into England, as the lieutenant, during the war in 1558, which was ended by the peace of Cambray in 1559.[2] Bothwell thus set out early in life, as an enemy of the English government, and as an antagonist of the English faction in Scotland, after the accession of Elizabeth in 1588. As lieutenant of the regent-queen, at the epoch of the peace of Cambray he met the Earl of Northumberland, to settle the mutual differences of the conterminous nations. In August, 1559, Bothwell, Sir Richard Maitland, and Sir Walter Ker, were appointed commissioners for settling the differences on the southern borders with the English wardens; but no treaty brought any peace to Scotland while Elizabeth survived. As sheriff of the county, Bothwell, in October, 1559, arrested John Cockburn of Ormieston, relative of the laird of Craigmillar, who was conveying 4000 crowns from Elizabeth to the faction, as fuel for fomenting the contentions of her neighbour kingdom,[3] and the insurgents never forgot nor forgave that timeful blow.

The Earl of Arran and the Lord James Stuart immediately attacked Bothwell's castle of Crichton, which they easily took, as he had retired with the money, which was at that moment of great importance to all parties. The success of Bothwell induced the queen-regent in December, 1559, to entrust him with the command of 800 French and Scotch troops, who were then sent from Edinburgh to Stirling; and during the civil war he was solicited to obtain aid from France. But the queen-regent did not live to see assistance or consolation in consequence of his exertions, as she died on the 10th of June, 1560, after a long indisposition, amidst the distractions arising from persons and circumstances which she could neither counteract nor control. On her decease, the government of Scotland was assumed by the Duke of Chatelherault, who was prompted and supported by Elizabeth. Bothwell was received at the court of France, where he was closely watched by the English ambassador.

Bothwell was much disliked by the ruling party in Scotland, by Arran in particular, who had not forgotten the money he had intercepted of the

[1] Treasurer's Accounts, Chalmers, vol. iii. [2] Holinshed, i. 363.
[3] Keith, App., 43.

faction. Meantime the kingdom was governed by the Duke and the Prior; his name therefore does not appear among those nobles who were summoned to assemble on the 31st of August, 1561, to receive the queen. In November, 1561, measures were adopted for preserving the quiet of the country. Bothwell was by the queen induced to engage not to injure Lord Seaton, and Lord Seaton not to injure Bothwell; James, the Commendator of St. Andrew's and Pittenweem, and Cockburn of Ormieston, were equally obliged to keep the peace towards Bothwell.

On the 20th of February, 1561-2, the queen obliged Bothwell and Arran to enter into engagements to keep the peace, though Arran agreed with an ill grace.[1] In the end of March, he accused Bothwell of a conspiracy between himself and his relation, Gavin Hamilton, Commendator of Kilwinning, to carry off the queen to Dumbarton Castle, and to kill her chief ministers. On this frantic charge, Bothwell and Hamilton were imprisoned. Examinations before the queen and her council immediately took place at St. Andrew's; and the total insanity of Arran was soon apparent. Yet did the queen's minister, who had been created Earl of Mar, and ceased to be Commendator of St. Andrew's, pursue this affair with great eagerness, from his enmity to Bothwell, who was detained in prison by the guilty influence of Mar, though Bothwell demanded a trial. After remaining six weeks in the castle of St. Andrew's, Bothwell was removed to the castle of Edinburgh, whence he escaped on the 28th of August, 1562. He then retired to the castle of Hermitage, where he remained till the ruin of Huntly gave him to understand that he was no longer safe in Scotland. He then took shipping from North Berwick: but, the vessel being driven into Holy Island, he was arrested by Elizabeth's officers. We will not stop to ask by what authority a peer and privy councillor of Scotland, driven by stress of weather into Holy Island, was detained, in time of peace, and sent to London, where he he was kept in durance for more than twelve months.

Meantime, as soon as it was known that Bothwell had fled from Hermitage Castle, a herald was sent to demand possession of this stronghold for the queen's service. It was delivered to the charge of Robert Elliot, deputy-keeper of Liddesdale for the queen, at a salary of 100 marks, with possession of the domains.

Bothwell returned to Scotland in March, 1564-5, and appears to have again taken up his residence at Hermitage Castle, but, fearing to come in contact with his powerful adversaries, he went abroad in April following. On the 5th of August, 1565, Bothwell was allowed to

[1] Despatch, Paper-office, 1561-2.

return home, when a remission was granted to him for breaking ward out of the castle of Edinburgh, without any licence; and on the next day the Earl of Murray was denounced a rebel and driven into England.

Bothwell attended the public councils, and acquired some credit with the queen and Darnley; but he was chiefly employed as commissioner on the borders to settle the never-ending disputes among rugged men. At the age of thirty-five Bothwell was married to the Lady Jane Gordon, the excellent sister of the Earl of Huntly, and fourth cousin to himself. The rest of his ignoble career is described in the preceding history of Holyrood House.

While in the possession of the Earl of Bothwell, Queen Mary opened the mouth of censure by her imprudent visit to Hermitage in October, 1566. On this occasion the queen, attended by her officers of state, set out on a progress to the borders, with the view of holding courts of justiciary at Jedburgh: the Southern Marches, almost always in a state of insubordination, called at this time for summary interference.

On the 10th of October the queen arrived at Jedburgh, having on her way thither received the disagreeable news that Bothwell, her lieutenant, had been insulted by some unruly borderers, that he had been dangerously wounded, and had retired to the castle of Hermitage, about eighteen miles distant from Jedburgh. Some say Morton had brought over the tribe of the Elliots to revenge his present disgrace upon one whom he considered an enemy. Others with greater probability state that it was only a riot occasioned by the moss-troopers, whom he desired to punish and suppress.

Mary, being engaged with public business at Jedburgh, was for several days prevented from ascertaining the truth of the report, which had probably reached her in an exaggerated form. On the 16th of October, however, the queen found leisure to ride across the country with some attendants to inquire for Bothwell, and also to ascertain the nature of the disturbance. On this occasion she is stated to have remained only *an hour or two, and returned to Jedburgh the same evening.*

While at Jedburgh her Majesty resided in a house still standing and situated in a back lane. It is of three storeys, thatched on the roof. The whole of the ground-floor is vaulted, the arches of which appear in the outer walls. There is a heraldic entablature above the entrance, with the arms of the Scots of Harden, now Buccleuch.

Ascending by a turret-stair behind the house, the stranger is introduced into Queen Mary's room, which is on the third floor, and which has a small window looking into the garden. Formerly it was hung with tapestry, which has been transferred to the garret above. There was also a

QUEEN MARY'S LODGING AT JEDBURGH.—No. 29.

bedstead in the room which is said to have been the one that Mary occupied. This bedstead fell into the hands of Mr. Wentrup, auctioneer in Jedburgh, who presented the same to Sir Walter Scott, on the 21st of April, 1824, as appears from a holograph acknowledgment by the worthy baronet, in Mr. Wentrup's possession. It was in this narrow apartment that the queen remained for several weeks during an illness brought on by her fatiguing journey to Hermitage, and during which her life was despaired of. The lady who occupies this ancient house has or had a small quaich or drinking-cup formed of party-coloured wood, mounted with silver, which had been the property of the celebrated Rob Gibb, the king's jester, whose history is narrated in our account of Linlithgow Palace. Rob's name is inscribed in silver within the quaich; and another inscription records its having been gifted to a predecessor of its present owner.

When Mary visited Bothwell in Hermitage Castle, she did not take the present course of the road by the Slitterick, but penetrated the mountainous tract which lies between that and the Teviot. The perils and difficulties of such a journey must have been very great; and it is utterly inconceivable how she contrived both to go into Liddesdale and come back from it again to Teviotdale, in the short space of one day. Her path lay up Priesthaugh-swire, between Pencryst-pen and Skelf-hill, then through a long boggy tract called Hawkhass, next up along the course of a mountain stream to the ridge called Maiden's Paps, where the district of Liddesdale begins; she afterwards descended Braidlie-swire, till she again reached a low piece of marshy ground. It was on this spot that the queen narrowly escaped with her life, her

horse being swamped in the bog;[1] other hills, and these extremely precipitous, had now to be ascended and descended—the narrow track generally sloping along their sides, and crossing the little burns at the bottoms, till she reached the course of the Hermitage Water, following which she arrived at Hermitage Castle, after having performed one of the most hazardous and seemingly impracticable journeys that ever were achieved. And what renders it still more wonderful is, that it was performed by a delicate female, who had recently risen from childbed.[2] It was no wonder, therefore, that so fatiguing a journey threw her into a severe illness, in consequence of which she was confined to bed on her return to Craigmillar. Tradition says that Mary was attended by only twelve men on this perilous expedition—a very insufficient guard for a queen in an enemy's country.

The possessions and titles of the Hepburns became the property of Francis Stuart, after the criminal elevation and subsequent disgraceful end of James Earl of Bothwell. Stuart was afterwards attainted, and Hermitage then became, and still remains, the property of the noble house of Buccleugh.

Stuart, Earl of Bothwell, seems to have been a very questionable character, in so far as he was impeached for having endeavoured to destroy King James VI. Euphemia Macalzean (daughter of Lord Cliftonhall, a judge of some eminence), a woman of a strong mind and licentious passions, a catholic, and a partisan of Bothwell, was accused by several witches as implicated in practices against the king's life, and as having been connected with witches and sorcerers. She was present at the convention of Berwick, at which the king's death had been contrived. "She was bound to a stake, and burnt in ashes, quick to the death, which she endured with great firmness, on the 25th of June, 1591."[3]

The most remarkable object in the whole vale of Liddesdale is Hermitage, which raises its square, massive, stately form at the bottom of an extensive waste, declining all round from the hills; the Hermitage Burn, which runs past it towards the Liddel, with its shining and noisy waters, is the only object of a lively nature in the whole of its bare and desolate neighbourhood. The fortress was one of the most considerable on the border, and consisted of a double tower, with entrenchments and fortifications all around the edifice, the remains of which are still to be seen.

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[1] The place where the above accident occurred still retains the name of the Queen's Mire.

[2] Chambers' Picture of Scotland.

[3] Magical Library; a German work, by George Conrad Hurst, church-councellor to the Grand-Duke of Hesse. Mainz, 1826.

From the many crimes committed in this castle, an idea prevails in the country, that this venerable ruin, oppressed as it were by a consciousness of the scenes of guilt transacted within its walls, is gradually sinking into the earth: thirty feet of its original height having already gone down, while thirty have fallen from the top, and only thirty now remain above the level of the ground.

This huge building is about 100 feet square; the walls are tolerably entire, but the interior is completely ruinous. The plan is of a singular kind; the east and west fronts of the square being flat, without any projection, whereas the northern and southern sides present a curtain flanked by a huge square tower at each end. The main entrance seems to have been from the west, by a very high portal arch, which ascends to the projecting battlements on the top of the castle wall; but the archway enters only a little way at this extraordinary height, being blockaded by an inner wall, through which an entrance of moderate dimensions leads into the court of the castle. Above the interior portal are holes for pouring down arrows and other offensive weapons upon any enemy who might attempt to take the place by storm. There is every appearance of the present castle having been founded upon the ruins of one built with more cost and attention; for irregular portions of the wall, towards the foundation, are in a style of masonry much superior to what has been erected above them.

The situation of the fortress is exceedingly strong, it being defended on the southern side by the river, and on the three other sides by a deep and level morass, above which the site of the castle is considerably elevated. It is only accessible on the east by a narrow causeway; and on the west by the bank of the river.

At a little distance higher up the stream is a deserted burial-ground, which imparts a deeper shade of melancholy to the aspect and circumstances of the ruins. It is a small enclosure, containing a number of ancient graves: the vestiges of a small chapel are still to be traced in the centre, with an old crooked tree, growing from the spot where tradition asserts that the altar once stood. Here it is said once existed a hermitage, which gave the name of Hermitage to the stream, as the stream has done to the castle. Hermitage Castle has been supposed to contain great store of concealed treasure; but the superstitious fears of the country-people prove an insuperable obstacle both to their curiosity and cupidity. Such is the dread in which this dilapidated ruin is held, that the peasantry can scarcely be persuaded to approach it unless in broad day; and when their nocturnal avocations would lead them by the haunted tower, they never hesitate to adopt a circuitous route, in order to avoid this fearful path.

The following tale respecting this locality is related by Mr. Chambers in his 'Picture of Scotland :' "The Lord of Hermitage, a prodigious tyrant, saw and loved a lady called Foster, whose father resided in the lower part of Liddesdale. Resolving to prosecute a dishonourable courtship, he paid her father a visit soon after ; but Foster, being apprised of his coming, had taken care to send his daughter into Cumberland : and when his lordship presented himself he was told she had gone on a far distant visit. The baron, unable to brook his disappointment, immediately stabbed Foster, who fell a lifeless corpse on the floor. The murderer fled, was closely pursued by the country-people, and only escaped their vengeance by being admitted into the Tower of Mangerton by Armstrong, the chief of the Armstrongs, who perhaps was not then aware that he was receiving a murderer within his gate. The population meantime threatened to burn the castle unless the assassin were delivered up ; but Armstrong, being unwilling to do so after having afforded him protection, succeeded in pacifying the people by promising a speedy investigation of the affair. When they had departed on Armstrong's assurance, the baron returned to his castle, and, in seeming gratitude for the chieftain's protection and hospitality, he invited his protector to his castle of Hermitage—an invitation which the bold Armstrong accepted in spite of the persuasions of all his friends not to cross the threshold of that ill-fated place. This advice was disregarded, and he appeared in the castle hall. The baron, who secretly hated the Armstrong because of his high reputation in the country where he was himself abhorred, had now found a fiendish opportunity of getting rid of a man whose very virtues rose up as it were in judgment against him.

"There was no lack of hospitality ; but at the end of the feast one of the servants on a preconcerted signal came behind Armstrong's back, and by an oblique stroke stabbed him to the heart. On hearing of this atrocity the whole country was in arms, and the guilty Lord of Hermitage, to avoid the storm, retired to Cumberland, where he expected to wait until it should blow over. But his place of concealment was discovered by the brother of the deceased, called "Jock of the Side," who, assuming a palmer's habit, resolved never to rest until he had avenged the death of his brother. In this disguise he obtained admission to the baron's place of refuge, and afterwards to his chamber, in which he was in bed with his wife, and dispatched him where he lay.

"The murdered body of Armstrong was conveyed from Hermitage Castle to Ettleton churchyard, about a mile distant, where it was interred, and a cross was placed over the grave. The cross is now demolished, but another cross is still to be seen at Millholm, where the coffin rested on its way to interment : the initials of the deceased and a sword carved

upon the shaft of the pillar are quite visible, and it is still called Mangerton's Cross. The lower vaulted storey of Mangerton Tower is all that now remains; near the door-way is a large stone in the wall with the arms and initials of Armstrong and the date 1583."

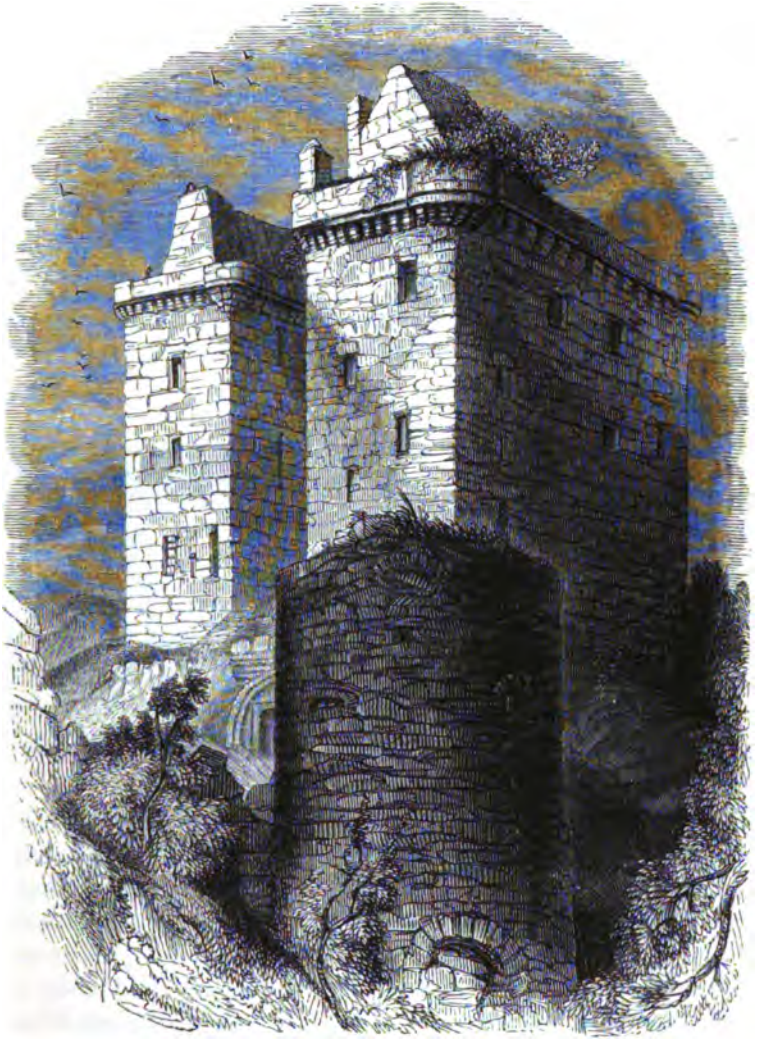
The apartments in Hermitage Castle are so very much dilapidated, and the dungeons are so completely filled up with rubbish, as to render it impossible to discover their precise arrangement. There was a popular tradition, which is believed by many even at the present day, that an entire room, in which Lord Soulis had held his conferences with the evil spirit, was supposed to be opened once every seven years by that demon, to whom, when he left the castle, he committed the keys, by throwing them over his shoulder, desiring him to keep them till his return. A large rusty key was found amongst some rubbish near the gate of this dungeon, which the peasantry suppose was the identical key that Soulis had thrown over his left shoulder when he was carried away to undergo the sentence which the king so hastily pronounced against him.

Notwithstanding the dreadful character of the place, and its associations of horror, not many years ago an old woman was found to be proof against fear, and actually occupied an apartment in the turret to the left of the great gateway, which she was permitted to reside in rent-free. A roofless apartment, about ten feet square, and furnished with a fire-place of very modern construction, is pointed out as having been occupied by this misanthropic matron, who, from her choice of the ruins as her place of residence, incurred the odium of being a witch.

Several years ago an antique silver ring was found in the ruins of Hermitage, bearing around the heart the well-known badge of the Douglases interchangeably with *quatrefoils;* this relic was in the possession of Sir Walter Scott. An iron ladle was also dug up in the ruins, and a bugle horn was found in the marsh. The ladle, and the iron key before alluded to, are in the possession of the Duke of Buccleugh; the horn was in that of Sir Walter Scott.

The appearance of the castle of the Hermitage—so extensive a ruin, situated in so desolate a spot, on the brink of a furious torrent, and surrounded by a morass and lofty hills—its walls grey with age, and stained with all the varieties of colours with which so many rolling centuries have chequered them—is rather solemn and grand than picturesque or romantic. The traveller who first sees the ruin from the "Nine-stane Rig," with the low and narrow vale of Hermitage in perspective, and the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland in the back-ground, is struck with the sublimity of the scene.

The Castle of Borthwick.



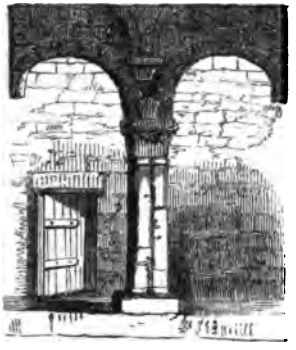
No. 20.

"WHY SITT'ST THOU BY THAT RUIN'D HALL,
THOU AGED CARLE, SO STERN AND GREY!
DOST THOU ITS FORMER PRIDE RECALL,
OR PONDER WHY IT PASS'D AWAY!"

ANTIQUARY.

The Castle of Borthwick.

ETYMON derived from the proprietor—Foundation by Sir W. de Borthwick, on the "Moat of Lochwart"—Character and Design of the Structure—Prospect from the Battlements—The Abbot of Unreason, a tale of Sir Walter Scott—Queen Mary visits the Castle—Insurrection of the Nobles—The Queen escapes in disguise, and arrives at Black Castle, where she is joined by Bothwell and his party—Borthwick besieged by Oliver Cromwell—Curious letter from the Protector requiring the Governor to surrender—The Lord Borthwick capitulates on honourable terms, and leaves the Castle with his property—Effects of Cromwell's battery still to be seen—Description of the Ruins—The Great Hall, &c., &c.



HE Castle of Borthwick is situated in the centre of a small but well cultivated valley watered by one of the tributary streams to the South Esk, called the *Gore*. The fortress is composed of a massive double tower erected upon an insulated knoll, anciently termed the "Mote of Lochwart."[1]

Borthwick is universally acknowledged to be the finest of that very numerous class of castles which we have described in the Introduction as having been composed of a single donjon, or keep, surrounded by an embattled wall, and it is much admired for the great beauty of its proportions, as well as the solidity of its masonry. This castle was erected in 1430 by "Sir William de Borthwick," and, contrary to the common usage, the fortress was called after his own name. In the same year, King James I. granted to him a special licence for erecting upon the spot called the "Mote of Lochwart," "a castle or fortalice;—to surround the same with walls and ditches, and to defend it with gates of brass or iron; and also, to place upon the summit defensive ornaments, by which is meant battlements and turrets." He was further empowered to place in the castle, so to be erected, a constable, porter, and other

[1] "Mote," or "Moat," one of those eminences which were used as places for dispensing justice in ancient times.

persons and things for the defence thereof.[1] Tradition deduces the family of Borthwick from "*Andreas, Lord of Burtick,*" in Livonia, who accompanied Queen Margaret from Hungary to Scotland, and afterwards settled in that kingdom.

Sir William de Borthwick, having purchased the lands from Sir William Hay of Yester, who about that time removed to his paternal estate, in virtue of this charter, erected a noble building, in form of a double tower, or donjon, 74 feet in length, 68 in breadth, and in height, from the area to the battlements, 90 feet; but including the roof, which is arched and covered with flags, the whole height is 110 feet. On the western side of the building, from the top to the bottom, there is a recess, into the sides of which the windows of the several apartments are made to open; a very ingenious expedient for defence. In the MS. of Mid-Lothian, it is described as a "great and strong tower within and without, and of great height, the wall thereof being above 15 feet in thickness towards the foundation." The walls are of hewn stone, gradually contracting to the thickness of 6 feet at the top of the edifice. The knoll, or moat, on which the castle is situated, is surrounded by an outer court occupying the whole summit of the eminence, enclosed and fortified by a strong outer wall, having flanked towers at the angles. The moat is surrounded by a small river called the Gore, which imparts to the ruin a very romantic appearance.

The entrance from the outer court to the donjon, or keep, seems to have been by means of a *ramp* or *perron* of stone, raised to the height of the first story, and thus communicating with the gate of the tower by a drawbridge, a means of interior defence peculiar to castles of the 15th century.

The drawbridge, when raised, left a vacancy of about 14 feet betwixt the gate and the perron. This vacancy was from 10 to 12 feet in depth, and in length corresponding to that of the drawbridge. The tower springs from the centre of the court-yard, which is formed by a very strong rampart wall, fortified by minor turrets at the four corners. Above the gateway, almost defaced, is the figure of a bishop, or, as some imagine, that of St. Andrew.

The interior of Borthwick Castle is highly interesting. The joists and flooring have been destroyed and renewed, but the walls remain still entire, though a little encumbered with rubbish. The state-rooms are on the first storey, and are accessible by the drawbridge. There is also a room of small dimensions, pointed out as having been the bedchamber of Queen Mary. The hall is 40 feet long, and has its music galleries:

[1] Copy of original charter. Prov. Antiq., vol. ii., p. 34. MS. Mid-Lothian, Advoc. Library.

the roof is lofty, and was once adorned with numerous paintings and devices.[1] In the vault lies one of the Lords Borthwick in armour. There is an excellent well in the bottom of the castle, without digging.[2]

The floors of the great hall and chapel, being laid with stone, have escaped demolition. Three stairs, ascending at the angles, gave access to the separate storeys. Two of these are in tolerable repair; the third is quite ruinous.

The battlements of Borthwick Castle, which are of an unusual height, command a most beautiful and diversified prospect. On the east, the top of Crichton Castle is seen about two miles distant. The convenience of communicating by signal with a neighbouring fortress is alleged as one reason for the great height to which this structure is carried.

William de Borthwick, by whom the great tower was erected, was one of the nobles who sat on an assize upon the Duke of Lennox and his brother Alexander, sons of the Duke of Albany, when those unfortunate princes were condemned and executed at Stirling, in 1424. Previous to 1430, he was created Lord Borthwick; for we find that in that year his son received the honour of knighthood, and was then designated "*Filius et Heres Gulielmi Domini de Borthwick.*"

William, the second Lord Borthwick, made also a considerable figure in the history of his time. He adhered to the king in the feuds of the Douglases; and in the records of parliament we find his name frequently mentioned as attending the Scottish estates.

In 1547, Borthwick Castle was the scene of a very whimsical incident, which Sir Walter Scott narrates in his own happy and peculiar style. It appears, that in consequence of a process betwixt "Master George Hay de Menzeane" and the Lord Borthwick, letters of excommunication had passed against Borthwick on account of the contumacy of certain witnesses. William Langlands, an *apparitor*, or macer (baculariius), of the see of St. Andrews, presented these letters to the curate of the church of Borthwick, requiring him to publish the same at the service of high mass.

It seems that the inhabitants of the castle were at this time engaged in the favourite sport of "enacting the Abbot of Unreason,"—a species of "*High Jinks,*" in which a *mimic* prelate was elected, who, like the Lord of Misrule in England, turned all sort of authority, and particularly the Church ritual, into ridicule.[3] This frolicsome person, with his retinue,

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[1] Grose's Antiq., vol. i., p. 68. [2] MS. Mid-Lothian.

[3] These Saturnalian licences were absolutely encouraged by the Church of Rome. Sir Walter Scott, in his historical novel of 'The Abbot,' gives a very lively account of those burlesque ceremonies.—Abbot, vol. i., p. 296.

notwithstanding the sanctity of the apparitor's character, entered the church, seized upon the primate's officer without hesitation, and, dragging him to the mill-dam on the south side of the castle, compelled him to leap into the water. Not contented with the partial immersion he then received, the Abbot of Unreason pronounced that Mr. William Langlands was not yet sufficiently bathed, and therefore caused his assistants to lay him on his back in the stream, and *duck him in the most satisfactory and perfect manner.* The unfortunate apparitor was then conducted back to the church, when, for his refreshment after his bath, the letters of excommunication were torn to pieces *and steeped in a bowl of wine;* and (the mock abbot being probably of opinion that a tough parchment was but dry eating without something to help it down) Langlands was then compelled to eat the letters and swallow the wine; on which he was dismissed by the Abbot of Unreason with the *comfortable* assurance, that if any more letters should arrive during the continuance of his office, they should "*a' gang the same gait.*"

Similar scenes, expressive of scorn, with additional circumstances of disgrace, frequently occurred in former times. A pursuivant was sent to Jedburgh, in 1571, by the party of Queen Mary, then assembled in Edinburgh; and though he was suffered without interruption to read the letters, when he had finished, the provost caused him to come down from the cross, and after he had forced him to eat his letters, caused him "let down his points," (*i. e.* the latchet which connected the doublet with the breeches,) and gave him his wages on the bare buttocks, with a horse's bridle, threatening, that if ever he came again, he should lose his life.[1]

John, the fifth Earl of Borthwick, though he appears to have patronized the licence of Unreason, was a Catholic, and unquestionably a loyal and faithful adherent of Queen Mary; so much so, that we find her frequently resorting to Borthwick Castle, in her progresses through her kingdom. Lords Seaton and Borthwick were the only persons of rank who took arms for the Queen Regent in 1559, and assisted her in defending the fortress of Leith against the Lords of the Congregation. What probably contributed to the attentions of Lord Borthwick to his royal mistress, was the circumstance of his having been a friend and ally of the Earl of Bothwell, to whom, as Lord of Crichton Castle, he was a near neighbour. Accordingly, we find some material passages recorded by Cecil, commonly called "Murray's Diary."

"October 7th, 1566. My Lord Bothwell was hurt in Liddesdale, and *the Queen* raid to Borthwick."

"June 11th, 1567. Bothwell purposed an raid against the Lord Houme and Finhirst, and so passed to Melros, *she to Borthwick.*"

[1] Bannatyne's Journal, 1806, p. 243. Sir Walter Scott's Provincial Antiq., p. 38.

"June 11th, 1567. The Lordis came suddenly to Borthwick; Bothwell fled to Dunbar, and the Lordis retyred to Edinbrough. She followed Bothwell to Dunbar, disguised."

In ordinary historical investigation, these extracts might be deemed sufficient; but as we are desirous to trace every connection of Mary with this fortalice, the following more minute detail of the anxious moment in which she escaped from Borthwick is taken from a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Glasgow, for the information of that active prelate, dated 17th of June, 1567. On the 11th of June, Morton, Mar, Hume, and Lindsay, with other inferior barons, and attended by 900 or 1000 horse, on a sudden surrounded Borthwick, where Bothwell was, in company with the queen. Bothwell had such early intelligence of their enterprise, that he had time to ride off with a few attendants; and the insurgent nobles, when they became aware of his escape, rode to Dalkeith, and from thence to Edinburgh, where they had friends who declared for them, in spite of the efforts of Mary's partisans. The latter, finding themselves the weaker party, retreated to the castle of Edinburgh, while the provost and armed citizens, to whom the defence of the town was committed, did not indeed open their gates to the insurgent lords, but saw them forced without offering opposition. These sad tidings were carried to Mary by Beaton, the writer of this letter, who found her still at Borthwick, "so quiet, that there was none with her passing six or seven persons." She had probably calculated on the citizens of Edinburgh defending the capital against the insurgents; but when this hope failed, she immediately resolved on flight. Assuming the disguise of a page, Mary mounted horse, and pursuing a by-path through the glen east of the present farm of Affleck-hill, she arrived at Black Castle, where she was met by Bothwell at the head of his retainers.[1] At this time the nobility and people were greatly excited against Bothwell:—

"Old men and women, beldames in the street,
Did prophesy upon it dangerously;"
Earl Bothwell's "death was common in their mouths,
And when they talked of him they shook their heads
And whispered one another in the ear."

But although the confederated lords had declared against Bothwell, they had not yet resolved on imprisoning Queen Mary herself. When Bothwell's escape was made known, the blockade of Borthwick was instantly raised, although the place had neither garrison nor means of de-

[1] The Hawick railway passes through this moor nearly in the same direction as that which was pursued by the disguised queen.

fence. The more audacious enterprise of making the queen prisoner, had not been adopted by the insurgents, until the event of the incidents at Carberry-hill proved the Scottish queen's increased unpopularity. There seems to have been an interval of nearly two days betwixt the escape of Bothwell from Borthwick Castle, and the subsequent flight of Mary in disguise to Dunbar.[1] If during that interval Mary could have determined on separating her fortunes from those of the deservedly detested Bothwell, we might have been spared the recital of her subsequent unhappy life and tragical end.

As the fifth Earl of Bothwell was a faithful adherent to the Scottish queen, his grandson John, the eighth lord, was a follower of the king, during the great civil war. Upon this occasion, Borthwick Castle and all the other strongholds near Edinburgh were garrisoned for the king, which greatly annoyed and straitened the invading army under Oliver Cromwell; and, joined to the cautious tactics of Lesley, compelled the protector to retreat from Edinburgh, which, but for the insolent and pragmatical ignorance of the presbyterian ministers, would have been both disgraceful and destructive.

But when these false prophets had, by their meddling interference, occasioned the fatal battle of Dunbar and the surrender of Edinburgh, the detached fortresses in Mid-Lothian fell one by one into the hands of the English.

Borthwick Castle held out gallantly, and the garrison employed themselves to the last in annoying the victorious army of Cromwell, which was the cause of the following characteristic summons, dated Edinburgh, 18th Nov., 1650, and sent to the Governor of Borthwick Castle:—

"Sir,—I thought fit to send you this trumpet to let you know, that if you please to walk away with your company, and deliver the house to such as I shall send to receive it, you shall have liberty to carry off your arms and goods, and such other necessaries as you have. You harboured such parties in your house, as have basely and inhumanly murdered our men; if you necessitate me to bend my cannon against you, you must expect what I doubt you will not be pleased with. I expect your present answer, and rest,

"Your Servant,

"O. CROMWELL."

Notwithstanding this very significant epistle, the Governor of Borthwick held out the fortress until the artillery was opened upon it. The castle was then surrendered, upon condition that Lord Borthwick was

[1] Provin. Antiq., vol i., p. 43.

to have fifteen days to remove his property from it. An effect of Cromwell's battery still remains, his fire having destroyed part of the stonework facing the eastern side of the building.

Borthwick Castle was long the principal seat of that baronial family, until the death of the direct male heir, John, ninth Lord Borthwick, when it passed to a collateral descendant; and having since been repeatedly sold, at length it became the property of John Borthwick, of Crookston, Esq., descended from and claiming to represent the original founder, as a peer under the ancient title of Lord Borthwick. Borthwick was the birth-place of Dr. William Robertson, the celebrated historian: his father was clergyman of the parish; while he discharged the duties of his sacred profession with the utmost punctuality, his patriotic exertions were ever directed to the public good. When the capital of Scotland was in danger of falling into the hands of the rebels, he quitted for a time his parochial residence at Gladsmuir, and joined the volunteers of Edinburgh in 1745; and when at last it was determined that the city should be surrendered, he was one of the small band which repaired to Haddington and offered their services to the commander of his Majesty's forces.

It is gratifying to consider, that so fine a specimen of ancient architecture, connected as it is with many historical associations, is now in the possession of a family so deeply interested in its preservation; and it will doubtless be the pride of that family to preserve so splendid a memorial of the grandeur of their ancestors, by arresting the further progress of its dilapidation.

The great hall of Borthwick Castle, which occupies the second storey, is highly deserving of particular notice. It is perhaps the most noble specimen of feudal magnificence and hospitality now in existence. "It is so large, and so high in the roof, that a man on horseback might turn a spear in it." The ceiling consists of a smooth vault of ashlar work, the joinings of the stones being curiously fitted together. The roof has been painted with such devices as occur in old illuminations. There can still be traced the representation of a castle, with its battlements, towers, and pinnacles, and the legend, in Gothic characters, "*Ye Temple of Honor.*" At the south end there is a huge chimney, and from one of the ends of the hall a door leads into a small apartment, or rather a stone gallery, from which, on looking down, the lady of the mansion might have commanded a complete view of every operation in the large kitchen below. From another part of the hall there is an entrance to the apartment in which it is said Queen Mary slept in 1567, while under the domination of the detested Bothwell.

Stately and magnificent in itself, the hall of Borthwick is not less rich

in associations. Here, probably, the Abbot of Unreason was permitted to exercise his frolics. Here, too, Cromwell, "the stern protector of the conquered land," received the keys of the castle through the walls of which his cannon had made a passage. But, above all, the image of Mary Queen of Scots, while feasting with the unworthy Bothwell, startled from revelry by the voice of insurrection, and throwing aside the pomp and circumstance of monarchical dignity, for the lowly habit of a page, in which she escapes, presents a most exquisite picture to the glowing imagination, and invests this noble structure with an interest, which will never cease to be felt while the page of history points out this ancient "fane." Alas! how changed the scene as we look on that deserted mansion, where the rank nettles grow. The "temple of honor" is now four naked walls, in which the wind, that "sightless labourer, whistles at his work," or,

"With a low melancholy moan,
Mourns for the glory that has flown;
* * * *
To see no fire upon the hearth,
To hear no sound of joy or mirth;
From floor to floor, from room to room,
All wrapt in misery and gloom;
The seats, the bowers, deserted all,
And green weeds springing in the hall.
The world all bright and gay and fair,
But death and desolation there!"

Black Castle, or Cakemuir Castle.

BLACK CASTLE.—No. 81.

"SEE, THE WAY IS LONG AND DREAR:
EMPTY FLASKS ARE SORRY CHEER,
AT CAKEMUIR THERE IS BREAD AND BEER.
IN THE NAME OF EVERY SAINT,
LET NOT WEARY PILGRIM FAINT."

OLD BALLAD.

"THE WARDER CALLS—HARK TO THE CLASH OF SPEARS!
TO THE PALE PAGE EACH HERO BENDS THE KNEE;
DREAMS OF THE PAST, HOW EXQUISITE YE BE——
OFFSPRING OF HEAVENLY FAITH AND RARE ANTIQUITY!"

ALTERED FROM MOTHERWELL.

Black Castle, or Cakemuir Castle.

Castle of unknown antiquity—Its situation and description—Etymon of Cakemuir, a place of refreshment for pilgrims—The four pilgrimages of Scotland—Battle of Melrose; Feud between the Scots of Buccleuch and the Kers—Name changed to Black Castle—The history of the Wauchopes of Cakemuir—Their connexion with Bothwell—Queen Mary arrives here on her flight from Borthwick, disguised as a page—Description of the tower—Queen Mary's apartment, concealed closet—Castle now the property of Alexander Mackay, Esq.

THE lonely and romantic tower of Black Castle, known also as Cakemuir Castle, and famed as the scene of one of the most romantic episodes in the eventful history of Mary of Scotland, is situated in the county of Mid-Lothian, about fourteen miles south-east of the city of Edinburgh, and a mile and a half west from the great London road by Kelso and Coldstream. This ancient baronial pile consists of a square tower four storeys high, with bold projecting battlements surrounding the roof, terminated by sharp-pointed gables, in which are two recesses of hewn stone supposed to have been designed for warders or sentinels. The extraordinarily thick and massive walls, and the style of architecture in several parts, prove that the tower was constructed at a period when strength and security were studied in preference to the graces of ornament and to convenience. The date of its erection is unknown. The tower and the additions that have since been made to it as a mansion, are still in good repair and inhabited, and present a specimen of those fortalices which became so common in this country when every proprietor's residence was first crenellated and embattled to defend the property from invasion and domestic warfare. The site of the castle is well chosen, standing as it does on the corner of an eminence where two glens seem to salute each other. The steep banks around the castle are occupied by very old trees, the most remarkable of which are, a beech measuring 17½ feet in circumference at the height of five feet from the ground, and a plane-tree, 29 feet in circumference at the base. Through the glens Cake-

muir Water winds its gentle way, forming a branch of the river Tyne, which it joins near Saltoun, in East Lothian.

In former times Cakemuir offered refreshment and protection to pilgrims and travellers on their way to the once famous abbey of Melrose. The road from Edinburgh to Melrose is said to have passed by the Roman camp near the castle of Crichton, through the lands of Black Castle and Cakemuir, and from thence southward across the hills. There were four particular places of pilgrimage during monastic times which were assigned to the adherents of the Roman faith who had been guilty of any crime that came within pontifical cognizance and jurisdiction—these were Melrose, Paisley, Dundee, and Scone. An indenture is still extant, dated the 16th of March, 1587, betwixt the Kers of Cessford and the Kers of Fairniehirst, against the Scotts of Buccleuch, for killing the Laird of Cessford at the battle of Melrose, by which each party bound themselves to do penance at the four pilgrimages of Scotland above named, for a chaplain to say mass for the souls of those who had been slain at Melrose.[1] From its having afforded the only *hospitium* or place of refreshment on this rugged journey, Cakemuir is said to have derived its name; and it requires but little stretch of imagination to suppose, 262 years ago, the warlike Kers and the bold Buccleuch resting as palmers by the clear brook-side and partaking of *cakes and ale*, the frugal but substantial refreshment which the muir offered. Having, we trust satisfactorily, explained the etymon of *Cakemuir*, we shall account for this mansion being still called Black Castle.

Adjoining Cakemuir Lands and Castle, but on the north side of Cakemuir Water, stood the more ancient building of Black Castle. How it came to be so named we do not learn; but it was probably distinguished by that gloomy etymon from the bleak territory on which it was erected. In ancient charters it is designated by the name of Black Castle, giving its name to the surrounding lands and farm, which they still retain. Both places having been for ages the property of one family, it would appear that when the present tower or mansion was erected in a more picturesque situation, the old castle was left to ruin; and as no vestige of the walls remains, there is no doubt that the stones used in the erection of this last structure had been transported from the parent castle, which was only a few hundred yards apart. Many of the stones in the more modern building bear sufficient evidence of having been originally used in the parent fabric, being more in character of the ancient structure, the foundation of which is still pointed out in the midst of a clump of trees, crowning an eminence on the

[1] History of Melrose, p. 51. History of Dundee, by the author, p. 39.

opposite side of the glen. Near to this spot is an ancient well, which is still used, called the Castle Well.

Black Castle originally formed part of the lordship of Crichton, belonging to the Earls of Bothwell, and it, as well as the adjoining lands of Cakemuir, belonged to the ancient family of Wauchope, who were friends and adherents of the Bothwells. The Wauchopes took their origin and name from the lands of Wauchope in Roxburghshire. The Wauchopes of Niddry Marshal are supposed to be representatives of the same family as the Wauchopes of Cakemuir, who were of considerable note. "Robertus de Walyhop" swore fealty to Edward I., as appears from the "Ragman Roll."

The history of the family of Wauchope exhibits a striking instance of the uncertainty of human life. Francis Wauchope, of Cakemuir, advocate, who succeeded his father in 1690, married the Honourable Miss Bothwell, eldest daughter of Henry, Lord Holyroodhouse, and by her had seven sons and five daughters, all of whom died without issue. Henry Wauchope, of Cakemuir, the eldest son of this marriage, died in 1768. He was a member of parliament for Bute and Caithness, and private secretary to Lord Bute during that nobleman's administration. Henry Lord Holyroodhouse, whose daughter was married to Wauchope, died in the Canongate, Edinburgh, in 1755. He married the daughter of Lord Neil Campbell, son of the Marquis of Argyle by Lady Vere Kerr, daughter of William Earl of Lothian, by whom he had five sons, who had no issue, and four daughters, of whom there were no male descendants; and the surname of *Bothwell*, once so extensively known, is now almost extinct.

After the forfeiture of Bothwell, the lordship of Crichton was granted to the ancestor of the noble family of Buccleuch. On the 12th of February, 1613, Walter Lord Scott, of Buccleuch, as proprietor of Crichton, granted a precept of *clara constat* and charter of *Novodamus* of the lands of Black Castle, forming part of the lordship of Crichton, to Adam Wauchope, of Cakemuir, grandson and heir to Adam Wauchope, of Cakemuir; so that, long after the forfeiture of the unworthy Bothwell, the Wauchopes continued to possess the same lands, and indeed till within these last fifty years, having thus held them upwards of three centuries.

It was at Black Castle, in June, 1567, where Queen Mary, in man's attire, booted and spurred, was joined by Bothwell and his retainers, and doubtless by the trusty Wauchope at their head.[1] On her flight

[1] Adam Wauchope of Cakemuir, advocate, proprietor of this castle, acted as counsel to Bothwell.—Pitcairn's Trials, Sept. 1, 1565.

thither without a single attendant, she had to pass through the lonely glens and trackless muir of Crichton, which, although now under improvement, was (not many years ago) a wild and dreary waste.

The following original account of Mary's flight is taken from Beaton's letter to his brother the Archbishop of Glasgow :—

"Ye sall understand quhow the said day my Lords Mar, Hume, Lindsay, &c., with sundrie oderis Baronis to the nommer of nine hundreth or a thousand horsemen, aryvet in the morning about Borthwick, in deliberation to comprehend and tack my Lord Duke, quha was in the said place with the Queens Majestie. My Lord Duke hearing of this enterpryse, thinking weil he suld be in mair securitie on the field than in ane house, passet forth and red away.

"Her Majestie, in mennis claiths, butet and spurret, departed that samin neight of Borthwick to Dunbar, qhairof na man knew, saif my Lord Duke, and some of his servants, quha met her Majestie a myll off Borthwick, and conveyit her hieness to Dunbar." [1]

From Black Castle the queen continued her flight : pursuing her way by Fala, and the north side of the Lammermoor hills, in order to avoid observation or pursuit, she arrived in safety at the castle of Dunbar.

The apartment occupied by Queen Mary, and still called the Queen's Room, is quadrangular, measuring 20 feet by 15, and about 9 feet in height, the walls of which are about 6 feet thick. It is lighted by two small windows, one of which looks to the south and the other to the east. Off this room is a small concealed closet taken out of the thickness of the wall, so ingeniously contrived as to be quite imperceptible from within or without, and which has evidently served for a place of concealment in the event of a surprise.

Black Castle is still entire and inhabited, and those who admire the scenes which have been consecrated by the presence of Mary, will not deem their time misspent in visiting this sequestered refuge of royalty. It is about half a mile from the "Tyne-head station" on the Edinburgh and Hawick railway.

The castle and lands are now the property of Alexander Mackay, Esq., a descendant of the ancient family of Strathnaver, progenitor of the lords of Reay, and of the barons Mackay in Holland.[2]

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[1] Laing's Hist. of Scotland, vol. i., p. 102. [2] Hist. House and Clan of Mackay, p. 572-8.

ETRAL CASTLE.

" Thy hoary ruins, monuments of old —

Thy headlands dark, and rocks stupendous

That battle with the elements,"——

The

Castle of Dunbar.

ETYMON of Dunbar—Originally a Pictish Fort — Edward II. takes refuge in Dunbar — Castle besieged by the Earl of Salisbury — Heroic defence by Black Agnes — Duke of Albany besieged in the Castle; retires to France — James III. killed in a rebellion by the Borderers, who take the Castle — Dunbar burnt by the English and the German mercenaries under the Earl of Shrewsbury — Queen Regent takes refuge in Dunbar — Lord Gordon imprisoned in the Castle — Queen Mary after the murder of Rizzio retires to the Castle for safety — Her triumphant return to Edinburgh — Bothwell appointed Governor of the Castle — Seizure of Mary by Bothwell — Her compulsory Marriage — Flight of Bothwell from the field of Carberry-hill — Surrender of Mary to the Insurgents — Her imprisonment in Lochleven Castle — Capture of Bothwell — His Death in a dungeon at Denmark — Dunbar Castle ordered to be dismantled — The Scots defeated by Oliver Cromwell — Cromwell's letter to his wife — Description of the Castle and Caverns — King George IV., and afterwards Queen Victoria, arrive off Dunbar on their progress to Scotland in 1822 and 1842.

THE Castle of Dunbar is situated on a reef of rocks projecting into the sea, which in many places runs under them through caverns formed of fissures in the stone. It is of great antiquity, and is evidently a Pictish erection; but the time of its foundation is not known. It is mentioned as early as the year 835, when Kenneth, King of Scotland, having totally defeated the Picts in a pitched battle, extirpated the inhabitants, and, seizing the country, divided it among his nobles and warriors. The fortress now styled the castle of Dunbar was awarded to a valiant commander in the Scottish army, of the name of Bar, whose counsel and services had materially assisted in the subjugation of the conquered Picts; hence it was called Dunbar, *i. e.* the *Castle of Bar.*[1] Chalmers supposes Dunbar to signify *the fort on the top*, or extremity, and Lord Hales translates it, the top cliff.[2] Before his acquisition of the Pictish castle of Dunbar, Bar led the advanced division of the Scots at the battle of Scoon, when Drusken, King of the

[1] Hollinshed.

[2] Chalmers' Caled.

Picts, was slain, and his army routed; and in the same year the Earl of Murray took and demolished the castle.

In 1073 it belonged to the Earl of March, along with the castle of Coldbrandspath.

In 1296, the Earl of March having joined Edward I., this castle was delivered up to the Scots by his countess; upon which Earl Warren and a chosen body of troops were sent to take it, and the whole force of Scotland was assembled to oppose them, who, trusting to their numbers, rushed down the heights on the English, but, being repulsed with great loss, the castle shortly after surrendered.

In 1299 the king gave Patrick Earl of Dunbar 200*l.* sterling in money and provisions, for furnishing the castle with military stores, &c.

In 1314, King Edward II., after his defeat at the battle of Bannockburn, took refuge in this castle, where he was received by the Earl of March, and from thence went by sea to Berwick, on his way to England.

A noble house, descended from this officer, appears to have inherited the castle and demesne, and bore the local appellation. In support of this opinion, we find in ancient records, as early as 961, that the men of Lothian, under the Captains Dunbar and Græme, had discomfited the Danes in the field of Cullen. And in 1005, during the reign of Malcolm II., Patrick de Dunbar was sent against the Danish invaders in the north, when he was slain at Murthlake, a town in Mar, along with Kenneth, Thane of the Isles, and Grim, Thane of Strathern. Dunbar dying without issue, Malcolm III. bestowed the manor of Dunbar on Cospatrick,[1] the expatriated Earl of Northumberland.

In 1333 this fortress was again demolished, as appears from Hector Boetius, who says, "Patrick Earl of Dunbar having on the arrival of the English dismantled it, and razed it to the ground, despairing to keep it, King Edward III. obliged him to rebuild it at his own expense, and to admit an English garrison therein."

Dunbar, which, Buchanan says, had been newly fortified, was besieged by the Earl of Salisbury. The Earl of March being absent, it was defended by his wife, vulgarly called, from the darkness of her complexion, Black Agnes. This lady performed during the siege all the duties of a bold and vigilant commander, animating the garrison by her exhortations, munificence, and example. When the battering engines of the besiegers hurled stones against the battlements, she, in scorn, as John Mayor says, "being full of taunts, ordered one of her female attendants to wipe the dust off with her handkerchief;" and, when the

[1] A corruption of "*Comes Patricius.*"

Earl of Salisbury commanded that enormous machine called the Sow [1] to be advanced to the foot of the walls, she scoffingly advised him to take good care of his Sow, for she would soon make her "cast her pigs," (meaning the men within it,) and then ordered a huge rock to be let fall on it, which crushed it to pieces. The Earl of Salisbury, finding so stout a resistance, attempted to gain the castle by treachery, and accordingly bribed the person who had the care of the gates to leave them open. This he agreed to do, but disclosed the whole transaction to the countess. Salisbury himself commanded the party who were to enter, and, according to agreement, found the gates of the castle open, and was advancing at the head of his men, when John Copland, one of his attendants, hastily passing before him, the portcullis was let down, and Copland, mistaken for his lord, remained a prisoner. Agnes, who from a high tower was observing the event, cried out to Salisbury, jeeringly, "Farewell, Montague; I intended that you should have supped with us to-night, and assisted in defending the fortress against the English." The Earl of Salisbury would have been taken, had he not been pulled back by some of his followers. The English, thus unsuccessful in their attempts, turned the siege into a blockade, closely environed the castle by sea and land, and strove to famish the garrison. Alexander Ramsay, having heard of the extremities to which Dunbar was reduced, embarked with 40 resolute men, eluded the vigilance of the English, and, taking advantage of a dark night, entered the castle by a postern gate next the sea, and sallying out, attacked and dispersed the advanced guard. The English commander, disheartened by so many unfortunate events, at length withdrew his forces, after having remained before Dunbar for a period of nineteen weeks. He even consented to a cessation of arms, and, departing south, intrusted the care of the borders to Robert Manners, William Heron, and other Northumbrian Barons.

In 1475, Alexander Duke of Albany, having escaped from confinement in the castle of Edinburgh, fled to Dunbar, which at that time belonged to him. Here he was shortly after besieged by the king's troops; and, finding he could not hold out against them, retired to France. The garrison, after being reduced to great extremities, betook themselves to sea in small vessels, and landed in France, after a dangerous voyage.

In 1484 this castle was in the hands of the English, when the following articles respecting it were concluded by a congress of pleni-

[1] The Sow was a military engine, resembling the Roman Testudo. It was formed of wood covered with hides, and mounted on wheels, so that, being rolled forward to the foot of a wall, it served as a shed or cover to defend the miners who worked the battering-ram from the stones and arrows of the garrison.

potentiaries held at Nottingham, and a truce for three years was agreed on. The castle, with the bounds belonging to it, was to enjoy an undisturbed cessation of arms for the certain time of six months from the commencement of the general truce then concluded. This truce with the castle was to continue during the remainder of the three years of the general truce, if the King of Scotland did not in six weeks after its commencement notify to the King of England that it was not his pleasure that the castle of Dunbar should be comprehended in the truce longer than six months: in which case, if hostilities should recommence, they should be confined solely to the attack and defence of that castle, and should in no way infringe on the *general* truce.

It appears that the King of Scotland was by his parliament repeatedly advised to give the notice and besiege this castle within the time limited; but that, though he made some preparation for it, nothing further was done during the life of King Richard III.

The internal commotions attending the great revolution by which King Henry VII. was seated on the throne of England, it is probable so totally occupied the council of that nation, as to cause so remote an object as the castle of Dunbar to be little attended to. King James, availing himself of that favourable opportunity, laid siege to it in winter, and obliged the garrison to surrender on terms. This did not break the truce, which was shortly after renewed with some trifling alterations, the kings of both nations having strong reasons for desiring peace.

In 1488, King James III. having proposed to parliament to annex inalienably to the crown the earldoms of March and Annandale, with the baronies of Dunbar and Coldbrandspath, the borderers, fearful of a more rigid discipline than that to which they had been accustomed, raised a rebellion, in which the king was slain. In this insurrection the rebels took the castle of Dunbar.

That the castle was invulnerable as a place of strength, is sufficiently substantiated by the many sieges it sustained. So far back as 1497, Ferquhard M'Intosh of that ilk, a bold and daring man, and chief of a powerful clan, who, along with Kenneth M'Kenzie of Kintail, had been guilty of some lawless practices in his neighbourhood, was apprehended at Inverness by order of James IV. and sent prisoner to the castle of Edinburgh, from whence he effected his escape. Being retaken in the Tor-wood, in Stirlingshire, he was conducted to the castle of Dunbar, where he remained confined till after the battle of Flodden, in 1513, and died in this fortress in the following year.

The English, during the irruption of the Earl of Hertford, in 1544, on retiring from the siege of Leith, after burning the town of Haddington, encamped, the second night, near Dunbar. The terrified inhabit-

ants watched the whole night in hourly expectation of the town being burnt, but next morning, seeing the army dislodge and depart, they retired to rest, thinking themselves safe from their dreaded foes, who, however, watching the opportunity, set fire to the town, "when men, women, and children were suffocated and burnt."[1]

In 1547, when Lord Borthwick was appointed Keeper of Hailes Castle, during the outlawry of Bothwell, he was commanded, in the event of being attacked by the English, to apply to the Captain of Dunbar for assistance in the lord governor's absence. The same year, when the Duke of Somerset invaded Scotland at the head of an army of 14,000 men, beacons were placed on the hills along the Scottish coast. Robert Hamilton, Captain of Dunbar, was charged with that on the Domelaw, above Spot, the Priory of North Berwick with that on North Berwick-law, and the Earl of Bothwell with Dumpender-law.

The English on this occasion passed near Dunbar Castle, from which a few shots were fired; but the army had not time to spare from their main enterprise for the reduction of so strong a fortress.

After the battle of Pinkie, in 1548, Dunbar was burnt by the German mercenaries under the Earl of Shrewsbury, on his return to England after his attack upon Haddington.

In June, 1555, the queen-regent, on her return from the southern shires, visited the castle of Dunbar; and in 1557 she sent D'Oysel, the lieutenant of the French king in Scotland, with a detachment of French from the castle, to rebuild the fortress of Eyemouth, which by the convention of 1551 had been demolished.[2]

After the destruction of Perth, and the abbey of Scone, by the partisans of John Knox, in 1559, the queen-regent, alarmed for her safety, fled with 300 of her guards to Dunbar.[3]

In 1560, when the English forces under Lord Grey passed Dunbar in their way to the siege of Leith, the garrison fired upon them; but as in their march they kept near the walls of the castle, few of the shots took effect.[4]

While the English were aiding the cause of the reformers at the siege of Leith, the latter were busily employed in the destruction of palaces and abbeys. Bothwell and the French Commandant of Dunbar cut in pieces many straggling parties of the Scots and English, and more than once intercepted and seized the military chest, while on its way from Berwick.[5]

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[1] Expedition under the "Erle of Hertford." [2] Maitland. [3] Spotteswood. [4] Maitland.
[5] "Concessions granted by the king and queen to the nobility and people of Scotland." —Keith.

The English and French ambassadors having met at Berwick for the purpose of negotiating a truce, it appeared to be one great object of the Scottish nobility and people to get the French garrisons sent out of the country. To propitiate both parties, concessions were made to the nobility and people, and part of the fortifications which had been recently built at Dunbar were to be razed, and no new building erected without the consent of parliament.[1] And on the 16th of July, 1560, the English army, while on their way to Berwick, made it their business to see that the demolition of the fort, lately built in front of the castle, should immediately take place.

In 1562, Lord Gordon, eldest son of the Earl of Huntly, was convicted of joining with his father in an enterprise against the queen, and was condemned for high treason: the sentence was, however, commuted into imprisonment in the castle of Dunbar.[2]

On the assassination of David Rizzio by Lord Ruthven and others in Holyrood House, on Saturday the 9th of March, 1566,[3] Queen Mary, alarmed for her safety, left Edinburgh on the following Monday at midnight, in company with Darnley, and proceeded to the palace of Seaton, whence she pursued her journey to the safer retreat of Dunbar Castle.

On the 16th of March, Mary issued a proclamation from Dunbar, calling on the inhabitants of the sheriffdoms of Edinburgh, Haddington, Linlithgow, Stirling, Lanark, Roxburgh, Selkirk, Peebles, Berwick, Lauder, &c., to meet her at Haddington, on Sunday the 17th, with eight days' provisions. After issuing this proclamation, the queen sent orders to Lord Erskine to fire upon the associated lords from the castle of Edinburgh; and the Earl of Morton, Lord Ruthven, the Barons of Ormeston, Warrieston, &c., were immediately summoned to appear under pain of rebellion; but the first two fled to Newcastle, while the others sought refuge in the Highlands and on the border. The queen thereafter returned to Edinburgh in triumph, with 8000 warriors in her train.

Simon Preston, Laird of Craigmillar, was keeper of Dunbar Castle till after the murder of Rizzio, when, on the 24th of March, 1566, he was deprived for the share he took in that tragedy, and James Earl of Bothwell was appointed governor in his room. As Dunbar Castle lay contiguous to his estates and those of his friends, with the lands appropriated for its support, those grants were of great importance to Bothwell. The charge and lands had been held by Bothwell's brother-in-law, the Lord John, who died at the end of 1563, at which time the trust of keeping

[1] "Concessions granted by the king and queen to the nobility and people of Scotland."—Keith.

[2] Ibid. [3] Original Hist. of Holyrood by the Author, p. 317.

the castle was given to Simon Preston, the ungrateful Provost of Edinburgh.[1]

James Earl Bothwell was cruel and ambitious, but not very penetrating; and his advancement in the state, added to his presumption, which was encouraged by Murray, Morton, and Maitland, ultimately induced him to aspire to the crown. It is evident they encouraged that fatal marriage for the purpose of ruining both himself and the queen, and of thereby paving the way for their own exaltation in a regency.

On the 24th of April, 1567, Bothwell with an army of 800 horse seized upon the person of the widowed queen "at Cramond Brig, on her return from Stirling," accompanied by a slender retinue, and carried her off to the recesses of this castle—in which his will was despotic law,—where villanous actions of every degree of guilt could be perpetrated with impunity,—as no human eyes could witness them, or, if they did, the tongue that told of them probably told no more. Here the Queen of Scots was subject to this ruffian many days. During all that time, she afterwards feelingly complained that not a sword was unsheathed, not a man stirred, in her defence, or for her rescue; but that after her marriage with him a thousand swords were drawn to drive her from the country and dethrone her; thereby intimating that she had been drawn by matchless artifice and force into a snare from which she could not escape. The secrets of those awful days will never be known to this world; but no one can suppose that he who had waded through seas of blood towards the attainment of his object would in this instance stop short of *any means*, however base, to attain the summit of his guilty ambition. Be the means what they might be, his victim entered those dark walls *his prisoner*, and she left them a *devoted slave—his* will *her* law. She told no tales; she sought no vengeance. The foul deed was perpetrated, irrevocably perpetrated; before she left her prison walls, her fate was sealed. If word or deed had revealed the secrets that had passed therein, or sought revenge, redress she could not have had. And she was ultimately induced to forgive the murderer of her husband and ravisher of herself.

The die of the Queen of Scots was now cast. Amidst many difficulties, while under Bothwell's thraldom and Maitland's delusion, she chose to marry that miscreant, as the *least difficulty*, having previously created him Duke of Orkney. On the 15th of May, 1567, they were married in the palace of Holyrood by Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, amidst few spectators. The whole country, as might well be imagined, was thrown into great agitation by these extraordinary occurrences, and the

[1] Priv. Coun. Reg., 24th August, 1565.

insurgents raised great clamour, from the effects of which the queen thought it prudent to take refuge in Dunbar Castle. Lord Hume had already taken arms and pursued them to Bothwell's castle of Borthwick, from which he made his escape,—Mary in disguise following him as far as Black Castle; from whence she fled to Dunbar. She was at length joined by such considerable forces as enabled her to take the field. The queen took post on Carberry-hill, and the insurgents, headed by Morton and Athol, drew up in front of the royal army. The fate of Carberry is well known; Bothwell withdrew himself, and the queen went over to the insurgent lords, "*on an assurance of their honouring and obeying her as their sovereign.*" But Mary, instead of being conveyed to her palace of Holyrood, which lay on the direct road from Carberry-hill, was conducted through the streets of Edinburgh, to the provost's house, covered with dust, and loaded with every possible indignity by the infuriated populace. It is said, on making her appearance at one of the windows, sympathy obtained the ascendancy, and she would have been rescued, had not the conspirators, apprehending her deliverance, consented to remove her to Holyrood, which was accordingly done on the evening of the same day; but to prevent the possibility of a rescue, she was afterwards conveyed, in disguised apparel, and sent to repent her indiscretions in the picturesque solitudes of Lochleven Castle, while active measures were taken for the apprehension of her husband.

The Earl of Bothwell, who had retired from the field of Carberry-hill almost alone, after having been taken by the hand by Kirkaldy, the agent of the insurgents, and being urged to withdraw while he could ensure his safety, fled to Dunbar. Deserted thus by the queen, on the 15th of June, one month after their marriage, and opposed by those who engaged to maintain his innocence and his marriage, Bothwell now hid his diminished head,

> "With shame and sorrow fill'd—
> Shame for his folly; sorrow out of time,
> For plotting an unprofitable crime."

After Mary's imprisonment in the lake-moated castle of Lochleven, the privy council on the 26th of June issued an act for apprehending Bothwell for the murder of Darnley, the ravishment of the queen, and enforcing her to marry him; at the same time "summoning" the keeper of Dunbar Castle to surrender the same, because the Earl of Bothwell was reset and received within the said castle.

Bothwell, finding the country too hot for him, retired soon after by water from Dunbar into Murrayshire, where he was entertained by his grand-uncle the bishop, in the same house of Spynie where he had been

bred. He was not long after obliged to seek shelter in his dukedom of Orkney, where he was refused access into the castle by Gilbert Balfour, his own keeper of the castle of Kirkwall.

It is quite apparent that the chief conspirators, Murray, Morton, and Maitland, had a stronger interest in driving Bothwell from Dunbar after three weeks' notice to quit than for bringing him to trial in Edinburgh, as he had their engagements in writing to save him harmless, and might easily have disclosed the whole tale of the conjoint conspiracy. Some time after, as High Admiral of Scotland, he went to sea with some few ships under his command, and cruised along the northern coast until the 11th of August, when a commission was issued to Murray of Tullibardine and Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, to pursue the Earl of Bothwell by sea and by land, with fire and sword.

In the remote region of the Orkneys he for some time subsisted by pursuing piratical practices; but Kirkaldy of Grange, in a ship called the Unicorn, followed by some other vessels, so closely pursued him, that, when the vessel which carried Bothwell escaped by the north passage of Bressa Sound, Kirkaldy came in by the south, and continued to chase to the northward. When his enemies were gaining fast upon him, and his capture appeared to be inevitable, Bothwell's pilot, who was well acquainted with the course, continued to sail close by a sunken rock, which he passed in safety, and Kirkaldy, sailing nearly in the same direction, but unconscious of the hidden danger, struck his vessel against it and was wrecked. The rock, which is seen at low water, is still called the "Unicorn" from this circumstance.[1] After having eluded the vigilance of his pursuers, he was taken by a crew of Norwegians, while endeavouring to make prize of a Turkish vessel, and carried to Denmark. Here he paid the price of his crimes by languishing out the residue of his days in a loathsome dungeon, confessing his guilt in his dying moments, and exculpating the queen from being privy to the death of her husband Darnley.

Having followed the fate of the flagitious Bothwell to its miserable close, we now pursue the remaining history of Dunbar Castle.

Soon after this, Murray laid siege to the castle of Dunbar, and the governor, seeing no hopes of relief, surrendered it on favourable terms. The great guns were all dismounted and carried to the castle of Edinburgh; and this and several other castles were ordered to be "dismantled, on account of their ruinous state and great charge to government, and also to prevent their being used as places of refuge to an enemy;" and an act of parliament was accordingly passed for that pur-

[1] Melville's Memoirs. Hist. of Dunbar, p. 210.

pose. Dunbar is famous as the scene of a battle fought between the Scots army, commanded by Lesley, and the English, when the former were defeated by Cromwell, on the 3rd of September, 1650.[1]

On the following day Cromwell addressed the following letter to his lady from this fortress:—

"Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

"MY DEAREST,

"I have not leisure to write much, but I should chide thee that in many of thy letters thou writest to me that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much;—let that suffice.

"The Lord hath shewed us an exceeding mercy. Who can tell how great it is? My weak faith hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man miraculously supported. I assure thee, I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age stealing upon me. Would my corruption did as fast decrease. Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late success, Henry Vane or Gil. Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all our dear friends here.

"O. CROMWELL."[2]

This once extensive fortification is now reduced to a heap of ruins. It is built of reddish stone, and is situated upon a bold projecting reef of rocks washed by the sea. Its situation is inconceivably well adapted for the purposes of a fortress, and in its original state it must have been of immense strength.

The citadel or keep stands on a rock south-west of the entrance, steeper and higher than the rest, and connected with the other rocks by masonry.

The interior of the citadel measures 60 feet by 54 within the walls. Its shape is octagonal. Five of the gun-ports remain, which are called "the arrow-holes." They measure four feet at the mouth, and only 16 inches at the other end. The buildings are arched, and extend eight feet from the outer walls, whence they overlook an open court.

In the north-west part of the ruins is an apartment about twelve feet square, and nearly inaccessible, which tradition denominates Queen Mary's room.

Over the gate are several coats of arms almost defaced: amongst these may be traced the arms of Scotland, of the Isle of Man, and of

[1] It is remarkable that his principal victories at Dunbar and Worcester happened on the 3rd of September, and finally his death on that memorable day.

[2] MS. Collections. British Museum.

the Bruces. George, the eleventh Earl of Dunbar, after he had succeeded, about 1639, to the lordship of Annandale and the Isle of Man, is supposed to have placed these armorial devices. Several of the towers have a communication with the water. Under the front of the castle is a very large cavern of black stone, with some red stone, and a passage communicating from above. This is said to have been the dungeon for confining prisoners, and a more dreadful prison could not be conceived. On the other side are two natural arches through which the tide flows; under one is the fragment of a wall, and a sort of postern for the admission of boats. By this postern the brave Ramsay reinforced the garrison in 1338, when the castle was so bravely defended against the Earl of Salisbury for nearly five months by Black Agnes, the heroic Countess of March. The body of the building measures about 165 feet from east to west, and in some places 277 feet from north to south. The south battery, which is supposed to have been the citadel or keep, is situated on a detached perpendicular rock, only 72 feet high, accessible on one side, and connected with the main part of the castle by a passage of masonry measuring 69 feet.

Among the rocks are some basaltic columns, which are thus described by Pennant:—"Between the harbour and the castle is a very surprising stratum of stone, in some respects resembling that of the Giants' Causeway in Ireland. It consists of great columns of red *granite* stone, either triangular or hexangular, their diameter from one to two feet, their length at low water 30 feet, dipping or declining a little to the south. They are jointed, but not so regularly nor so plainly as those which form the Giants' Causeway; the surfaces of several which have been torn off appear as a pavement of numbers of convex ends, probably answering to the concave bottoms of the other joints incumbent on them. The spaces between the columns were filled with the *septa* of red and white sparry matter, and veins of the same pervaded the columns transversely. This range of columns faces the north with a point to the east, and extends in front above 200 yards; the breadth is inconsiderable.

The rest of the rock degenerates into shapeless masses of the same description of stone, regularly divided by thick *septa*. This rock is called by the people of Dunbar "*the Isle*."[1]

In concluding this description, we may notice that, on the visit of King George IV. to Scotland, in 1822, Dunbar, though now dilapidated and in ruins, did not forget her ancient military character. The squadron attending his Majesty appeared off St. Abb's Head about nine

[1] Pennant's Tour.

o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, the 14th of August. On passing Dunbar, a salute was fired from the battery and from some pieces of cannon placed on Doon Hill. Several parties set off in boats to have a nearer prospect of the interesting scene, and had the gratification of viewing the person of his Majesty, who courteously returned their congratulations by bowing to the spectators. On his Majesty's departure from Scotland, a bonfire was lighted at the pier-head, and a salute fired from the battery, which was echoed by the guns on Doon Hill; but the denseness of the night precluded the view of the departing squadron, save the alternating glimpses of a solitary light attached to the mast of one of the convoy.

On her present Majesty's voyage to Scotland in 1842, and as the royal squadron was off Dunbar, besides the illumination of the town, a royal salute was fired from the castle.

The night was quite dark, and the magnificent sight of the beacon fires, lighted on all the Scottish hills, burst upon the astonished view of the royal tourists. On all the coasts around, in East Lothian, Midlothian, Linlithgow, Fife, and Clackmannanshire, bonfires blazed. The summit of Arthur Seat seemed a volcano of fire, shedding a flood of light over the surrounding crags and valley below, and imparting to the wild grandeur of the scenery a supernatural effect. The beautiful expanse of water, over which the squadron flew rather than sailed, throwing off the phosphoric waves on either side, all combined to render the scene one of thrilling interest far beyond our descriptive powers.

LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

The Castle of Lochleven.

Foundation by the Picts — The Residence of Alexander III. — Besieged by the English in 1335; their Defeat — The Earl of Northumberland confined here — The Douglases of Lochleven — Description of the Castle — Queen Mary's first Visit to Lochleven; her Interview with Knox — She returns a Prisoner to the Castle — Warrant for her Imprisonment — Throckmorton's Letter to Queen Elizabeth — Queen Mary's Correspondence — Her Abdication — Alleged Birth of a Daughter — The Queen's Escape from Prison — Rides to Hamilton — Marches towards Dumbarton — Battle of Langside — Retreat to Dundrennan — Curious Anecdote — Discovery of the Keys of the Castle — Other Keys found, and Queen Mary's Ivory Sceptre — Description of the Ruins — The Island and Monastery of St. Serf — Bruce's Metrical Description of Lochleven.

LOCHLEVEN lake is a grand expanse of water, and was, until a considerable portion of it was lately drained, twelve miles in circumference. It has four islands, upon one of which, nearly in the middle of the lake, stand the venerable ruins of Lochleven Castle.

This celebrated fortress claims remote antiquity. It is said to have been originally built by Dongart, one of the Pictish kings. The first historical fact we find recorded concerning it is, that it was for some time inhabited by Alexander III. In 1335, it was blockaded by John de Strevelin, who erected a fort in the cemetery of Kinross, and raised a strong and lofty bulwark at the eastern extremity of the lake, whence its superfluous waters run into the river Leven. By means of this bulwark he hoped to lay the island and fort under water, and to constrain Vipont, the Scottish governor, to surrender the important stronghold. But Vipont, made aware of the design thus formed by the besiegers, gave a timely check to operations which threatened destruction to the garrison. A few men from the castle embarked in a boat in the dead of night, approached the barrier which had been erected,

and after much labour and perseverance succeeded in piercing it; when suddenly the confined Leven burst forth with tremendous force, and in its inundation laid waste and swept away many of the houses occupied by the English army on that side of the lake. Taking advantage of the general confusion and alarm which were in consequence spread through the English camp, the garrison of the castle landed at Kinross, stormed and plundered the fort which the English had erected, and compelled them to retreat from the siege.

This sequestered castle, apart from the seat of war, was frequently used as a prison. During the regency of Morton, the Earl of Northumberland was for some time imprisoned in it, and was afterwards delivered up by that Earl to the Governor of Berwick Castle, for which he received a large sum of money,—an act of Morton's justly stigmatized as most ungrateful and ungenerous, when it is considered that his noble prisoner had, during Morton's own exile in England, treated him with the utmost friendship and hospitality at Alnwick Castle, and loaded him with many presents. The unfortunate earl, thus ignobly resigned by the ungrateful, unfeeling Morton into Elizabeth's hands, was soon after decapitated at York.

The castle of Lochleven, long possessed by a branch of the Douglases, now represented by the Earl of Morton, consisted of a rectangular wall enclosing a small area flanked by little towers, some of them round; with the ruined walls of a chapel, and an apartment where Mary is said to have been confined. The large donjon keep, or square tower, stands in the north-east angle of the area; in it there is a dungeon and vaulted room over it; the chief entrance is through a gate in the north side. A square barbican wall and a minor tower at the south corner of the court-yard still remain. On the north of the castle, chiefly towards the east, are several ancient trees, particularly the remains of a huge ash, which, when entire, must have been of truly gigantic dimensions.[1]

The lake which surrounds the ruin is bounded on the southern side by a splendid mountainous chain formed by the acclivity of one of the Lomond hills, and on the north by the extensive and fertile plain of Kinross. This magnificent sheet of water has three other islets rising from its bosom, the most important of which is the Inch of St. Serfs, on which may be traced the ruins of a priory said to have been founded by Brudo, the last but one of the Pictish kings, and dedicated to Saint Servanus. This priory was once the resort of numerous votaries.

This water-girt fortress has an air of desolate grandeur and seclusion

[1] Grose's Antiq. 1790.

which we have seldom seen equalled; but what renders the scene superlatively touching and sublime, is the consideration that it is the same grey tower which was the prison of Queen Mary, and presents the same scene which day after day wearied the eyes of the forlorn captive.

In the middle of 1563, Mary Queen of Scots first visited Lochleven Castle, after having endeavoured to amuse herself at her royal residence of Falkland. Her visit, on this occasion, was probably for the purpose of privacy, as at this time she is said to have been in great grief, occasioned by the news she had received of the death of her uncle, the Duke of Guise, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Dreux, and also of the death of the grand prior, who was assassinated at the siege of Orleans.

It was while at Lochleven, on this occasion, that Knox was admitted to a third interview with Mary, which exhibited the character of the queen in a favourable point of view. Though she disliked the rudeness of Knox's manner, she evinced a respect for the unbending constancy of his principles.

Queen Mary's residence, on this occasion at Lochleven, was but of short duration; and when she left it, she little dreamed under what painful circumstances she was doomed again to become its involuntary inmate.

After Mary had resigned herself to her nobles at Carberry-hill, on conditions which were ill observed, she was conducted prisoner to this sequestered fortress, then the residence of William Douglas, the brother-uterine of Murray, and the presumptive heir of Morton. The person who undertook the infamous office of conveying his sovereign a captive to this prison, was the Lord Lindsay, a confederate of Morton in the murder of Rizzio; for which the queen had generously pardoned both, and only six months previously she had recalled them from banishment.

The following is a copy of the iniquitous warrant for her imprisonment, the original of which has been preserved in the archives of the Earl of Morton, the lineal representative of the Laird of Lochleven, to whose keeping the Queen of Scots was committed:—

"Act for sequestrating the Quenis Majesties person and detening the same in the Hous and place of Lochlevin.

"XVI. JUN. MDLXVII.

"Apud Edinburgh decimo sexto die mensis Junii Anno Domini millesimo quingentesimo sexagesimo septimo.

"FOR SAMEKLE as efter the schamfull and horrible murther of umquhile the King the Quenis Majesties late husband, hir Majestie being revist with the Erle of Boithuile principall and cheif authour of the said murther and therefter Joinit with him in maist ungodlie and dishonnorable

maner under the name of ane pretendit mariage continewing in that state to the evident dangeir of the innocent persoun of our native Princes lyff, and overthraw and distruction of the nobilitie and haill state of this commoun weill, quhill on just necessitie it behuvit the nobilitie and utheris faithfull subjectis to tak armes for punisment and revenge of the said murther; Aganis quhome come the said erll Boithuile, leidand the Quenis Majestie in his cumpany, and schadoand his murther and utheris wickit enormiteis fra punisment with the cloik of her auctoritie, And refusand singular combatt, fled and eschapit himself; Hir Majestie in the mentyme willinglie cuming in the cumpany of hir said nobilitie and faithful subjectis fra Carbarry hill to Edinburgh, quhair efter they had oppinnit and declarit unto hir hienes hir awin estait and condicioun, and the miserable estait of this realme, with the dangeir that hir dearest sone the Prince stude in, Requirand that she wald suffer and command the said murther and authouris thereof to be punist, Fand in hir Majestie sic untowardnes and repugnance thairto, That rather sche apperit to fortefie and mantene the said erll Boithuile and his complices in the said is wickit crymes, nor to suffer iustice pass forwart; Quhairthrow gif hir Hienes suld be left in that state to follow hir awin Inordinat passioun, it wald not faill to succeid to the final confusioun and exterminioun of the haill realm: Sua that efter mature consultatioun be commoun advyse, It is thocht convenient, concludit and decernit, that hir Majesties persoun be sequestrat fra all societie of the said erll Boithuile, and fra all having of intelligence with him or ony utheris quhairby he may have ony comfort to eschaip dew punisment for his demeritis: And finding na place mair meitt nor commodious for hir Majestie to remane into Nor the hous and place of Lochlevin, Ordanis commandis and chargeis Patrik Lord Lindsay of the Byris, Williame Lord Ruthven and William Douglas of Lochlevin, To pas and convoy hir Majestie to the said place of Lochlevin and the said Lard to ressave hir thairin, and thair thay and every ane of thame to keip her Majestie suirlie within the said place, and on na wyse to suffer hir pas furth of the same, or to have intelligence fra ony maner of personis Or yit to send advertismentis or direct hir intelligence with ony levand personis, except in their awin presence and audience Or be the commandiment and directioun of the Lordis underscrivand or ane part of thame representing the Counsall at Edinburgh or utherwise quhair thai sall resort for the tyme, As thai will ansuer to God and upon thair dewitie to the commoun weill of this cuntrie kepand thir presentis for thair warrand; Attour the saidis Lordis and utheris undersubscrivand, oblissis thame and ther airis faithfullie and promittis to the said Patrik Lord Lyndesay Williame Lord Ruthven William Douglas of Lochlevin and thair aires To releve and keip thame skaithles of the ressaving keping and detenyng of the Quenis Majesties persoun in maner foirsaid, And to fortefie mantene and defend thame fra all levand creatures that in the law or by the law wald presume to presew or invade thame for ye samyn.

(Signed) ATHOLL. MORTOUN.
GLENCARNE. MAR.
I. GRAHAME. ALEX. L. HWME.
SANQUHAR. SYMPLE.
WCHILTRE.[1]

The following curious letter from Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, dated the 14th of July, 1567, is worthy of record, as a piece of special pleading on the part of Elizabeth's ambassador:—

"July 14, 1567.

"THE Queen of Scotland remaineth in good health in the castle of Lochleven, guarded by Lord Lindsay and Lochleven, the owner of the house, for the Lord Ruthven is employed in another commission, because he began to show great favour to the queen, and to give her intelligence. She is waited on with five or six ladies, four or five gentlemen and two chamberers, whereof one is a French woman. The Earl of Buchan, the Earl of Murray's brother, hath also liberty to

[1] Ochiltree.

come to her at his pleasure. The lords aforesaid, which have her in guard, do keep her very strictly, and as far as I can perceive, their rigour proceedeth by their order from these men, because that the queen will not by any means be induced to lend her authority to prosecute the murder, nor will not consent by any persuasion to abandon the Lord Bothwell for her husband, but avoweth constantly that she will live and die with him, and sayeth that if it were put to her choice to relinquish her crown and kingdom or the Lord Bothwell, she would leave her kingdom and dignity to go as a simple damsel with him, and that she never will consent that he shall fare worse or have more harm than herself.

"And, as far as I can perceive, the principal cause of her detention is for that these lords do see the queen being of so fervent affection towards the Earl Bothwell as she is, and being put, as they should be, in continual arms, and to have occasion of many battles, he being, with manifest evidence, notoriously detected to be the principal murderer, and the lords meaning prosecution against him, according to his merits.

"The lords mean also a divorce betwixt the queen and him, as a marriage not to be suffered for many respects; which separation cannot take place, if the queen be at liberty and have power in her hands.

"Against the 20th of this month, there is a general assembly of all the churches, shires, and boroughs towns of this realm, namely, of such as be contented to repair to these lords to this town, where it is thought that the whole state of this matter will be handled, and, I fear me, much to the queen's disadvantage and danger; unless the Lord of Ledington and some others which be best affected unto her, provide some remedy; for I perceive the great number, and in manner all, but chiefly the common people, which have assisted in these doings, do greatly dishonour the queen, and mind seriously either her deprivation or destruction. I use the best means I can, considering the fury of the world here, to prorogue this assembly, for that appeareth to me the best remedy; I may not speak of dissolution of it, for that may not be abiden, and I should thereby bring myself into great hatred and peril. The chiefest of the lords, which be here present at this time, dare not show so much lenity to the queen, as I think they could be contented, for fear of the rage of the people. The women be most furious, and impudent against the queen, and yet the men be mad enough; so as a stranger over busy may soon be made a sacrifice amongst them."

One of the mysterious commissions of Throckmorton to Mary, was at this time to propound a treaty for Mary's consent to deliver her son King James for safety into the hands of Elizabeth; a proposal, of course, which Mary could not be made to accept, because according to her ideas she would have compromised the religious principles in which she had assuredly meant her child to be reared.[1]

Queen Mary wrote habitually in French, *i. e.* the French of the 16th century: her writing has been difficult to decipher, as she herself has often acknowledged; chiefly, as she said, on account of inflammation in the eyes, but more truthfully because of the tears which fell on many of the letters, when she penned their painful contents. But in spite of these disadvantages, the epistolary correspondence of Mary stands transcendantly superior to the pedantic and mystified compositions of her rival Elizabeth, as will be seen from the following letters.

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[1] A letter from Elizabeth to Throckmorton, offering protection to the prince, is still extant, dated 14th July.—Cottonian Collection.

The Queen of Scots to Catherine de Medicis, Queen-Mother of France.

1567 or 8.

"MADAM,

"I WRITE to you at the same time that I write to the king your son, by the same bearer. I beseech you both to have pity upon me.

"I am now fully convinced that it is by force alone I can be delivered. If you send never so few troops to countenance the matter, I am certain great numbers of my subjects will rise to join them; but without that, they are overawed by the power of the rebels, and dare attempt nothing of themselves.

"The miseries I endure are more than I once believed it was in the power of human sufferance to sustain and live.

"Give credit to this messenger,[1] who can tell you all. I have no opportunity to write but while my jailors are at dinner.

"Have compassion, I conjure you, on my wretched condition, and may God pour on you all the blessings you can wish.

"Your very dutiful, though much wretched and afflicted daughter,

"M. R.

"From my prison to Madam, the Queen of France, my mother-in-law."

Notwithstanding the stern restraint in which Mary was kept at Lochleven Castle, she found means while there to write several letters; the first of these is addressed to her faithful subject the Archbishop of Glasgow, her ambassador at the court of France.

Miss Jane Porter, who in 1841 made some valuable transcripts for her friend Miss Agnes Strickland, from the royal autograph collection in the imperial library of St. Petersburgh, supplied the following interesting letter, which was for the first time published by that lady, addressed to Mary's royal mother-in-law, Catherine de Medicis, Queen-Dowager of France. It is written by Mary's own agitated hand, and dated "de ma Prison, Lochleven Castle, 1 mai, 1568." It is thus translated:—

"MADAME,

"I SEND to you by this bearer, and by the same opportunity I write to the King your son. He (the bearer) will tell you more at length, for so closely am I watched, that I have no leisure, but while they dine, or when they sleep, when I rise (*i. e.* to write by stealth), for then girls sleep with me. This bearer will tell you all. I implore you to credit him, and to recompense him, even as I would myself.

"I pray that both of you (viz. King Charles IX. and Queen Catherine) will have pity on me; for if you do not take me by force, I shall never go from hence, of that I am sure; but, if you will please to send troops, all the Scotch will revolt against Mora and Morton (Murray and Morton), if they have but the means of gathering themselves together.

"I entreat you will give belief to the bearer, and hold me in your good graces."

The letter appears to have been left unfinished, probably from some interruption, or perhaps from the signal for her to escape, as this letter is dated on the eve of her successful attempt to escape from Lochleven.

In her will she calls the young Douglas "Volly Douglas"—"Scotch

[1] James Beaton, who finally assisted her escape.

Willy:" he remained faithfully attached to Mary's adverse fortunes till her death; he received a pension from her, and is mentioned with great tenderness in her letters, as her orphan.

George Douglas was one of her most active partisans, and we find from her letters that he was constantly employed in the most perilous offices, such as conveying letters between her and her friends on the Continent. She always retained great regard and gratitude to all her friends; and she endeavoured to advance his fortunes and to promote his marriage to a young lady in France, to whom he was much attached, and gave him money in a large sum. How different was this truly queenly and maternal solicitude to secure the wedded happiness of her young follower, from the angry and jealous ill-will manifested by Elizabeth when any of her favourites presumed to marry.

Let the reader compare the conduct of the rival queens in this respect, and say which of the two thus indicated the feelings of a virtuous and noble-minded woman.

The Queen of Scots to the Archbishop of Glasgow.

"From my Prison, this last day of March, 1568.

"MONSIEUR DE GLASCOW,

"YOUR brother will inform you of my miserable situation; and I beg you will present him and his letters, saying all you can on my behalf. He will tell you the rest, as I have neither paper nor time to write more, unless to entreat the King, the Queen, and my uncles, to burn my letters; for if it be known that I have written, it may cost a great many lives, put my own in peril, and cause me to be still more strictly guarded. God preserve you, and give me patience!

"Your old very good mistress and friend,

"MARIE R.

"Being now a prisoner, I request you to direct 500 crowns to be paid to the bearer for travelling expenses, and more if he has need of it."

In this solitary castle of her captivity, was Mary destined to endure the rigours of a close confinement, doubly aggravated by the attendance of her female jailor, the stern Lady of Lochleven, who had in former days captivated the affections of James V., and became mother of the Regent Murray, the natural brother of the queen. This implacable dame took every occasion to insult the captive Mary, whom, as the legitimate offspring of her deceased royal paramour, she most heartily hated. She actually told the captive that she was but a mock queen, and that she had usurped the crown from the Earl of Murray, who, she said, was in reality the right heir, boasting that she was the lawful wife of James V.

The queen here endured a load of misery which would have subdued

a less elevated spirit; but she sought amusement in books, in the society of her female attendants, and in such sedentary pursuits as were compatible with the narrow bounds within which she was circumscribed. Here she evinced an elegant taste in needle-work; and it was during her confinement that, amongst other works, she embroidered a set of bed-hangings on flowered crimson velvet, which are still preserved in the palace of Scone.

During her residence in Lochleven, Queen Mary had her portrait painted, which is in the possession of the Morton family. The variety of the pictures which even in the present day are exhibited as likenesses of Mary, and which differ from each other, is very satisfactorily accounted for by Bell. The ladies of the Scottish court at that period, who had conceived themselves as rivals in beauty, or at all events as bearing a resemblance to the queen, had their portraits taken in the same dress, which costume was distinguished as being "*à la Marie Stuart;*" and many of these paintings, having got into the hands of the picture-dealers, have been palmed on the credulous as real portraits of Mary. Thus she is represented by various historians as having different colours of hair; to reconcile which inconsistency, some maintain, that although her hair was black, yet, according to the fashion of the time, she occasionally adopted borrowed ringlets of various colours. The colour of her eyes also, however, has been equally an object of great doubt and uncertainty,—which renders the ingenious hypothesis respecting her hair completely untenable.

It was in this castle, on the 25th of July, 1567, that Mary was compelled to abdicate the crown which she had inherited from her ancestors, in favour of her infant son, afterwards James VI., thus surrendering at once her liberty and sceptre, and submitting to be despoiled of all her royal insignia; her jewels were confiscated, and her silver plate, to the amount of sixteen stone in weight, was coined by those who dethroned her to pay the expenses of their insurrection.[1] The few faithful adherents whom her misfortunes had left her, in vain attempted her release, till, by the potent witchery of her charms, she effectually succeeded in prevailing on the young George Douglas to aid her escape; but his purpose was discovered. His brother, Sir William Douglas, lord of the castle, and he, were in consequence expelled therefrom. He nevertheless continued to hover about the neighbourhood of Kinross, and to maintain a correspondence with the royal prisoner and others in the fortress.

In January or February, 1568, the queen is said to have been delivered of a daughter, who was taken to France, where she became

[1] History of King James VI., p. 25.

a nun at Notre Dame de Soissons. Dr. Lingard has repeated, in his History of England, the pregnancy of the Queen of Scots; and Le Laboureur, in his edition of the Memoirs of Castelnau, also notices the fact.[1] This author held a post of confidence at the court of France, being counsellor and almoner to the king, and had opportunities of learning many particulars which were long kept secret. Besides, it was easy for him, when he published his work, to examine the convent register and to ascertain whether a daughter of the Queen of Scots had been a nun there.

If indeed Mary was then a mother, we have here a reason why she refused the proposal of a privy council to disown Bothwell, in July, 1567; she must have been unwilling to render the child illegitimate with which she was pregnant: but this is a mystery we do not pretend to solve.

On the 25th April, 1568, the queen enterprised an escape, in which she had almost succeeded. The laundress, who appears to have resided in Kinross, and who was probably the emissary employed by Douglas in his correspondence with the queen, appeared, as on former occasions, to receive her mistress's commands, and was conducted to her bed-room. The queen, as had been preconcerted, arrayed herself in the hood of the laundress, whom she left in her place; and with the muffler on her face, and the bundle of clothes in her hand, sallying out fearlessly, she entered the boat which waited to reconvey the laundress and her burden to Kinross, in which she proceeded to cross the lake, and would have gained the shore but for the following romantic incident:—One of the boatmen, no doubt mortified at the pertinacity with which she kept her face concealed, proposed to put down her muffler, saying, "Let us see what manner of dame this is." To protect her face, she unwittingly put up her hand, the matchless whiteness of which but ill accorded with the disguise she had assumed, and she was instantly recognised. Notwithstanding this discovery, Mary did not appear in the least dismayed; assuming an air different from her former bearing, she charged them, upon danger of their lives, to row her to the shore. But the boatmen, fearful of the consequences, lent a deaf ear to both her commands and her entreaties, and relanded her at the castle, promising, however, to keep her enterprise a secret from their lord.

The queen, at this time, knew her refuge, had she reached the shore; for George Douglas, one Semple, and one Beton, were lingering at the village of Kinross, on purpose to receive the lovely fugitive.[2]

Notwithstanding this disappointment, which Mary must have acutely

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[1] Vol. i. 601.—1731. Note by Prince Labanoff. Miss Strickland's Letters of Mary.

[2] Bishop Keith's History, p. 490.

felt, she renewed her plans to effect an escape from the irksome toils which her enemies had woven around her. Deprived of the presence of the young Douglas, who had already sacrificed his duty and family interests at the shrine of her beauty, and who was in consequence banished from his brother's castle, she next tried to prevail upon William Douglas, called the little Douglas (a distant relation of the baron), to effect what his senior relative had failed to accomplish. This youth, who was then about eighteen, proved as accessible to the queen's prayers and promises as his banished patron George Douglas had been. Meantime George Douglas continued indefatigable, although separated from the queen; and it was probably in reference to what might be done by the little Douglas that a small picture was secretly conveyed to Mary representing the deliverance of the lion by the mouse.

It was this intrepid youth, and not his patron, who played the part which has been by several historians assigned to the latter. On the night of Sunday, the 2nd of May, 1568, at seven in the evening, taking an opportunity, while his lord was at supper, to steal the keys of the castle from the table on which they lay, he let the queen and her maid of honour out of the apartment in which they were secured; when, unlocking the doors of the castle, and afterwards locking the iron-grated door of the tower, they embarked in a small skiff which had been moored at the approach of the castle, and which was rowed towards the shore, but not before he had thrown the keys of the castle into the lake. One of her maids, Jane Kennedy, lingered a few moments behind, but as Douglas had locked the gates, she leapt from a high window, without sustaining injury. Douglas, not being accustomed to handle the oar, made little progress; but Mary taking one into her own hands, they arrived in safety on the shore.

On their landing, the senior George Douglas, the queen's servant, Beton, Hamilton of Orbieston, and others, were in attendance at the head of a party of faithful followers, with whom they fled to Niddrie Castle, at that time the property of Lord Seton, where the queen reposed on the night of her escape from Lochleven, and next morning, accompanied by her maid of honour Catherine Seton, and a small retinue, arrived at Cadzow Castle, an ancient seat of the Dukes of Hamilton, on the river Avon, one mile from the town of Hamilton. From this place she directed letters to her various friends, summoning them to meet her at Hamilton – one of which is copied into the description of Crookston.

A spot called Mary's Know, upon the shore of the lake of Lochleven, is still pointed out as the place at which the queen, young Douglas, and a female attendant, landed on the night of the escape.

Mary's first tumultuous feelings of happiness on being delivered from captivity may be better imagined than described. It is but justice to state, that her happiness was neither selfish nor exclusive; and it deserves to be recorded to her honour, that, till the latest hour of her life, she never forgot the services of those who so essentially befriended her on this occasion.

The queen, having collected her friends, sent a message to Murray, requiring him to resign the regency and replace her in her just government; protesting, that the instrument she had subscribed at Lochleven was extorted from her by force. The abdication, so illegally procured, she declared null and void. But Murray having issued a proclamation, in which he refused to surrender the regency, both parties prepared for immediate hostilities. Hamilton not being a place of strength, the queen, by advice of her counsellors, determined to march to Dumbarton, where she intended to remain until she assembled a parliament: but unfortunately she was destined not to reach that fortress, where she would have been perfectly safe.

On the 13th of May, 1568, Murray, being informed that the queen with her forces was on the march from Hamilton to Dumbarton, and would pass near Glasgow, instantly determined to intercept her on her route. He accordingly collected his forces on the Glasgow Green, and, crossing the river at the head of 4000 men, met her at the village of Langside, on the banks of the Cart, about two miles south of Glasgow. The main body of the queen's army was under the command of the Earl of Argyle; the van was led by Claud Hamilton,[1] second son of the Duke of Chatelherault; and the cavalry was under the conduct of Lord Herries. Murray himself commanded the main body of his adherents, and the Earl of Morton the van, whilst to the Laird of Grange was intrusted the special charge of riding about over the whole field and making such alterations in the position of the army as to this accomplished soldier appeared requisite.

Nothing now intervened between the two armies but a hill, of which both parties were anxious to obtain possession—the one marching from the east, and the other from the west. The side next the queen's troops was the most inaccessible, and a stratagem suggested by Grange secured

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[1] Lord John Hamilton and his brother, Claud Hamilton, were afterwards outlawed and forfeited by the ruling faction, and retired to France, where they remained in exile for several years; and the queen was so sensible of the unshaken fidelity of the Hamiltons, that when she was sentenced to death, she pulled a ring off her finger, and ordered one of her attendants to deliver it to Lord John Hamilton, as a token of the just sense she had of his constant fidelity and the privations he had endured for espousing her cause—which precious relic is still preserved in the noble family of Hamilton.

the vantage-ground to the regent's army. He ordered every cavalryman to take up a foot soldier behind him, and ride with his utmost speed to the summit, where the infantry were no sooner set down, than they formed into line. Argyle, thus thwarted in his purpose, was obliged to take his position on a lesser hill opposite to that occupied by Murray. A cannonading commenced on both sides, but without much effect. At length Argyle led his troops forward, determined, if possible, to carry the height sword in hand. The engagement soon became general, and advantages were obtained on both sides. All the forces of both parties were gradually drawn off from their previous positions, and the whole strength of the battle was concentrated upon entirely new ground. For half an hour the fortune of the day continued doubtful; but at length the queen's troops began to waver, and a reinforcement of two hundred Highlanders, which arrived just at the fortunate moment for Murray, and broke in upon Argyle's flank, decided the victory against the queen's troops, whose flight soon became general; and although the loss of lives on the queen's side did not exceed 300, a great number of her best officers and soldiers were made prisoners.[1]

Mary had taken her station on a neighbouring eminence, near the castle of Cathcart, to watch the progress of the fight.[2] Her heart beat quick with a thousand hopes and fears, for she was either to regain the crown of her forefathers, or to become a fugitive and an exile. It must have been with emotions of no ordinary description that her eager eye glanced from one part of the field to another, while with throbbing brow and palpitating heart she observed her troops either advance or retreat; and when at length she beheld the goodly array she had led forth in the morning scattered over the country, she burst into a passion of tears: but the necessity of the moment fortunately put a period to the overwhelming ebullition of her feelings. With a very small retinue of tried friends, she was quickly hurried away from the disastrous scene. She never slackened her pace, nor closed her eyes, until she reached the abbey of Dundrennan, near Kirkcudbright,—about sixty miles distant from the field of battle. Here she remained two days, and held several anxious consultations with the few friends who still continued attached to her fortunes; and after much hesitation, and contrary to the advice of several of her friends, she determined on going to England and placing herself under the protection of the hollow-minded and treacherous Elizabeth.

But as this portion of her history falls to be narrated in a subsequent section, we now resume the description of Lochleven.

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[1] Buchanan.—Keith.

[2] *Vide* description of Crookston, p. 380.

Jean Lyon, great-granddaughter to the once young and beautiful Lady Glammis, who, in 1537, was burnt for witchcraft on the Castle Hill, Edinburgh, was married to Douglas the younger, of Lochleven, afterwards to the Earl of Angus, whom she also survived, and then to Alexander Lindsay, a youthful favourite of James VI. There is a letter extant which that facetious monarch addressed to Lindsay from Denmark: "Dear Sandie,—We are going on here in the auld way, and verrie merrie. I'll no forget you when I come hame; you sall be a Lord. But mynd *Jean Lyon*, for her *auld* tout will mak you a *new* horne."[1] The king was as good as his word, for we find Lindsay afterwards created Lord Spynie.

In 1584, Robert Pitcairn, Commendator of the Abbey of Dunfermline, and Secretary of State in the reign of James VI., ended his life in this castle, and was buried in the abbey church of Dunfermline.

Sir William Bruce of Kinross, the architect of the more modern part of the palace of Holyrood-house, is said to have attempted the repair of this ancient citadel, and in particular to have added a roof to the minor tower, which was used as an observatory. Soon after his time, however, the main tower was unroofed, and reduced to its present desolate condition;[2] and there is nothing now remaining of these dilapidated and grey remains, but an indiscriminate heap of ruins. The only approach to the castle was by a drawbridge, which originally communicated with a door on the third storey by means of a perron, or ramp, raised in the eastern part of the court-yard. This approach has shared in the general dilapidation. On surveying the structure, we were necessitated to climb up through a window in the second flat. The queen's apartments are said to have occupied the fourth storey of the tower, and a small embrasure is still shown as having been occupied by the bed of the unfortunate Mary during her captivity.

It was these unfriendly and now desolated halls that witnessed the most magnanimous and dignified action of the unhappy queen's life. Here "Mary Queen of Scots, harassed, terrified, and overpowered, by the insults, menaces, and clamours of her rebellious subjects, set her hand with tears and confusion to a resignation of her kingdom."[3]

The resignation of a throne is of itself as great a theme as human life can afford. At the surrender of a *crown* there is a concentration of intense feeling riveted on the individual who is about to descend from

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[1] A proverb, meaning an inducement to a young man to marry a rich old heiress; because, when she dies, her money will gain him a young wife—a synonymous expression with the more familiar adage—"Her auld brass will buy you a new pan."

[2] Chambers' Picture of Scotland. [3] Boswell's Life of Johnson.

the very summit of human elevation, accompanied with peculiar satisfaction to reflect that a human being has moral courage sufficient to make such a sacrifice with calmness and becoming dignity. But our admiration is heightened when we reflect that the individual executing so uncommon an instrument as the resignation of the highest earthly honour, was a female, possessed of every feminine grace, charm, accomplishment, and winning softness, and was urged to it by the presence of the stern and implacable Lindsay, who with his mailed hand seized the delicate arm of the queen, and swore that unless she subscribed the deeds without delay, he would sign them himself with her blood, and seal them on her heart.[1]

Who does not feel, while traversing the fragmental ruins of the lake-moated castle of Lochleven, the greatest interest in the scene of Mary's darkest hours, and execrate the merciless monster who hesitated not to outrage humanity by such harshness to his queen, who herself set seal to the resignation of her kingdom, with hesitation, but with such stoical resolution, that we are left in amazement at the courage and magnanimity of this extraordinary woman!

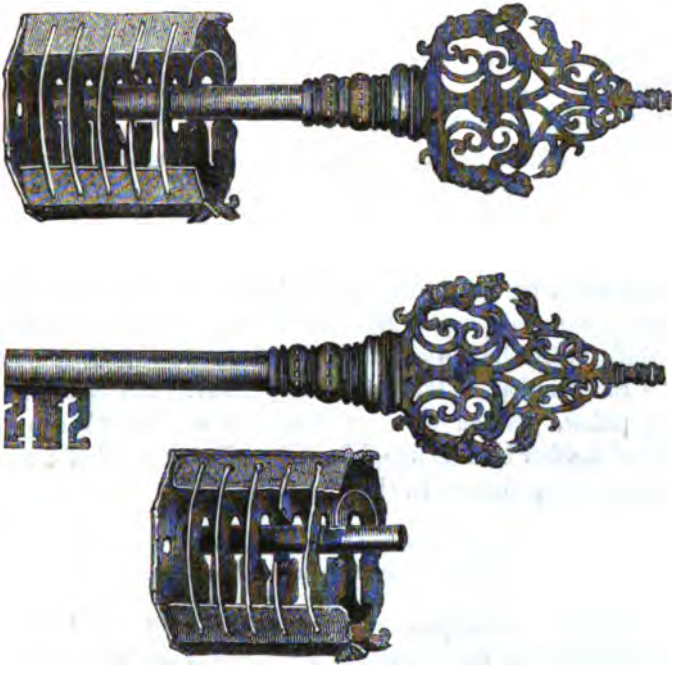
Within the circuit of the outer wall there is a small space, where once existed the garden of the castle, the scene also of Mary's captivity, where she was wont to enjoy the fresh breeze, and gaze with wearied eye on the expansive mirror of the lake. This ruined inclosure, which once boasted the light tread of the most lovely and most unhappy of queens, is now covered with grass, and with the weed-grown court affords sufficient pasture for two cows, which we saw grazing amidst the ruins.

In October, 1805, a boy digging in the sands near Kinross-house found a bunch of keys in a very decayed state. The loch at this time was within narrow bounds, during a severe drought. Little doubt exists as to these being the keys of the castle which were thrown into the lake by Douglas in 1568, as before mentioned. These keys were delivered to Mr. Taylor of Kinross, by whom they were presented to the Earl of Morton, the lineal representative of the Douglas of Lochleven. Another key, which was found in another part of the lake, is preserved in the Antiquarian Society's Hall, Edinburgh. This key appears to be made of brass or some coloured metal.

Another key, of curious workmanship, with part of the wards of a lock, was found by a young man while digging amongst the ruins in the summer of 1831. The key is very much ornamented, having figures of angels and birds twisted into the scroll-work which composes the

[1] Goodall, vol. ii., p. 166–334.

handle. The wards of the lock are also very curious; and it had doubtless been attached to some door in the castle. Having become possessed of this relic, we have the satisfaction of presenting two drawings of the same.



No. 88.

The operations of partially draining the loch, in March, 1831, have brought to light two other interesting relics,—the first of which is a handsome sceptre, apparently of cane, hilted with ivory and mounted with silver, upon which the words "Mary Queen of Scots" are almost wholly legible, although the ivory and silver are much decayed.

It is surprising that this royal relic should have been found in the lake; and the only way in which it can be satisfactorily accounted for is, that in the hurry of Queen Mary's flight she may have lost this treasured emblem of her royalty. This conjecture is borne out by the circumstance that the sceptre was found near the place called "Mary's Knowe," the landing-place of the fugitive queen.

About the same time, a marble figure, delicately sculptured, of a human form in miniature, was found near the island of St. Serf, and is supposed to have decorated one of the niches of that famous monastery.

It is worthy of remark that we owe the discovery of the keys of Lochleven Castle to a boy; and it was by the instrumentality of a few

boys who were amusing themselves in the newly reclaimed land, that these last important relics were also discovered.

In draining the loch, several large stone cannon-balls were also discovered, which had probably been fired upon the besiegers, in 1335, when they attempted to blockade the castle.

The adjacent island and monastery of St. Serf is the place where the celebrated Andrew Winton, canon regular of St. Andrew's, and prior of Lochleven, wrote his chronicle. He was born about the year 1360. Rude as his couplets may appear to modern eyes, his pages are much prized by the *literati* for the exquisite pictures of early society which they present, and the circumstances of remote history which they record.

Kinness-wood, on the north-east bank of the lake, is famed as the birthplace of the amiable poet Michael Bruce; he was a schoolmaster at Forrest-hill, near Alloa, where he wrote the poem of Lochleven: he died of a consumption, on the 15th of July, 1767. His bible was found upon his pillow, marked down at Jeremiah xii. 10, "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him," &c. Thus died the bard of Lochleven, an instance, among thousands, that

> "Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

Bruce's metrical description of the ruins of Lochleven is one of his best productions, and we cannot conclude our historical account in a more elegant manner than by quoting the following lines from that beautiful poem:—

> "No more its arches echo to the noise
> Of joy and festal mirth; no more the glance
> Of blazing taper through its window beams,
> And quivers on the undulating waves;
> But naked stand the melancholy walls,
> Lash'd by the wintry tempests, cold and bleak,
> And whistle mournfully through the empty hall,
> And piecemeal crumble down the towers to dust.
> Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert tower,
> That time has spared, forth from the window looks,
> Half hid in grass, the solitary fox;
> While, from above, the owl, musician dire,
> Screams hideous, harsh, and grating to the ear.
> Equal in age, and sharers of its fate,
> A row of moss-grown trees around it stand;
> Scarce here and there upon their blasted tops
> A shrivelled leaf distinguishes the year."

"Here trumpets sounded, bullocks whole were dress'd,
Priests with shorn heads and lengthy beards were seen,
Mid clamorous shouts the happy pair were blest
Beneath the lordly 'Yell' tree on the green."—

[illegible] ON THE OLDEN TIME

[illegible]

The Castle of Crookston.

ETYMON of Crookston — Derivation of the name from that of its original Proprietor — Origin of the family of Maxwell, lairds of Crookston — Castle becomes the property of the Lords of Darnley — The Queen of Scots married to Henry Darnley — Queen Mary's Yew, the impress of which was put upon the coin issued in 1565 — Curious Devices composed by Mary — Description of the celebrated Yew — Ingenious Model of the Castle — Valuable Portrait of Queen Mary — Her Letter to the Laird of Nether Pollock — The Battle of Langside — Queen Mary's Thorn near the Castle of Cathcart — Circular Portrait of the Queen in Cathcart House — Curious Portrait in the possession of Baillie M'Lellan of Glasgow — Description of the Ruins and surrounding Scenery — Descriptive Lines by Motherwell, the Poet.

THE castle of Crookston, or Cruxton, is situated in the parish of Paisley, and occupies the summit of a wooded slope, overhanging the south bank of the river White Cart, about three miles south-east from Paisley, and close to the place where the river receives the waters of a tributary stream called the Leven.

The etymon of Crookston is variously conjectured. In the charter deeds of the ancient family of Maxwell it is written *Cruxistoune, Cruxtoune*, and *Crocstone;* which first is assumed by some writers to imply the Town of the Cross; but as we could never discover the existence of any religious establishment nearer than the famous abbey of Paisley, we differ in opinion.

The corruption of names occurs in every portion of British history,—more especially in contemporary documents; and the name of this ancient stronghold has undergone a similar perplexing metamorphosis. That the name of the place, however, has been derived from that of its original proprietor is placed beyond the shadow of a doubt by the charter of foundation of the abbey of Paisley, during the reign of Malcolm IV., and about the year 1163, to which the name of "Robert de Croc" is appended as a witness.

In the *Ragman Roll*, a document of submission and fealty to King Edward I., which was sworn to and subscribed by the principal families of the Scottish nation, about the year 1292, we find the signature of *Robert Cruck;* and it is further proved that ROBERT CRUCK *de Fingalston* was the head of the ancient families of *Crucks* of *Cruckvie*, and *Cruckston*, *Neilston*, and *Fingalton*, all in the barony of Renfrew, which barony and lands came to a son of the family of the Stewarts of Darnley, ancestor of the Duke of Lennox, by the marriage of the heiress of Crookston. Charles Duke of Lennox sold his hereditary estates in Scotland to James Duke of Montrose, the head of the ancient and eminent family of the Grahams, whose renowned ancestor effected a breach in the wall which the Emperor Severus had erected for the utmost limits of his empire, betwixt the "Scottish firth" and the river Clyde; which wall still retains the name of "Graham's Dyke."

The regality of Crookston, comprehending the lordship of Darnley, was purchased from William Duke of Montrose, about the year 1758, by Sir John Maxwell of Nether Polloc, and it continues in the same family, excepting part of the lands which were acquired from them by the family of Hawkhead, viz., the lands of Old Crookston, and a place called "Kaim's Thorn." Of the lands of Crookston belonging to the family of Maxwell are the farms of Honeymuggs, where the rivulets Levern and Brock have their influx into the Cart.

The family of Maxwell are of very considerable antiquity. They are said to have been the descendants of Maccus, who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and settled in Scotland.

On the marriage of Malcolm Canmore to Margaret, daughter of King Harold, and sister of Prince Edgar of England, about 1066, William the Conqueror was so incensed that he expelled all the friends of the Saxon royal family, several of whom came into Scotland, and were kindly received by King Malcolm, who bestowed upon them lands and the surnames of Lindsay, Ramsay, *Maxwell*, Wardlaw, Preston, Bisset, Soulis, &c.[1]

The ancient orthography seems, however, to be retained after that time, for there is a charter, under the great seal, in the possession of the present Sir John Maxwell, granted by William the Lion, *apud* Forfar, about the year 1199, to Robert, son of Maccus, of a carrucate of land, in the territory of Lesedwin, now St. Boswell's Green.

There are many curious and highly interesting documents in the

[1] Abridgment of the Chronicles of Scotland, p. 84, 1597. King Malcolm was the first who introduced surnames into Scotland. He also created the first Earls, who were formerly called Thanes.

family archives; amongst others we were shown a deed of concord between Mathew Earl of Lennox, and Sir James Hamilton, whose father, James earl of Arran, was slain on the 14th of September, 1526. There the parties "agree to take away all displessors, onkyndness, suspicion, and hatron qsewit" by the said Earl of Lennox against the said James Earl of Arran, and against the said Sir James Hamilton, their kind friends, servants, partakers of the *umquhile* John Earl of Lennox, beside Linlithgow.

There is also a letter (unfortunately without date) from Janet Lady Dernle to ye laird of Nether Pollock.

During the reigns of James V. and Queen Mary, Crookston Castle was the chief messuage of the regality of that name, which comprehended the lordship of Darnley and Inchinnan, both in the county of Renfrew, and the lordship of Tarbolton in Ayrshire, also one of the seats of the noble family of Darnley.

The connection of this once noble structure with the history of Mary of Scotland, invests the ruins with an interest that will never cease to be felt while the record of her life and misfortunes remains on the page of history.

It was to this baronial mansion, surrounded by the richest and most varied scenery, that Mary was conducted soon after the celebration of her marriage with Darnley, the son of the noble proprietor. Here for a while she enjoyed, in the sweetness of retirement, the society of her beloved lord. The site of the yew-tree is still pointed out, in what had once been a garden, under whose ill-omened branches Mary is said to have sat with Darnley, enjoying that reciprocal felicity which was soon to be embittered by the blackest malignity, and the virulence of political and religious rancour.

There was an ancient ballad in allusion to this royal visit, of which the following lines only have been preserved—

> "When Hary met Mary under this yew tree,
> What Hary said to Mary, I'll not tell thee."

The impress of the tree of Crookston is on the reverse of the large pieces of an ounce weight coined by Queen Mary after her marriage with Henry Darnley: on the first of which is the shield of Scotland crowned and supported by two thistles, inscribed "*Maria et Henricus, Dei Gratia R. et R.;*" on the reverse, a yew-tree, crowned, with the motto on a schedule hung to it, "*Dat Gloria vires*, 1565," and circumscribed "*Exurgat Deus, dissipentur inimici ejus*," wherein the tree being bound, denotes the advancement of the Lennox family by Darnley's

marriage with the queen, and the "lemma" of "*Dat Gloria vires*" is observed very much to comport with that device.

Among the other amusements of Mary was the composition of devices, to excel in which required some wit and judgment,[1] and several of the emblematic devices invented by her exhibit much elegance and sensibility. On the death of her first husband, Francis, she took for her device a little branch of the liquorice-tree, whose root alone is sweet, all the rest of the plant being bitter, and the motto was "Dulce meum terra tegit." On her cloth of state was embroidered "*En ma fin est mon commencement.*" She had also a medal struck on which was represented a vessel in a storm, with its masts broken and falling, with the motto "*Nunquam nisi rectam;*" intimating a determination rather to perish than deviate from the path of integrity. During her imprisonment in England she embroidered for the Duke of Norfolk a hand with a sword in it cutting vines, with the motto "*Virescit vulnere virtus.*"

The sylvan monument, which was long distinguished by the appellation of the Crookston Yew, was of such gigantic dimensions that it was visible from many miles distant. The trunk measured ten feet in circumference, at the height of seven feet from the ground; but its growth upon the top was unfortunately retarded, in 1780, when it was pruned. The tree after this gradually decayed, and ceased to bud on the last day of the last century, when the house of Stewart was verging fast to its fall! The country people commenced cutting down this relic and carrying large portions away, more, perhaps, from curiosity than cupidity, and Sir John Maxwell found it necessary to remove the trunk from their lawless attacks. Many pieces of the tree have been presented to the friends of the noble proprietor, and not a few have been manufactured into valuable articles. When Prince Leopold, now King of the Belgians, visited Glasgow, he was presented by the magistrates with the freedom of that city enclosed in an elegantly ornamented box composed of the celebrated yew, with which and by its romantic history the prince expressed himself highly gratified and deeply interested.

In Pollock House is preserved a most interesting memorial of the Crookston Yew. It is a perfect model of the castle, executed, as the inscription bears, by a self-taught genius of the name of Finlay. The model is formed of the yew wood, cut into square pieces to resemble stones about the eighth part of an inch square, and built with masonic precision, glue having been used instead of mortar. Every stone in the

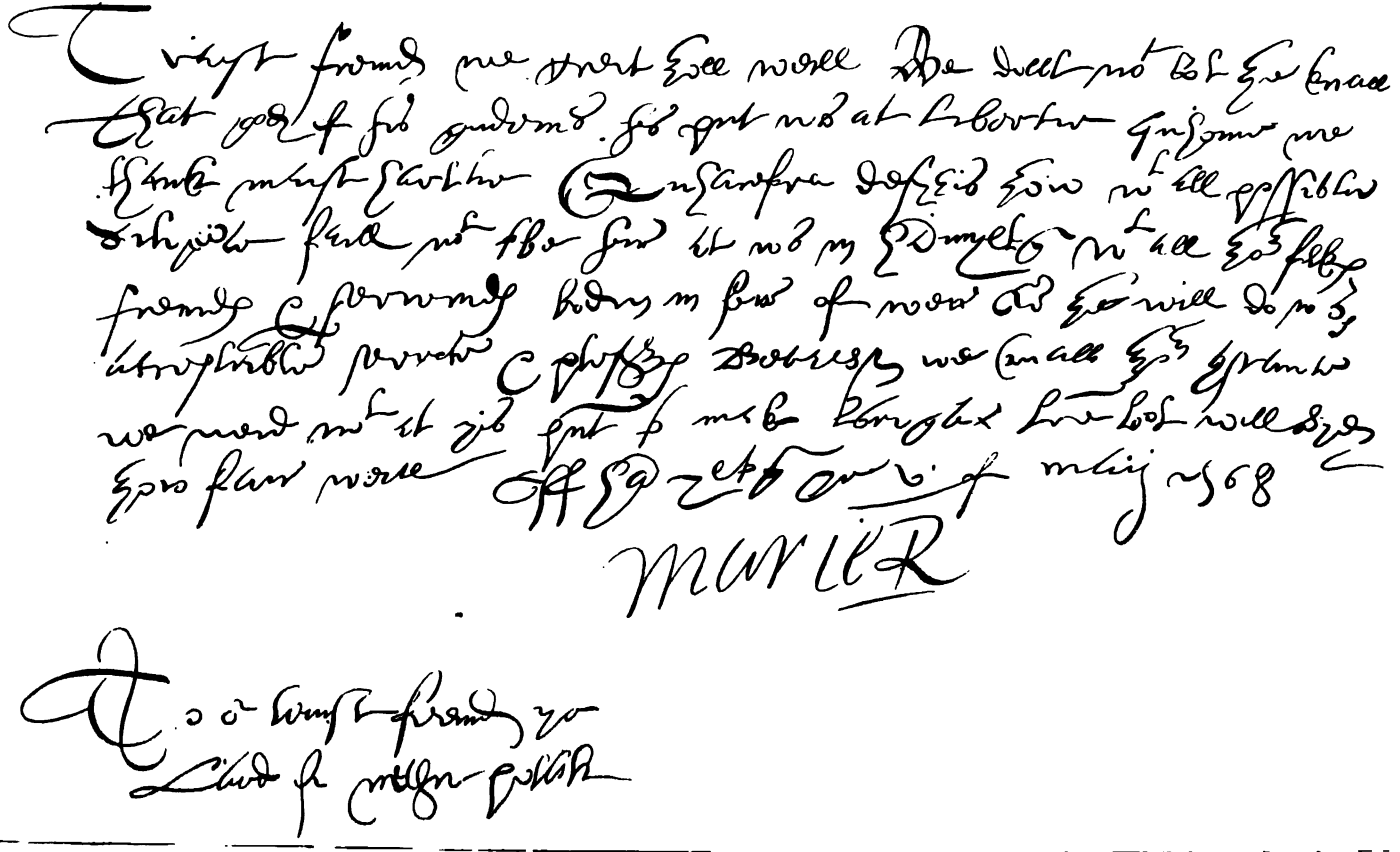
[1] A device was the skilful coupling of a few expressive words, with an engraved figure or picture, an art intimately connected with the science of heraldry, and which probably suggested the modern seal and motto.—*Bell.*

QUEEN MARY'S LETTER

to her trusty friend,

SIR JOHN MAXWELL OF NETHER POLLOK,

after her escape from Lochleven.



ruin is here represented with a minuteness and fidelity which astonished us, exhibiting both the exterior and interior of the castle; we were told that it cost the ingenious artist four years' labour to complete it.[1]

The family of Maxwell were always sincerely attached to the royal house of Stuart:[2] the very name of Maxwell, the most numerous perhaps of all surnames, has proved proverbial for loyalty and fidelity. In the shire of Galloway, the Macdeules, Mackays, Macquhys, Maxwells, Maclellans, and Maclurgs are so common, that gentlemen are never called by their own names, but, as in France, by those of their estates. Nicolson, in his historical traditions, states, as an example for the necessity of adopting this mode of distinction where so many gentlemen of the same name live in the same county, that he knew six gentlemen of the name of *John Maxwell* in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright; and when you ask for any one of them, you must name him by his lordship. We believe that in the Pollock family, of which we write, the Christian name "John" has been almost unchanged for many generations.

Sir John Maxwell of Nether Pollock was one of the friends and adherents of Queen Mary. On her escape from Lochleven, she addressed a letter to Sir John Maxwell, the "Laird of Nether Pollok," which interesting document, by the kindness of the present Sir John Maxwell, we have been allowed to trace, and it is now presented to our readers.[3]

The following is a fair copy of the original:—

"TRAIST FRIEND, we greit zow weill. We dowt not bot ze knaw that God of his gudenes his put us at libertie, quhome we thank maist hartlie, Quarefore desyris zou w^t all possible diligence fail not to be heir at us Hamyltoun, w^t all zor folkis freinds and servands bodin in feir of weir as ze will do us acceptable service and plessrs. Becawse we knaw zor qstance, We neid not at yis pnt, to mak langer lie bot will byd zow fair weill.

"Off Hamilton Ye V of Maii, 1568.

"MARIE R.

"To or Traist freind
"Ye Lard of Nether Pollok."

We have appended a glossary of the obsolete words below.[4]

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[1] There is also a print of the castle, drawn by C. Cordiner, and engraved, in testimony of respect to Sir J. Maxwell, by the celebrated R. and A. Foulis, printers to the University of Glasgow. The yew-tree is represented in full growing. On the left are cattle grazing, of a very different breed from the present. The church of Paisley and the surrounding scenery fill the background. The castle is here represented almost in the same condition as at present.

[2] In 1715 William Maxwell, Earl of Nithsdale, made his escape, the evening before his intended execution, from the Tower, on February 23, dressed in a woman's cloak and hood, which toggery were for some time after called Nithsdales. He died at Rome in 1744. The original manuscript of the countess's letter narrating his escape is in the possession of Constable Maxwell, Esq., of Terreagles, a descendant of the noble house of Nithsdale. There is a popular rant made upon his escape, called "What news to me, Carlin?" Others of the name of Maxwell were in the interest of the unfortunate Stuarts, and lost their lives and property in their service.

[3] *Vide* following page.

[4] *Traist*, trusty; zou, you; *zor*, your; *qstance*, constancy; *pnt*, present; *lie*, letter.

The battle of Langside was fought in the neighbourhood of Crookston Castle; and doubtless Maxwell was there with his followers, and became with them a sharer in that disastrous rout.

Queen Mary, as is formerly stated, marched from Niddry Castle to Hamilton, where she was received in triumph, and thither her friends hastened to assemble an army and to form an association for her defence. This agreement was signed by nine earls, as many lords, and a number of other persons of consequence.

Placing the queen in the centre of their numerous battalions, they moved from Hamilton towards Dumbarton, it being their intention to place the person of the sovereign in that stronghold, and then to seek out the regent and give him battle. But Murray, who was then in Glasgow, at the head of an inferior army marched to intercept their progress. The vanguard of each army hastened forward, contending who should obtain possession of the village of Langside. They met with equal courage, and encountered with levelled lances, striving, as Sir Walter Scott says, "like contending bulls, which should bear the other down." The spears of the front ranks were so fastened into each other's armour, that the staves crossed like a sort of grating, on which lay daggers, pistols, and other weapons, used as missiles, which the contending parties hurled at each other. While they were thus locked together, Morton led a detachment against the flank of the Hamiltons, and decided the day.

This battle was fought on the summit of an elliptical intrenchment, commonly called Queen Mary's camp, but which is undoubtedly of much higher antiquity, and probably of Roman origin. On a hill opposite to Langside, and near the old castle of Cathcart, the queen took her stand during the battle, the agitated witness of the defeat of her friends and the annihilation of her dearest hopes. Mary had much difficulty to make good her flight, having been intercepted by two rustics, who threatened to cut her in pieces with their scythes; but she was happily rescued, and, with Lord Herries and two or three followers, made good her escape to the abbey of Dundrennan.[1] A hawthorn long marked the place where Mary stood during the battle, till it decayed with age. Another was reverentially planted on the same spot. It is with excellent taste now enclosed by the Earl of Cathcart, and a stone is erected with the imperial crown and the initials beside the thorn, in solemn memory of a scene which closed on Mary's last effort to regain her crown. Amongst the family pictures of the loyal and patriotic family of Maxwell there is a very valuable portrait of Queen Mary,

[1] Enclyclop. Britan.—Scott's History of Scotland, vol. ii.

painted on copper, which bears every mark of originality. The initials on the top of the frame, and the frame itself, are quite in character of the sixteenth century. We were also shown a vase, once the property of the ill-fated queen.

While on the subject of pictures, we cannot omit naming two paintings of Queen Mary, which we had the pleasure of inspecting when visiting Glasgow.

In Cathcart House, which is about three miles distant from Crookston, there is a beautiful circular portrait of Queen Mary, with the crown on her head. The face resembles very much the portrait from which our engraving is taken. We had the honour to receive the following history of this picture from the hands of the Countess Cathcart:—

"The picture was painted before her execution at Fotheringhay. There were two painted, and given by the queen to two Scotch ladies. They went abroad after her death, and died at Antwerp, leaving directions to have the pictures placed over their tombs in St. Andrew's church at Antwerp. When we were there we saw the tombs. One picture still hangs there, exactly the same as ours, but not in such good preservation. There is the stain in the wall where this one had been; and the person who showed us the church was delighted to hear where it was, as tradition mentioned it, but there was no clue as to when it was taken away. It has always been supposed by the family, that it was brought to Scotland by Charles the eighth Lord Cathcart, who was educated at Leyden, and served in the Marlborough wars."

Another remarkable portrait of Mary, by Zucchero, which was brought from Bruges, and which bears a resemblance to other pictures by that artist, was shown to us by Baillie M'Lellan of Glasgow. Mary is represented in a widow's habit of black velvet, which hangs gracefully over her tall slender frame, and is gathered together at the waist by a rich golden sash studded with ornaments. In the front of the zone or sash is a miniature of her father, James V., holding in his hands the sceptre and ball, and above his head is the notable bonnet introduced on all his coins. On the right, at a little distance, is the crest of Scotland; and on the left, nearest the heart, is the portrait of her husband, Francis I. The girdle is tied on the left side, and reaches to the knees, having appended to it a golden case, containing a knife and fork.

But we must finish the description of this celebrated ruin. History is silent as to the exact period of its erection, but doubtless the square tower was built by the first De Croc. The castle consisted of a large *quarter*, with two lofty towers surmounted with battlements. The large square tower, evidently more ancient than the rest, is preserved almost entire, having been girded round with strong iron bars, nearly

fifty feet in height, with fragments of the cornice at the top. The castle consisted of many apartments, now in ruins. On entering a low door on the north, there is another door on the left, which leads by a winding staircase to the keep. The first apartment alone can be reached with safety. The whole of this tower is lighted only by loop-holes, except in the upper storey, which boasts of large windows underneath the battlements. On the right or opposite side of this entrance is another door, which leads by an elegant flight of steps, terminating abruptly at what has doubtless been the door of the great hall of the castle, the walls of which, and part of the corbels that supported the arches, and a large fireplace of polished stone, are all that remain. The north window of this apartment is finished with a trefoil top. The one on the south side is uniform, except that it has only a plain lancet top. In the deep embrasure of both windows, in the inside, are stone benches; the walls are about ten feet in thickness. Above the hall were two other large arched apartments, one above the other. All the windows and doors have circular arches. The two arched openings to the west we suppose have been doors leading to apartments, one to the hall, and another to the upper storey; these doors, as remaining, are entirely cut off from the levelled part of the ruins at this particular place.

Below the hall, and entering by the same door, is what we suppose to have been the kitchen, which exhibits the corbels and springs of the arches. In one side of this apartment, in a recess, are a well and sink, both in the most entire condition. The north door above mentioned was of immense strength; a deep groove between two arches has no doubt been supplied with a grated defence; the stones are marked where the hinges and bolts were fixed. There are two other arched doors on this side of the building, of smaller dimensions, which probably led to a chapel that occupies the west side, the whole interior of which is of polished stone. On the south side of the castle are the ruins of many other apartments.

The stones and the remains of the arches in the inner walls, although they have had to resist the effects of time and the weather for many ages, retain their original form and sharpness. Heaps of the copestones, which formed the prostrate mass, have been lately removed to clear out the foundation of the apartments, to enable the inquisitive visitor to explore this interesting ruin. Great masses of fallen ruin, strongly cemented with lime, lie scattered around, from which several thorns are growing. Around the castle there is abundance of stately Scotch thistles, brushwood, and sedges, which impart an air of prostrate grandeur to the dilapidated pile.

Around the castle there are the remains of a moat and rampart,

the former of which is yet entire, and the latter is not altogether demolished. Adjoining the castle are some level pieces of ground, which had once formed gardens and orchards, the whole being surrounded by rich and extensive plantations, at the bottom of which

"The Cart rins rowing to the sea,"

with a gentle rushing sound, which considerably heightens the picturesque solitude, and awakens associations replete with the most intense interest. We have more than once accompanied the local poet, Mr. Motherwell, on a pilgrimage to Crookston, and have dwelt with enthusiasm on the departed glories of Scotland. Our friend is now no more; but he has left a legacy to this venerable pile, which cannot fail to render it doubly interesting, as the scene of his enraptured wanderings, the haunt of his boyish days. We allude to the following inimitable address to

CRUXTOUN CASTLE.

THOU grey and antique tower,
Receive a wanderer of the lonely night,
Whose moodful sprite
Rejoices at this witching time to brood
Amid thy shattered strength's dim solitude!
It is a fear-fraught hour—
A death-like stillness reigns around,
Save the wood-skirted river's eerie sound,
And the faint rustling of the trees that shower
Their brown leaves on the stream,
Mournfully gleaming in the moon's pale beam.
O! I could dwell for ever and for ever
In such a place as this, with such a night!
When, o'er thy waters and thy waving woods
The moon-beams sympathetically quiver,
And no ungentle thing on thee intrudes,
And every voice is dumb, and every object bright!
Forgive, old Cruxtoun, if, with step unholy,
Unwittingly a pilgrim should profane
The regal quiet, the august repose,
Which o'er thy desolated summit reign—
When the fair moon's abroad, at evening's close—
Or interrupt that touching melancholy—
Image of fallen grandeur—softly thrown
O'er every crumbling and moss-bedded stone,
And broken arch, and pointed turret hoar,
Which speak a tale of times that are no more;
Of triumphs they have seen,
When Minstrel-craft, in praise of Scotland's Queen,
Woke all the magic of the harp and song,
And the rich, varied, and fantastic lore
Of those romantic days was carped,[1] I ween,
Amidst the pillared pomp of lofty hall,

[1] Harped.

By many a jewelled throng
Of smiling dames and soldier barons bold;
When the loud cheer of generous wassail rolled
From the high deis to where the warder strode,
Proudly, along the battlemented wall,
Beneath his polished armour's ponderous load;
Who paused to hear, and carolled back again,
With martial glee, the jocund vesper strain:
Thou wilt forgive! Mine is no peering eye,
That seeks, with glance malign, the suffering part,
Thereby, with hollow show of sympathy,
To smite again the poor world-wounded heart:
No—thy misfortunes win from him a sigh
Whose soul towers, like thyself, o'er each lewd passer-by.

Relique of earlier days,
Yes, dear thou art to me!—
And beauteous, marvellously,
The moon-light strays
Where banners glorious floated on thy walls—
Clipping their ivied honours with its thread
Of half-angelic light:
And though o'er thee Time's wasting dews have shed
Their all-consuming blight,
Maternal moonlight falls
On and around thee full of tenderness,
Yielding thy shattered frame pure love's divine caress.

Ah me! thy joy of youthful lustyhood
Is gone, old Cruxtoun! Ever, ever gone!
Here hast thou stood
In nakedness and sorrow, roofless, lone,
For many a weary year—and to the storm
Hast bared thy wasted form—
Braving destruction, in the attitude
Of reckless desolation. Like to one
Who in this world no longer may rejoice,
Who watching by Hope's grave
With stern delight, impatient is to brave
The worst of coming ills:—So, Cruxtoun! thou
Rear'st to the tempest thy undaunted brow;
When Heaven's red coursers flash athwart the sky—
Startling the guilty as they thunder by—
Then raisest thou a wild, unearthly hymn,
Like death-desiring bard whose star hath long been dim!

Neglected though thou art,
Sad remnant of old Scotland's worthier days,
When independence had its chivalrie,
There still is left one heart
To mourn for thee!
And though, alas! thy venerable form
Must bide the buffet of each vagrant storm,
One spirit yet is left to linger here
And pay the tribute of a silent tear;
Who in his memory registers the dints
That Thine hath graved upon thy sorrowing brow;

Who of thy woods loves the Autumnal tints,
Whose voice—perforce indignant—mingles now
In all thy lamentations—with the tone,
Not of these paltry times, but of brave years long gone.

Nor is 't the moonshine clear,
Leeming on tower, and tree, and silent stream,
Nor hawthorn blossoms which in spring appear,
Most prodigal of perfume—nor the sweets
Of wood-flowers, peeping up at the blue sky;
Nor the mild aspect of blue hills which greet
The eager vision—blessed albeit they seem,
Each with its charm particular:—To my eye,
Old Cruxtoun hath an interest all its own—
From many a cherished, intersociate thought—
From feelings multitudinous well known
To souls in whom the patriot fire hath wrought
Sublime remembrance of their country's fame:
Radiant thou art in the ethereal flame—
The lustrous splendour—which those feelings shed
O'er many a scene of this my father-land!
Thou, grey magician, with thy potent wand,
Evok'st the shades of the illustrious dead!
The mists dissolve—up rise the slumbering years—
On come the knightly riders cap-a-pie—
The herald calls—hark, to the clash of spears!
To Beauty's Queen each hero bends the knee;
Dreams of the Past, how exquisite ye be—
Offspring of heavenly faith and rare antiquity!

Light feet have trod
The soft, green, flowering sod
That girdles thy baronial strength, and traced,
All gracefully, the labyrinthine dance;
Young hearts discoursed with many a passionate glance,
While rose and fell the Minstrel's thrilling strain—
(Who, in this iron age, might sing in vain—
His largesse coarse neglect, and mickle pain!)
Waste are thy chambers tenantless, which long
Echoed the notes of gleeful minstrelsie—
Notes once the prelude to a tale of wrong,
Of Royalty and love.—Beneath yon tree—
Now bare and blasted—so our annals tell—
The martyr Queen, ere that her fortunes knew
A darker shade than cast her favourite yew,
Loved Darnley passing well—
Loved him with tender woman's generous love,
And bade farewell awhile to courtly state
And pageantry for yon o'ershadowing grove—
For the lone river's banks where small birds sing,
Their little hearts with summer joys elate—
Where tall broom blossoms, flowers profusely spring;
There he, the most exalted of the land,
Pressed, with the grace of youth, a Sovereign's peerless hand;

And she did die!—
Die as a traitor—in the brazen gaze
Of her—a kinswoman and enemy—
O well may such an act my soul amaze!
My country, at that hour, where slept thy sword?
Where was the high and chivalrous accord,
To fling the avenging banner of our land,
Like sheeted flame, forth to the winds of heaven?
O shame among the nations—thus to brook
The damning stain to thy escutcheon given!
How could thy sons upon their mothers look,
Degenerate Scotland! heedless of the wail
Of thy lorn Queen, in her captivity!
Unmov'd wert thou by all her bitter bale,
Untouch'd by thought that she had govern'd thee—
Hard was each heart and cold each powerful hand—
No harnessed steed rushed panting to the fight;
O listless fell the lance when Mary laid
Her head upon the block—and high in soul,
Which lacked not then thy frugal sympathy,
Died—in her widowed beauty, penitent—
Whilst thou, by foul red-handed faction rent,
Wert falsest recreant to sweet majesty!

Tis' past—she rests—the scaffold hath been swept,
The headsman's guilty axe to rust consigned—
But, Cruxtoun, while thine aged towers remain,
And thy green umbrage wooes the evening wind—
By noblest natures shall her woes be wept,
Who shone the glory of thy festal day:
Whilst aught is left of these thy ruins grey,
They will arouse remembrance of the stain
Queen Mary's doom hath left on History's page—
Remembrance laden with reproach and pain,
To those who make, like me, this pilgrimage!

Dundrennan Abbey.

No. 26.

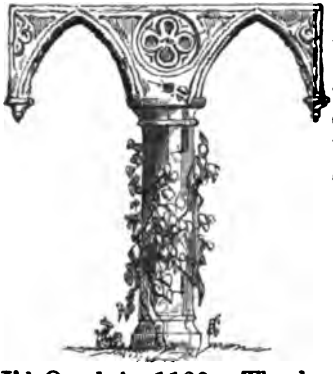
"I DO LOVE THESE ANCIENT RUINS;
WE NEVER TREAD UPON THEM, BUT WE SET
OUR FOOT UPON SOME REVEREND HISTORY;
AND, QUESTIONLESS, HERE—IN THESE OPEN COURTS,
WHICH NOW LIE NAKED TO THE INJURIES
OF STORMY WEATHER—SOME MEN LIE INTERRED
WHO LOV'D THE CHURCH SO WELL, AND GAVE SO LARGELY TO 'T,
THEY THOUGHT IT SHOULD HAVE CANOPIED THEIR BONES
TILL DOOMSDAY.—BUT ALL THINGS HAVE AN END."

"NOW, LADY, DOST THOU KNOW THE LAND
WHITHER OUR BARK IS BOUND?
AND ARE THERE THOSE WILL CARE FOR THEE,
WHEN WE REACH THAT DISTANT GROUND?"

MOTHERWELL.

Dundrennan Abbey.

ETYMON of Dundrennan — Founded by Fergus, Lord of Galloway, 1142 — The Herries family —Description of the Ruins, Monuments, &c. — Surrounding Scenery — Queen Mary's flight from Langside — Interesting Anecdote of the fugitive Queen — Her Arrival at the Abbey on the evening of that fatal day — Departs for England against the solemn entreaties of her friends — Arrival at Workington in Cumberland — Her reception by the Lieutenant of the frontiers — Poetic description of Dundrennan Abbey.



THE abbey of Dundrennan, situated in a long and narrow valley, about a mile and a half from the Solway firth and the town of Kirkcudbright in Galloway, was founded by Fergus, Lord of Galloway, in 1142. The monks were of the Cistertian order, founded by Robert, an abbot of Burgundy, in 1098, a colony of whom was brought from Rieval, in Yorkshire, to supply this monastery. Silvanus, who was the first abbot of this place, died at Belleland, 7 m I'd Octobris, 1189. The last abbot was Edward Maxwell, son to John Lord Herries, who had considerable possessions in that county, which had been granted to his family after the ruin of the Douglas lords of Galloway. Kirkcudbright Castle belonged to the Herries family, as appears from their arms (still visible in the wall), three hedgehogs, with the motto, "Deus dedit," near which is an obliterated inscription, said to have been, "This is the house of Herries." On the death of Abbot Maxwell, King James VI. annexed the abbey revenues to his royal chapel of Stirling.[1] According to Keith, the annual value in money was 500*l.*, more than double the value of the abbey of Holyrood at the Reformation.

The 'Chronicles of Melrose,' it is asserted, were written by an abbot of this monastery. The monastery, as is evident from its ruins, was once both a beautiful and extensive pile, but it is now miserably dilapidated.

[1] *Vide* preceding History of Stirling.

The tomb of Alan, Lord of Galloway, was to be seen in 1780. He lay in a niche in the cross aisle, at the east side of the north door. It has long since been demolished: but the mutilated trunk of his effigy is still to be seen. His lordship was represented in a recumbent posture, cross-legged, similarly to the monuments of the Crusaders in the Temple Church, London; for although the figure is deprived of its legs, the portion of the thighs indicates this position. The figure is habited in mail armour, over which is a surcoat, a belt across the right shoulder, and another round the waist. His lady, it is said, lay on the other side of the door.

The church of this monastery was built in the shape of a cross. Over the intersection of the body and transept there was a spire, which tradition says was 200 feet high. The body of the church was 120 feet in length, and was divided into three aisles by seven clustered columns, supporting arches on each side. The breadth of the side aisles was 15 feet each, and that of the middle, 25 feet. The transept measured from north to south 120 feet, and from east to west, 46 feet. The east end of the church was of the same breadth as the middle aisle, but only 35 feet in length; four elegant clustered columns, ranging on each side of and in line with the two easternmost, which supported the spire, divided the transept into two unequal portions.

On the south side of the church were the cloisters, containing a square area of 94 feet, with a grass plat in the centre. East and west, but chiefly south of the cloisters, were the lodgings and different offices of the monastery, occupying a space of nearly 200 feet square. Towards the south end of the western side of the buildings was a small projecting erection in the form of a cross, exactly similar to the church, but inverted in those parts which fronted the east in one, facing the west in the other. A number of neglected and dismembered monuments of the departed great are to be seen amongst the ruins. Enough still remains to furnish to the spectator evidence of its former magnificence. The ruins are almost entirely covered with a pale grey-coloured moss, which imparts an air of peculiar and airy lightness to the lofty columns and Gothic arches, many of which are entire.

The situation of the monastery, too, is very different from those usually chosen for such establishments, having been almost invariably planted in the most desirable situations, in the midst of vegetation; it stands upon an eminence upon the banks of a rocky and sparkling rivulet, and is surrounded on three sides by an amphitheatre of hills. The bleak situation of the abbey is contrasted by the aspect of the neighbouring braes, which are luxuriantly clothed with copse, and

present, from several points, a magnificent view of the Solway, and of the mountains of Cumberland. From Newland-law, an eminence adjoining the house of Dundrennan, the prospect is still more extensive, commanding, in addition to an almost boundless range of ocean, a view of the Isle of Man, and of the mountains of Morne in Ireland, appearing as "cloud-like islands grey in mist."

The sea-coast in the vicinity of Dundrennan is beautifully wild. The white and black caves on the Barlocco shore are highly deserving a visit,—the entrance to the white cave is lofty and sublime, and its vast extent has been aptly compared to the airy and echoing halls of Fingal.

But what renders Dundrennan doubly interesting is the visit to it of Mary of Scotland after her hopes had been blasted by the defeat of Langside, in 1568, as noticed in the preceding description.

When Mary fled from that scene of carnage and confusion, she rode through the wildest recesses of Glenkins, and arrived at a cottage at the head of the vale of the Tarff, which place, still designated the Queen's hill, is now occupied by the seat of Mr. Campbell. Proceeding in the same direction, of Tongland, the queen is supposed to have crossed the Dee by an ancient wooden bridge about a mile from this place. Her attendants, it is said, immediately cut down the bridge, and hurled the planks into the stream, which carried them away, thereby cutting off all chance of pursuit in that direction;[1] while her friends were employed in this work, the heart-broken and fatigued queen was glad to seek repose in a neighbouring cottage. Here the widowed Queen of France and Queen of Scotland had a bitter taste of misfortune; but we shall see how her magnanimity rose superior to all other feelings. She entered the cottage and besought the tenant, who was a female, for something to satisfy the cravings of hunger and thirst. The poor widow brought milk and coarse bread, upon which the queen regaled, expressing her gratitude for the goodness of Providence and the hospitality of her simple but kind hostess.

At this hour of trouble and emergency, when every hope had fled the bosom of Scotland's Queen—gratitude, which always distinguished Mary's character, rose higher than any other consideration; she forgot, alas, that she was no longer a queen, but a fugitive, and at once asked the poor woman what boon she could bestow for her hospitality. The woman declared that she would wish for no greater reward than the

[1] Some years since several large logs of wood bearing marks of their having been portions of a bridge were found at a considerable depth in the sands below Kirkcudbright, and which with every appearance of probability may have been the remains of the ancient bridge which was tossed into the river.

cottage which she held as a tenant, and the small piece of ground connected with it. How the queen, in the position in which she was placed, fulfilled the promise which she accordingly made to the widow is not recorded; but it is the common tradition that the woman was rewarded with the cottage and land, very possibly through the instrumentality of Lord Herries, who had considerable property as well as influence in that district. This little property, which has been deemed worthy of a place in the most ancient valuation rolls of the stewartry, was till of late years in the possession of the descendants of the highly favoured widow, who, from a natural feeling of pride, long resisted the importunate entreaties of their wealthier neighbours to part with what was dear to them from a thousand associations, until "poverty, not their wills," consented to so dear a sacrifice.

The queen arrived at the abbey of Dundrennan in the evening of that fatal day, after a journey of *sixty* miles. Within that sacred pile, then entire, and boasting all the pomp and circumstance of monastic dignity, Mary found a brief repose from her sufferings. The revolutions in her fortune had been alike rapid and singular. In the short space of eleven days she had been a close prisoner—from that prison she almost miraculously escaped—she had then a powerful army at her command, devoted to her service, and now she sought shelter in this sacred but remote retreat, in which she considered herself in imminent danger. In this situation she was resolved to confide in the hollow promises of Elizabeth, who had during her captivity solicited for her liberty, and invited her to take refuge in England, promising to meet her in person, and receive her as became a queen.[1]

Here a solemn consultation was held, but it could not alter the purpose of the queen, who, in her desperation, resolved on throwing herself on the protection of Elizabeth—a fatal resolution, which involved her friends in the utmost difficulties. Next morning the consultation was renewed, and, in spite of the entreaties of the Archbishop of St. Andrews and others, Mary rushed to her fate.

From the abbey she proceeded through a secluded valley of surpassing beauty to the sea-shore, a distance of about a mile and a half. The rock is still pointed out where lords Herries, Seaton, and the archbishop knelt, imploring her to abandon her fatal voyage, and pledging their lives and fortunes in her behalf. But against the opinion of her wisest counsellors and most devoted friends, she exercised the last step of her free agency from this rock, amidst the tears of those who accompanied her, and those whom she left behind. Lord Herries had

[1] Camden, p. 489.—Anderson, vol. iv., p. 99.

previously addressed a letter to England, signifying the queen's intention to take refuge there, but she departed before receiving any reply, accompanied by that faithful lord to Carlisle, and by about twenty followers and attendants. Mary embarked on her ill-starred voyage, on board of a fishing-vessel, to cross the treacherous and fluctuating Solway, of which it has been said,

"Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,"

to the protection of her no less treacherous kinswoman. The scene is appropriately wild and sublime. The creek surrounded by precipitous rocks,—the mournful dash of the waves,—the gurgling murmurs of the sea, receding from the rocky inlets,—cannot fail to impart an inconceivable solemnity to the beholder of the scene. The vessel carried her in safety across the Solway, and in due time Mary landed on the Cumberland coast, at a place called Workington. Here she was received by Captain Lowther, lieutenant of the frontiers, who had been expecting her arrival, with the utmost respect, and conducted to Carlisle.

The abbey of Dundrennan, in the course of events, did not remain long a shelter to the unfortunate and distressed queen; we believe she was the last distinguished guest who was sheltered within its sacred walls.

The flight of Mary from Scotland has been beautifully versified by an anonymous poet as follows:[1]—

Oh, gently streams the pale moonbeam on grey Dundrennan's pile,
And bathes, with genial light, chancel, and nave, and holy aisle,
And slowly hath the ladye risen who hath been pouring there,
With folded palms across her breast, to God her lowly prayer.

But who is she, that gentle ladye, so sad, yet passing fair?
Adown her pale face falls dishevell'd all her beauteous hair;
But yet, all way-worn though she be, her mien is proud and high,
And queenly is the thrilling glance and kindling of her eye;
And lowly they have knelt to her—that way-worn band, I ween,
As lowly they should ever kneel, who bow before their queen.

Then spake St. Andrew's prelate; "Here within this holy fane,
"Oh, Ladye! rest thee through the hours till day return again;
"For since the morning sun uprose upon the far-off vale,
"And startled hamlets heard thy war-cry borne upon the gale,
"O'er many a ragged mountain-path, through many a changing scene
"Of stream and vale, and forest dark, thy headlong flight hath been."

The ladye yields; and gentle sleep, throughout the midnight hours,
Came o'er her sorrow-laden eyes, beneath those hallow'd towers;
Till morning woke the bright green earth to life and light again,
And gentle breezes, wooingly, came breathing o'er the main;

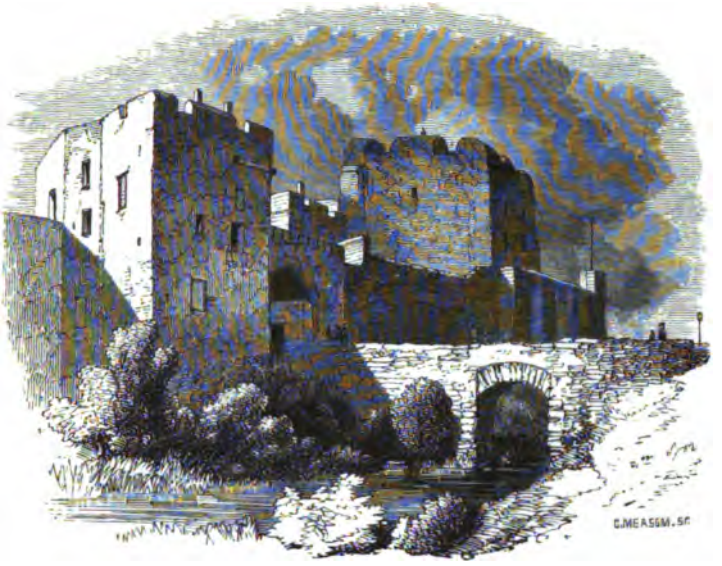
[1] Sharp's Magazine, Sept. 1846.

Then they have bid her trust in God, and seek across the wave
In sunny France a happier home than her own kingdom gave.
Where, far from treach'rous Murray's hate, and England's crafty queen,
From false and hollow-hearted free, her days might glide serene.
Oh! then her eye it lighted up, as mem'ry thronged once more
With shadowy forms her childhood loved, that distant sunny shore.
But evermore there seem'd to come low murmurings of wrath
From far-off waves that chafed and roar'd across the ocean's path;
Then wistfully she gazed beyond the Solway's silver stream,
Where England's hills and valleys lay, spread out as in a dream;
"Oh! surely *she* will welcome me—the queen of England's throne,
"And meet me with a sister's love, so long to me unknown;
"For she of all my kin alone remains to me on earth,
"And, way-worn exile though I be, I am of queenly birth."

No gallant host, no faithful throng of gentle hearts and true
Have come to breathe a parting prayer, or wave a last adieu;
A lowly crew, with one frail bark, have borne the ladye o'er
The rolling might of Solway's tide, from her own troubled shore.
Oh! little knew that hapless queen, how yet should round her throng
The deep despair of weary years, and all their bitter wrong;
How, scorn'd, insulted and betray'd, her sun should set in gloom,
And Mary Stuart no refuge find but in a martyr's tomb!

The

Castle of Carlisle.



No. 87.

"I AM A MOST POOR WOMAN, AND A STRANGER,
BORN OUT OF YOUR DOMINIONS; HAVING HERE
NO JUDGE INDIFFERENT, NOR NO MORE ASSURANCE
OF EQUAL FRIENDSHIP AND PROCEEDING."

SHAKSPERE.

"I WAS THE QUEEN O' BONNIE FRANCE,
WHERE HAPPY HAE I BEEN,
FU LIGHTLY ROSE I IN THE MORN,
AS BLYTHE LAY DOWN AT EEN,
AND I 'M THE SOVEREIGN OF SCOTLAND,
AND MONY A TRAITOR THERE;
YET HERE I LIE IN FOREIGN BANDS,
AND NEVER-ENDING CARE."

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT.—BURNS.

The

Castle of Carlisle.

ETYMON of Carlisle — Originally a Roman Fortress — Maximus, a Roman, intermarries with a Daughter of the Queen of the Britons — Foundation of the Kirk of Carlisle by Queen Maude — William Rufus builds part of the Castle — David King of Scots and Prince Henry reside here — Interview between William the Lion and King Henry II. — Castle alternately in the hands of the English and Scots — The Head-Quarters of Edward I. — His death — Prince Edward, his Son, receives the homage of the Nobility at Carlisle — King Robert the Bruce besieges the Castle, which is successfully defended by the Governor, who is made first Earl of Carlisle — Edward II. and III. at Carlisle — King Richard III. rebuilds the Castle — which is afterwards surprised by Scott of Buccleuch — History of the Scrope family — Wardens of the Marches — Queen Mary's Arrival in England — Her Reception at the Castle — Sojourn there — Documents and letters connected therewith — Her forcible removal to Bolton — Surrender of Carlisle to Prince Charles Stuart — Castle taken by the Duke of Cumberland — Concluding Description.

THE Castle of Carlisle stands on an eminence in the north-west corner of the city of that name, which, it is said, existed before the coming of the Romans. The city itself is encompassed on the north side by the river Eden, on the east by the Petteril, and nearly on the west by the castle. According to ancient chronicles it was built by a king named *Luel*, or *Lugbul*, whence it was styled by the ancient Britons *Caer-luel*, *i. e.* Luel's city or town.[1] Others derive the etymon from the ancient British *Llu-gydg-awal*, *i. e.* an army by the wall.[2] And in Irvin's "Historiæ Scoticæ Nomenclatura," *Carleolum*, who also states that it was one of the fortresses built upon Adrian's wall, and the supposed Longavallum of the Romans. Indeed, it is highly probable that a position of so strong a nature may have been occupied at a very remote period. Malmesbury takes notice of a Roman monument which was discovered in the time of William Rufus, and Hector Boethius relates that "Voada, Queen of the Britons, with the assistance of Corbredus,

[1] An instance of the same sort occurs in the history of Caerleverock Castle, Nithsdale, built by "*Lewarch-Og*," and thence called "*Caer Lewarch-Og*."

[2] Ptolemy calls it Caer Lualid.

King of the Scots, and Caractacus, King of the Picts, once upon a time destroyed the Roman provinces, and that Silerus joined with them." In this engagement they burnt Carleslium, the strongest city, killing the citizens and razing the castle. He goes farther to state that Maximus, a noble Roman, married the daughter of Queen Voada, and called the neighbouring county West Maria, now Westmoreland; so that, if this account be true, the monument discovered in the time of Rufus may have been erected in honour of that noble Roman.[1] That it was a fortress during the time of the Romans has been sufficiently established by the many inscriptions, urns, and utensils which have been dug up; and so durable was its structure, that notwithstanding its numerous and desolating visitations, much Roman masonry could be traced in the east part of the fortification; and so far back as St. Cuthbert's visit to Carlisle in 875, the walls are described as of immense strength and elaborate workmanship, but about the year 875 it was almost destroyed and desolated by the Danes. The castle and city appear to have remained in ruins until the period of William Rufus, who, after rebuilding and garrisoning the former, placed in the latter a colony of the Flemings, and afterwards removing these to the isle of Anglesea, he placed in their stead a number of practical farmers from the south, to instruct the inhabitants in the art of cultivation, then almost unknown to them. In the Chronicles of Scotland, Maude, daughter of Malcolm III. surnamed Canmore, is stated to have founded the "*Kirk of Karleil:*" she was married to Henry I. of England, surnamed *Beauclerk*, of whose virtues the following epigram is made to speak :—

Prospera non lætam fecere, nec aspere tristem,
Prospera terror ei, aspera risus erant.
Non decor effecit fragilem non sceptra superbam.
Solo potens humilis, sola pudica deceas.[2]

Matthew of Westminster states that King William gave orders for building the castle on his return from Scotland in 1072, but 1093 is the established date, nor does the fortification appear to have been completed after that time, for King Henry I. in 1122 increased the same, and strengthened it with a garrison. He exalted Carlisle to an episcopal see, and with an intention of rendering it strong and populous, and to prove a more impregnable barrier against the Scots, he granted many valuable privileges and immunities to the inhabitants. Fordun, in allusion to the building of the castle, states that the walls

[1] Malmesbury, p. 258. Dr. Todd's MS.
[2] Abridgment of the Scots Chronicles.

were completed and heightened by David, King of Scots, in 1138, when he possessed Carlisle, and resided there.

After the death of King Henry I., King Stephen gave the county of Cumberland and the castle of Carlisle to David, King of Scots, to procure his aid against Prince Henry, the lawful heir to the English crown. But the Scots secretly favoured Henry for his right's sake, he being sole heir to Henry I.

David resided a considerable time at Carlisle, and transacted much important business. In 1152 the king and his son Prince Henry, whom he had made Earl of Huntingdon and Carlisle, met the Pope's legate at the castle, and next year he ended his life within its walls.

King Henry II. afterwards took the town and county from the Scots, and granted the citizens the first liberties which they enjoyed after the Conquest. The charter is said to have been burnt by a casual fire in the town, which destroyed a great portion of the same, and almost all the ancient records.

In 1158 William the Lion had an interview with King Henry II., with a view to settle the differences then existing between the two monarchies, which, however, was not effected.

In 1173 Carlisle was ineffectually besieged by William, King of Scotland; and next year he renewed the siege, and the garrison was on the point of surrendering, when it was relieved by the capture of William at Alnwick.

In 1186 Henry II. was at Carlisle at the head of a great army, where he was met by the Scottish king and his son David, who then appear to have been on terms of amity with the English monarch.

His successor Alexander, however, was more fortunate, for he took both the city and castle, which were afterwards surrendered to Henry III. about 1267, who gave the custody of the castle and county to Robert de "Veteri Ponte"—called Vipont.

In 1292 it is stated, in the Chronicle of Lanercost Abbey, that the castle and suburbs of Carlisle were burnt.

In 1296 Carlisle was besieged for four days by the Earls of Buchan, Monteath, and other Scottish nobles; but it was so gallantly defended by the inhabitants, men and women, that the siege was abandoned.

Sir William Wallace, when he crossed the borders with his army, summoned Carlisle the following year, but finding the garrison prepared to resist him, he did not remain to besiege it.

In 1298, after the battle of Falkirk, Edward I. marched with his army back to Carlisle, where he assembled a parliament. He was again at Carlisle in 1300, and for years afterwards it was the general rendezvous of his army destined to invade Scotland under Prince Ed-

ward; the king, his father, arrived at the city of Carlisle with his queen and court on the 28th of August, 1306, and remained till the 10th of the following month. After a short progress to Northumberland he revisited Carlisle in October. He held a parliament in January following, for the purpose of considering the affairs of Scotland, on which occasion the Pope's legate, Peter de Espagna, excommunicated Robert the Bruce. Edward spent his last birth-day at Carlisle, in June, 1307, and appointed a general rendezvous of his army there in July. He himself, being in the last stage of a consumption, left Carlisle on the 28th of June, and with much difficulty reached "Burgh by Sands," where he breathed his last on the 7th of July, persevering to the last in his stern resolutions against Scotland. Prince Edward having performed his father's obsequies, he arrived at Carlisle on the 11th, where he received the fealty and homage of the nobility and prelates at the castle of Carlisle. In 1315 King Robert the Bruce besieged Carlisle for ten days, but it was bravely and successfully defended by its Governor, Andrew de Hercla, afterwards created the second Earl of Carlisle, who was in 1322 arrested in his own fortress on a charge of having treasonably corresponded with the Scots; for which he was divested of all his honours, and executed. The title of the Earl of Carlisle was never again revived till the restoration of King Charles II., when Charles Howard, son of Sir William Howard, was created Lord Dacre of Gilsland, Viscount Howard of Morpeth, and Earl of Carlisle —titles still enjoyed by his descendants.

Edward II., after an ineffectual attempt upon Scotland, abandoned his father's desperate views with respect to the subjugation of Scotland, and returned to Carlisle in September following.

In 1332 Edward Baliol, the fugitive King of Scotland, was hospitably entertained at Carlisle by Lord Dacre.

In 1335 Edward III. was at Carlisle at the head of a great army; his conquests added more to the glory than the real happiness of his kingdom, which he left in an impoverished condition.

In 1337 the city was besieged by the Scots, and the suburbs reduced to ashes. And again Sir William Douglas at the head of an army laid siege to it in 1345. During the border wars it was frequently assaulted and its streets set on fire.

About 1483 the castle of Carlisle, having become dilapidated from the many sieges it had sustained, was re-erected and considerably repaired by King Richard III., whose arms were set up against one of the towers.

But the attack on Carlisle Castle by William Scott of Buccleuch, in 1576, was remarkable for its boldness and success. William Armstrong,

a noted Borderer, celebrated in song by the name of Kinmont Willie, having been taken and carried prisoner to Carlisle in a day of truce, his release was demanded, but denied. Meantime Scott came with a party of 200 horse before break of day, made a breach in the walls, and carried off Armstrong in triumph before the astonished garrison was prepared for defence.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the castle of Carlisle consisted of a *donjon*, the walls of which are twelve feet in thickness; those of the outer ward nine feet thick and eighteen feet high, the inner walls twelve feet, having a half-moon bastion, a tower called the Captain's Tower, and two gates, one to each ward. In the castle was a great chamber and hall, but no storehouses. In the walls of the town were three gateway towers, a circular bastion called Springhold Tower, and the citadel. But besides those numbered in the report to Elizabeth, the ramparts were occupied by several square towers, particularly one at the western sallyport, of great strength.

Such was the state of this fortress when Lord Scrope was Warden of the West Marches, a title which was commonly bestowed upon nobles of tried fidelity and known courage; and in their train were to be found the youthful aspirers after military glory, eager to signalise themselves in feats of arms where bravery was opposed to bravery, and the wreath of glory was won not by a single achievement or by desultory prowess, but by continued watchfulness, labour, and skill.

There is a curious passage in the memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth, one of Queen Elizabeth's favourites, who went to Carlisle as deputy to Lord Scrope, who had been appointed governor of the castle and Warden of the West Marches. "Thus (says he) after I had spent my best time in Court, and got little, I betook myself to the country, after I was past one and thirty years old, where I lived with great content, for we had a striving world, and few days passed over my head but I was on horseback, either to prevent mischief or take malefactors, and to bring the border in better quiet than it had been in times past. God blessed me in all my actions, and I cannot remember that I undertook any thing in the time I was there but it took good effect. One memorable thing of God's mercy showed unto me was such as I have good cause still to remember it.

"I had private intelligence given me that there were two *Scottishmen* that had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Græmes[1] relieved. This Græme dwelt within five miles of Carlisle; he

[1] It is called "Groene" in the original. A powerful clan of borderers. See note, 'Lay of Last Minstrel.'

had a pretty house and close by it a strong tower for his own defence in time of need. I thought to surprise the Scots on a sudden, and about two o'clock in the morning I took horse in Carlisle and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house, the two Scots were gotten into the strong tower, and I might see a boy riding from the house as fast as horse could carry him, I little suspecting what it meant. But Thos. Carleton came to me presently, and told me that if I did not presently prevent it, both myself and all my company would be either slain or taken prisoners. It was strange to me to hear this language. He then said to me, 'Do you see that boy that rideth away so fast? he will be in Scotland within this half-hour, and he has gone to let them know that you are here, and to what end you are come, and the small number you have with you; and that if they will make haste, on a sudden they may surprise us and do with us what they please.' Hereupon we took advice what was best to be done. We sent notice presently to all parts to raise the country, and to come to us with all speed they could; and withal we sent to Carlisle to raise the townsmen; for without foot we could do no good against the tower. There we stayed some hours, expecting more company; but within short time after the country came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between three and four hundred horse, and after some little longer stay the foot of Carlisle came to us to the number of 300 or 400 men; when we set presently to work to get up to the top of the tower and to uncover the roof; and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and by that means to win the tower. The Scots seeing their present danger offered to parley, and yielded themselves to my mercy. They had no sooner opened the iron gate and yielded themselves my prisoners, but we might see 400 horse within a quarter of a mile coming to their rescue, and to surprise me and my small company, but on a sudden they stayed and stood at gaze. Then had I more to do than ever, for all our borderers came crying with full mouths, 'Sir, give us leave to set upon them; for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers, our uncles, our cousins; and they are coming thinking to surprise you upon weak grass nags[1] such as they could get on a sudden; and God hath put them into your hands, that we may take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours.' I desired they would be patient a while, and bethought myself if I should give them their wills there would be few or none of them (the Scots) that would escape unkilled (there were so many deadly

[1] Horses taken up from grass, and unfit for hard exercise.

feuds among them), and therefore I resolved with myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them, that if I were not there myself they might do what they pleased themselves; but being present, if I should give them leave, the blood that should be spilt that day would be very heavy upon my conscience, and therefore I desired them for my sake to forbear; and if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could, upon my sending to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleased. They were ill satisfied with my answer, but durst not disobey. I sent to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all speed they could; for if they stayed the messenger's return, they should few of them return to their own home. They made no stay; but they were returned homewards before the messenger had made an end of the message. Thus by God's mercies I escaped a great danger; and by my means there were a great many lives saved that day!"

Such was the state of the country at the period of Queen Mary's flight from Scotland, in May, 1568, when she landed with Lord Herries and other friends at Workington, on the coast of Cumberland. On the 17th she wrote from this village to Elizabeth, entreating the queen to send for her as soon as possible. Captain Lowther, an ancestor of the distinguished family since ennobled by the title of Lonsdale, as lieutenant of the frontiers, conducted Mary from Cockermouth to Carlisle with all the honours due to her rank. Sir Francis Knollys, Vice-Chamberlain, and Lord Scrope, met her at the castle and presented a letter of condolence to the Scottish queen in name of Elizabeth; and at the same time Lady Scrope, sister to the Duke of Norfolk, was appointed to attend her.

What must have been Mary's sensations when she ascended the dark stone staircase, and walked through the low-roofed desolate rooms with high narrow windows scarcely admitting the light, which heightened the melancholy stillness that pervaded the place!

Passing through a narrow door is a small apartment into which Queen Mary is said to have been conducted. This portion of the castle is now in ruins, but it is not long since the apartment was to be seen. Mary, who had lived in all the splendour and gaiety of the French court, to be received into such a terrible-looking place, without a welcome, without a friend! It must have from the first appeared to the sensitive fugitive that this residence was more like her prison than her home. On descending a trap stair a small door opened, not into a suite of apartments fitted up with royal pomp, but into one where the light of heaven could scarcely penetrate through a small window; and this apartment led into a similar one appropriated for her Majesty's attendants. As soon as Mary arrived within the fortress, she again addressed a letter to Elizabeth, represent-

ing in the strongest terms the injuries which she had suffered from her own subjects, and imploring that pity and assistance which her present situation so loudly called for. An event so extraordinary as the arrival of the Queen of Scots within the English realm, became the subject of grave cogitation to Elizabeth and her councillors—the question not being what was noble, just, or generous, but what was most suited to the interests of the English nation, and to the temper and feelings of the jealous Elizabeth. Three different resolutions might have been taken respecting Mary: to reinstate her on her throne;—to allow her to retire to France;—or to detain her in England.

Each of these drew consequences after it of the utmost importance, which were duly examined and discussed, as appears from the voluminous papers extant.

To restore Mary to her royal authority in Scotland would have been to render her still more powerful than before. The danger of allowing her to return to France was equally obvious. Nothing, therefore, was left but to detain the Scottish queen in England, and permit her either to live at liberty, or confine her in prison; and Elizabeth, no doubt gratified at mortifying and insulting a rival whose beauty and accomplishments she envied, and probably moved by political considerations, despatched Lord Scrope, Warden of the West Marches, and Sir Francis Knollys, his vice-chamberlain, to the Queen of Scots with letters full of expressions of kindness and condolence. But all the time they had private instructions to watch all her motions and prevent the possibility of her escape.

The memorable interview between the Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth's agents is recorded by themselves in the following correspondence. In addressing Queen Elizabeth, Sir Francis Knollys thus proceeds:—

"Repairing into the castle we found the Queen of Scots in her chamber of presence ready to receive us; where after salutations made, and our declaration also of your Highness's sorrowfulness for her lamentable misadventures and inconvenient arrival, although your Highness was glad and joyful of her good escape from the peril of her person with many circumstances thereunto belonging, and we found her in her answers to have an eloquent tongue and a discreet head, and it seemeth by her doings that she hath stout courage and liberal heart adjoining thereunto. And after our delivery of your Highness's letters, she fell into some passion with the water in her eyes, and therewith she drew us with her into her bed-chamber, where she complained unto us for that your Highness did not answer her expectation for the admitting her into your presence forthwith; that upon declaration of her innocency your Highness would either without delay give her aid yourself to the subduing of her enemies, or else being now come of good will, and not of necessity into your Highness's hands (for a good and greatest part of her subjects, said she, do remain fast unto her still), your Highness would at the least forthwith give her a passage through your country into France, to seek aid at other princes' hands, not doubting but both the French king and the King of Spain would give her relief in that behalf to her satisfaction.

"And now it behoveth your Highness, in mine opinion, gravely to consider what answer is to be

made herein, especially because that many gentlemen of divers shires here near adjoining your realm have heard her daily defence and excuses of her innocency, with her great accusations of her enemies, very eloquently told before our coming hither; and therefore I, the Vice-Chamberlain, do refer to your Highness's better consideration whether it were not honourable for you in the sight of your subjects and of all foreign princes to put her Grace to the choice whether she will depart back into her country, without your Highness's impeachment, or whether she will remain at your Highness's devotion within your realm here, with her necessary servants only to attend her, to see how honourably your Highness can do for her. For by this means your Highness, I think, shall stop the mouths of backbiters, that otherwise might blow out seditious rumours, as well in your realm as elsewhere, of detaining of her ungratefully. And yet I think it is likely that if she had her own choice, she would not go back into her own realm presently, nor until she might look for succour of men out of France to join with her there. Or if she would go presently into her own country, the worse were that peradventure with danger enough she might get into France, and that would hardly be done if my Lord of Murray had a former inkling of her departure thither. And on the other side, she cannot be kept so rigorously as a prisoner with your Highness's honour, in mine opinion, but with devices of 'towils or toys' at her chamber window, or elsewhere, in the night a body of her agility and spirit might escape soon, being so near the border. And surely to have her carried further into the realm is the highway to a dangerous sedition, as I suppose."

On the 11th of June he writes to Cecil:—

"The Lady and Princess is a notable woman; she seemeth to regard no ceremonious honour beside the acknowledgment of her estate regal. She sheweth a disposition to speak much, to be bold, to be pleasant, and to be very familiar. She sheweth a great desire to be avenged of her enemies: she sheweth a readiness to expose herself to all perils in hope of victory: she delighteth much to hear of hardiness and valliancy, commending by name all approved hardy men of her country, although they be her enemies; and she commendeth no cowardness even in her friends. The thing that most she thirsteth after is victory, and it seemeth to be indifferent to her to have her enemies diminish, either by the sword of her friends, or by the liberal promises and rewards of her own purse, or by division and quarrels raised amongst themselves; so that, for victory's sake, pain and perils seemeth pleasant to her, and in respect of victory, wealth and all things seemeth to her contemptible and vile. Now what is to be done with such a Lady and Princess, or whether such a Princess and Lady be to be nourished in one's own bosom, or whether it be good to halt and dissemble with such a Lady, I refer to your judgment.'

Two days later he thus expresses himself to the same minister:—

"To be plain with you, there is no fair semblance of speech that seemeth to win any credit with her, and although she is content to take and allow of this message to my Lord of Murray for abstinence from hostilities, because it makes for her purpose to stay her party from falling presently from her, yet she seeth that this cold delaying will not satisfy her fiery stomach, and surely it is a great vanity (in mine opinion) to think that she will be staid by courtesy, or bridled by straw, from bringing in of the French into Scotland, or from employing all her force of money, men of war, and of friendship, to satisfy her bloody appetite to shed the blood of her enemies. As for imprisonment, she makes none account thereof; and unless she be removed as a prisoner, it seemeth she will not be removed further into the realm, to be detained from her Highness's presence. She plainly affirmeth that howsoever she be detained, the Duke of Chatelherault, being heir apparent, shall prosecute her quarrel with the power of the French, and all the aid of her dowry and mass of money by any means to be levied and made for her.

"Now she being thus desperately set, it is to be considered whether her Highness defraying her here within the realm, shall not thereby able her to employ 12,000*l.* yearly, being her dowry in France, both against Scotland and consequently against England; whereas if she were at liberty all her dowry would be spent upon her own finding, and the charges that her Highness shall be at in defraying of her here, would be well employed in Scotland to the defending and expulsing of the French from thence. But I speak like a blind buzzard, and will leave their matters to you that have judgment."

"15*th June*.—Yesterday her Grace went out at a postern, to walk on a playing green towards Scotland; and we, with twenty-four halberdiers of Master Reid's band, with divers gentlemen and other servants, waited upon her, when about twenty of her retinue played at foot-ball before her the space of two hours, very strongly, nimbly and skillfully, without any foul play offered, the smallness of their ball occasioning their fair play.

"And before yesterday since our coming she went but twice out of the town, once to the like play at foot-ball in the same place, and once she rode out a hunting the hare; she galloped so fast upon every occasion, and her whole retinue being so well horsed, that we upon experience thereof doubting that upon a set course some of her friends out of Scotland might invade and assault us upon the sudden for to rescue and take her from us we mean hereafter if any such riding pastimes be required that way, so much to fear the endangering of her person by some sudden invasion of her enemies, that she must hold us excused on that behalf."

On the 21st of June Knollys represents Mary declaring:—

"'I will seek aid forthwith at other princes' hands that will help me, namely, the French king, and the King of Spain, whatsoever come of me; because I have promised my people, to give them aid by August:' and she said she had found that true, which she had heard often of before her coming hither, which was, that she would have fair words *enow*, but no deeds.

"And surely all deeds are no deeds with her, unless her violent appetite be satisfied. And sayeth she, 'I have made great wars in Scotland, and I pray to God I make no troubles in other realms also:' and on parting from us she said that if we did detain her as a prisoner we should have much ado with her."

"7*th July*.—Yesterday this queen among other words fell into this speech, that although she were holden here as a prisoner, yet she had friends that would prosecute her cause, and sayeth she, 'I can sell my right, and there be that will buy it; and peradventure it hath been in hand already.'

"Whereby she made me to think of your information touching the Cardinal of Loraine's practice between her and the Duke of Anjoy. But whether she spake this *bona fide* or to set a good countenance of the matter as though she could do great things, I cannot tell.

"My Lord of Murray hath sent by our messenger to this queen three coffers of apparel, but because her Grace sayeth that never a gown is sent to her hereby but one of taffyta, and that the rest is but cloaks and coverings for saddles and sleeves and partlettes, and qweyffes, and such-like trinkets; therefore we have sent to my Lord of Murray again for her desired apparel remaining in Lochleven, but she doth offer our messengers nothing at all for their pains and charges. Wherefore her Highness is like to bear the charge thereof also."[1]

In the State Paper Office there are some curious letters from Mr. Lowther, describing the mean condition of Queen Mary when she fled from Scotland, and the high opinion he conceived of her. The following extracts must suffice:—

"'When the Queen of Scots entered England her attire was very mean and she had no other to change; that she had very little money, as he conceived; and he had himself defrayed the charge of her journey from Cockermouth to Carlisle, and provided horses for herself and suite.' Notwithstanding her apparel, Lord Scrope, however, and Sir Francis Knollys, could not but discover that she was as superior in person as in rank. The latter wrote to Cecil, 'Surely she is a rare woman, for as no flattery can abuse her, so no plain speech seems to offend her if she thinks the speaker an honest man.' On the 28th of June Knollys again writes to Cecil, that she had six waiting women, although none of reputation but Mrs. Mary Seton, who is praised by this queen to be the finest busker, that is to say, the finest dresser of a woman's hair, that is to be seen in

[1] From these documents it will be seen that Queen Elizabeth, however arbitrary and revengeful, never made a sufficient allowance to Queen Mary's jailors for the responsible office and services which she constantly and imperiously demanded.

any country; whereof we have seen divers experiences since her coming hither, and among other pretty devices yesterday and this day she did set such a curled hair upon the Queen, that was said to be a *paresoyke*, that showed very delicately: and every other day she hath a new device of head dressing without any cost, and yet setteth forth a woman '*gaylie well*.'—Graham was the messenger sent by Scrope and Knollys to the Earl of Murray for the Queen's wardrobe at Lochleven castle, and returned with 5 small carts and 4 horse-loads of apparel."

On the 21st of June M. de Montmorin arrived at Carlisle on the part of Charles IX., where he had an audience with the Queen of Scots, and afterwards returned to London with letters for Queen Elizabeth from the King of France and Catherine de Medicis.

At the commencement of Mary's sojourn in Carlisle she was treated with respect, but Lord Scrope soon adopted by degrees severe measures, at last treating her as a prisoner.

Mary, who had hitherto relied with unaccountable credulity on Elizabeth's empty professions of regard, and vainly expected, from so many kind speeches, she would at last experience that consideration and assistance which was so frequently promised, began to perceive, when it was too late, that she was in fiendish hands. She now demanded, with an earnestness which struck Elizabeth at first with surprise, to be admitted into her presence, and wrote to her in a strain very different from that in which she had endeavoured to propitiate the queen's favour. In one of her letters she firmly addresses herself to Elizabeth—"*I did you honour as I imagined, in choosing you preferably to any other prince to be the restorer of an injured queen.* You admitted into your presence my bastard brother, who had been guilty of rebellion; and you deny me that honour. God forbid that I should be the occasion of bringing any stain upon your reputation! I expected that your manner of treating me would have added lustre to it. Suffer me either to implore the aid of other princes, whose delicacy on this head will be less, and the resentment of my wrongs greater; or let me receive from your hands that assistance which it becomes you more than any other prince to grant; and by that benefit, bind me to yourself in the indissoluble ties of gratitude."[1]

From Carlisle the Queen of Scots wrote the following letter to Sir William Cecil,[2] the most celebrated of Queen Elizabeth's ministers, and supposed to be either of the 28th May or June, 1568; the month is left blank.

"MASTER CECILE,

"THE character which you have of being a friend to equity, and the sincere and faithful service which you render to the Queen, Madame my good sister, and consequently all those who are of her blood and of like dignity, induce me in my just cause to address myself to you above all others in this time of my trouble, to obtain the benefit of your good counsel, which I

[1] Anderson, vol. iv.

[2] Afterwards created Earl of Burghley.

have commanded my Lord Hereis, the bearer of this, to explain to you at length. So referring to him, after commending myself to your wife and you, I will pray God to have you in his holy keeping. From *Karlile* this XXVIII.

"Your very good friend,

"MARIE R."

These several letters had only the effect of drawing the bonds of the captive still closer, and it was resolved to remove her more into the centre of England, to prevent the possibility of her rescue.

Accordingly Mary wrote to Queen Elizabeth from Carlisle on the 26th of June, 1568, entreating not to be removed from where she was, but either that she be brought to Elizabeth, or have liberty to go as freely as she came.

She requests a passport for George Douglas, who is the bearer of the letter, stating that "he is going to pass some time in France, to learn the language, and to be introduced to, and in part recompensed by the king, monsieur my good brother and messieurs my uncles, by their command, on account of the desire which they have to know him who has performed a service which is so gratifying to them. I have therefore given him his congé, seeing that I have no need here of so many of my good servants. He wishes to be gone, for he has no business to attend to, at least not for me, but merely his own pleasure."

In another letter to Elizabeth, dated the 5th of July, she entreats her in the most earnest manner to give licence to her subjects to go and come, and concludes in the following pathetic manner:—"Good sister, be of another mind. Even the heart and all shall be yours and at your commandment. I thought to have satisfied you wholly, if I might have seen you. Alas! do not as the serpent that stoppeth his hearing, for I am no enchanter, but your sister and natural cousin. If Cæsar had not disdained to hear or read the complaint of an advertiser, he had not so died: why should princes' ears be stopped, seeing they are painted so long; meaning that they should hear all, and be well advised before they answer. I am not of the nature of the basilisk, and less of the cameleon's, to turn you to my likeness: and though I should be dangerous and curst as men say, you are sufficiently armed with constancy and with justice, which I require of God, who gave you grace to use it well."

The following letter was addressed by Mary to Charles IX:—

"June 26, 1568.

"MONSIEUR MY GOOD BROTHER,

"SEEING that, contrary to my hopes, the injustice of this Queen, or at least of her council, is preparing for me a much longer sojourn here than I could wish (if it does not please you to provide a remedy), as you will see by the reports of the Sieur de Montmorin; and that I fear to be more

[1] The French ambassador at the Scotch court.

strictly guarded for the future, I take this way of informing you of the state, present and past, both of my country and myself, for the last three months. And seeing that Lord Fleeming, whom I send for that purpose, has not been able to obtain leave to pass from London, I have despatched Douglas, the present bearer, to make you a full report of all that has happened, and to tell you about my prison,[1] my escape and my retreat into this realm, with all that I can understand has been done lately in my country.

"I particularly beg you to give him the same credit as you would to me, for he has proved himself my faithful servant, having delivered me from the hands of my mortal foes at the peril of his life, and the sacrifice of his nearest ties of kindred. He desires to the end that he may continue to render me service, as he has begun to do, that he may remain for a time in your court, to wait for the assistance that may be provided for me. I entreat you to give him such entertainment, as may make it manifest, that he has rendered a service to you in saving my life. I will answer for his fidelity. He requires now to seek for his living in France, for he has left all he had in Scotland. If I am not altogether immured, I yet fear that I shall not receive so much favour here, but that I shall be constrained to send others for the same purpose (*i. e.* to be rewarded), but not one who has performed for me such good and important service.

"I would also entreat to recommend Beaton to you, for he has preserved his integrity, when he was canvassed by the other party to become one of them. Likewise the poor Lord Seton, whose life they threatened to take away for the same conduct, nor would they have done less, if Montmorin had not been on his side. Also my Lord de Fleeming, who is so well instructed, that if he can get leave to depart, I would recommend him especially. He is one of your old servants, and can briefly tell you as much as I could write.

"With my humble commendations to your good Grace, beseeching God to give you, monsieur my good brother, in health, long and happy life,

"MARIE.

"From Carlisle, 26 June."[2]

The resolution of the English privy council, with regard to Mary's person, was soon carried into execution, and without paying the slightest attention to her remonstrances and complaints, such was the power of Elizabeth, and such the servility of her nobles, that she was conducted to Bolton Castle, the property of Lord Scrope, on the borders of Scotland, in the month of July, 1568.

This removal of the Scottish Queen gave fatal evidence of Elizabeth's perfidy: all prospect of escape was now entirely cut off. The remembrance of her late imprisonment in the fortress of Lochleven came upon the queen with accumulated force—she remembered, when it was too late, the solemn advice of her friends, who, on their bended knees, implored her to pause before she trusted to the tender mercies of Elizabeth.

Here ends the connexion of Mary of Scotland with this celebrated fortress. On the accession of her son, King James VI., in 1603, the castle of Carlisle was reduced, and in 1641 the garrison appears to have been disbanded, and the arms and ammunition were ordered to be preserved till next year.

In May, 1664, the Marquis of Montrose took up his quarters in the

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[1] At Lochleven, where she was under the custody of Douglas's mother.

[2] Autograph Collection in the Imperial Library, St. Petersburgh, No. 37.—Strickland, vol. iii. p. 39.

castle, after his retreat. In June following, Sir Thomas Glenham, Commander-in-Chief in the North, after the capture of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, threw himself with his forces into Carlisle, but in the month of October he was besieged by General Leslie, with a detachment of the Scottish army. Sir Thomas defended the place with the utmost bravery. Their provisions having been exhausted, and the inhabitants literally driven to subsist on the flesh of horses, dogs, and other animals, the city was ultimately surrendered to Leslie, on the most honourable terms, on the 25th June, 1645.

It is a remarkable fact that a coinage of shillings and three-shilling pieces took place towards the latter end of this siege, specimens of which are to be found in the cabinets of the curious.

In 1648, when the last efforts were made to restore the power of King Charles I., Sir Philip Musgrave, a zealous royalist, surprised the castle of Carlisle, and in the month of July he gave it up to the Duke of Hamilton, who garrisoned it with Scots, at the same time appointing "William Levingston" governor. In October following, it was surrendered to Oliver Cromwell, in terms of a treaty between the Marquis of Argyle and General Munroe. Carlisle was afterwards filled with military, until the Restoration, when Sir Philip Musgrave, who had been so active an officer during the civil war, was made governor of the citadel which he had so gallantly defended.

The castle of Carlisle, now no longer a place of importance, is still regarded as a venerable relic of antiquity, and a memorial of English and Scottish history. Indeed the county of Cumberland is rich in military remains; as it was situated on the frontier, it was strengthened with twenty-five castles, and preserved and consecrated by the religious houses of Carlisle, Lanercost, Weatherall, Holme, Daker, and St. Bees. These, with similar establishments, were dissolved by King Henry VIII., and their revenues shadowed under the crown. But the province, being freed from charge of subsidy, was not divided into hundreds in the Parliamentary Rolls, although it has nine market-towns, and fifty-eight churches, besides chapels of ease.

The ancient castle and its walled town still point at many a sanguinary scene. The donjon still remains, strengthened by a drawbridge over a wide ditch and defended by modern works. The well in this tower, said to be of Roman workmanship, and as old as the castle itself, supplied the garrison with abundance of water, which could not by any means be cut off by an enemy. This extraordinary well is very like that in Bamborough Castle, in Northumberland, supposed also to be of Roman origin.

From the battlements of Carlisle the scenery is grand and imposing.

The foregound is formed of level meads washed by the Eden, and in one part insulated by a separation of that river. This spot is ornamented by two fine bridges, one of four and the other of nine arches, forming the great passage towards Scotland. The hanging banks are crowned with the village and church of Stanwix, and the more distant prospect is occupied by the mountains of Bew Castle. To the south lie the plains of Penrith, shut up on either side by a vast chain of mountains, over which Crossfell and Skiddaw lift their colossal heads.

On the east a varied tract of cultivated country presents itself, studded with villages and hamlets, mingling harmoniously with woodland scenery; while the distant horizon, bounded by the heights of Northumberland, completes the noble spectacle.

To the west the firth spreads out her shining expanse of waters, margined on this side by a cultivated territory, on the other by the rugged coast of Scotland, whereof Creffel and a chain of mountains stretch towards the ocean.

Reader, on this scene did the eye of Queen Mary often linger, and from these time-worn battlements did she send her eager gaze across the ocean and the land, in the vain hope of seeing the approach of some valiant liberator to put a period to her thraldom.

In 1745, Carlisle, together with the castle, fell into the hands of the army of Prince Charles Stuart. On the 6th of November the rebels approached in three divisions. The Duke of Perth moved forward from Stanwix, the Marquis of Tullibarden towards Caldewgate, and the prince towards the English gate. The prince had his head-quarters at Blackhall and Moorhouse. The rebels lay before Carlisle for two days awaiting an answer to their summons—when they marched to Brampton, where the keys of the city were delivered to Prince Charles, by the mayor and corporation on their knees. He then returned to besiege the castle, which, being ill defended, were both surrendered.

The Pretender was then proclaimed King of Great Britain, and his son the Regent, by the mayor[1] and corporation in their robes. At Carlisle he found a considerable quantity of arms, and other necessaries. General Wade, having been apprised of the progress of the Highland army, decamped from Newcastle and advanced across the country as far as Hexham, although the fields were covered with snow, and the roads were almost impassable. It was here that Wade became first acquainted with the capture of Carlisle, when he retraced his steps. The principal persons in the prince's army, besides those already mentioned, were Lord

[1] Patteson.—The Mayor of Carlisle is made the subject of a song in the Scottish Minstrelsy, entitled "The Mayor of Carlisle," part of which is too gross for publication.

George Murray, Lord Elcho, colonel of the life guards, the Earl of Kilmarnock, colonel of a regiment of hussars; the lords Pitsligo, Nairn, Ogilvie, Dundee, and Balmerino; Sheridan and Sullivan, Irish gentlemen; General MacDonald, and Murray of Broughton.

Prince Charles, however, on advancing farther into the country, found himself miserably disappointed in his expectations from the Jacobites in England. Except to a few in Manchester, and none of high rank, his standard was raised in vain. In this very unexpected dilemma he called a council of war at Derby, in which, after many warm debates, it was at length resolved to return to the North without delay. This the army accomplished in a very masterly style, although betwixt two hostile armies, the one under the Duke of Cumberland and the other under General Wade. On their return to Carlisle the prince augmented the garrison, in which he placed several English gentlemen who had attached themselves to his interest. Notwithstanding the excessive cold, hunger, and fatigue to which the army must have been exposed during such a march in the depth of winter, they left behind them no sick, and but very few stragglers, carrying off with the utmost deliberation the whole of their cannon. Meantime the Duke of Cumberland having pursued the retreating army, appeared before Carlisle on the 21st of November, but did not erect his batteries till the 28th, having awaited the arrival of cannon from Whitehaven. The garrison surrendered on the 30th, without being able to obtain any other terms than that they should not be put to the sword, but be reserved for the king's pleasure.

Among the prisoners taken was the Rev. James Cappock, who had been created Bishop of Carlisle by Prince Charles, on his first entrance into the city.

After the recovery of the castle of Carlisle by the Duke of Cumberland, the walls of that ancient garrison and the gates of the town were disfigured with the dismembered limbs of those who had espoused the Stuart cause.

The following beautiful fragment, written by a nameless bard, deplores, in language singularly plaintive and expressive, the sufferings of his unhappy countrymen in that enterprise:—

CARLISLE YETTS.

White was the rose in his gay bonnet,
  As he faulded me in his broached plaidie;
His hand, whilk clasped the truth o' Luve,
  O! it was aye in battle readie!
His lang, lang hair, in yellow hanks,
  Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddie;
But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts,
  In dropping ringlets clotting bloodie.

My father's blood, in that flower-tap,
  My brother's, in that hare-bell's blossom;
This white rose was steeped in my luve's blood,
  An I'll aye wear it in my bosom.
* * * *
When I first cam by merrie Carlisle,
  Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming;
The white rose flaunted o'er the wall,
  The thristled banners far were streaming!
When I cam next by merrie Carlisle,
  Oh, sad, sad seem'd the town, and eerie!
The auld, auld men cam out and wept—
  "Oh, Maiden, come ye to seek your dearie?"
* * * *
There's ae drap of bluid atween my breasts,
  An' twa in my links o' hair sae yellow:
The tane I'll ne'er wash, and the tither neer kame,
  But I'll sit and pray aneath the willow:
Wae, wae upon the cruel hearts,
  Wae, wae upon the hand sae bloodie
Which feasts in our rich Scottish blude,
  An' makes so mony dolefu' widow![1]

Happier times have been reserved for this once distracted country. The feelings of dislike, hatred, and prejudice, which so long existed in the bosoms of people divided only by the Tweed, are now buried in oblivion; and the union of the Crowns, at one time so revolting to the Scottish nation, has proved one of its mightiest blessings. Commerce, trade, and manufactures expand; wealth and population increase; and the luxuries of life abound. The sword has been converted into the ploughshare; and instead of being the seat of war and carnage, ancient Carlisle now swarms with a large population, as peaceful, happy, and industrious as that of any other city in the empire.

Naworth Castle,

The noble and venerable mansion of the Earl of Carlisle, eleven miles east of the city, is said to have been occupied by Mary Queen of Scots, during her sojourn or rather imprisonment in Carlisle. Be that as it may, Naworth Castle is highly deserving of notice as one of the best and most complete specimens of a baronial castle in the empire. It consists of two lofty towers connected by other masses of masonry enclosing a quadrangular court, supposed to have been erected by a

[1] Cromek's Remains.

powerful family of the name of Dacres, whose original seat was Dacre Castle in this county, the ruins of which are still to be seen.

Naworth Castle is kept in the very same state in which it was occupied by Lord William Howard, the celebrated "Belted Will" of Sir Walter Scott's 'Marmion.' His apartments, furniture, library, oratory, and armoury, remain sacred and untouched, which conveys to the stranger a vivid impression of the solitary grandeur and proud state of its feudal lord.

The first historical notice of this mansion is during the time of Edward II. (1307).

The names of the two successive owners of the castle, Lords Dacre and Howard, are recorded in 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel;'—

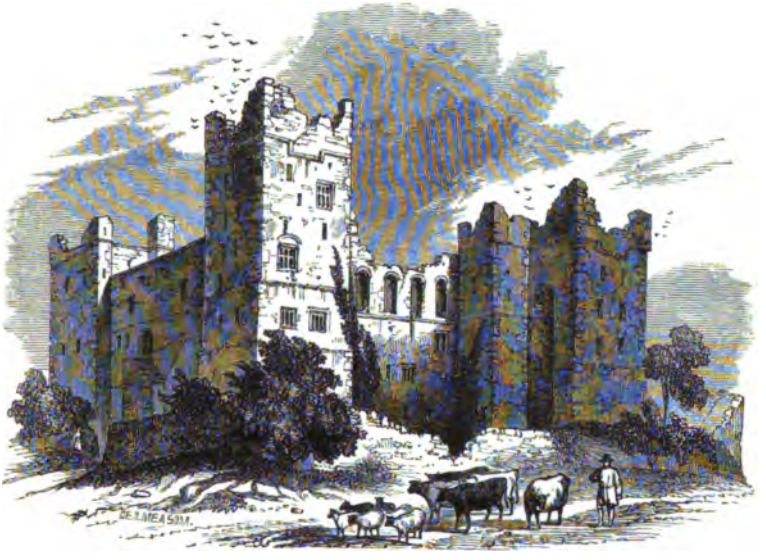
> "Thus to the lady did Tinlinn shew
> The tidings of the English foe—
> Belted WILL HOWARD is marching here,
> And hot LORD DACRE with many a spear."

The hall of the castle is lofty and spacious, adorned with portraits of the Scottish monarchs, and other valuable paintings. At one end is a music gallery of modern erection, which is of the Grecian style of architecture, forming a striking contrast with the pure Gothic appearance of the building. The dining and drawing rooms are hung with tapestry, and contain a number of pictures, amongst which is a very fine full-length portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, supposed to be an original. The apartments said to have been occupied by that queen, her bed, and other furniture, are still to be seen. The chapel of the castle communicates with the gallery. This apartment contains a considerable quantity of ancient armour which has doubtless been used in the wars of the Border. At the end of the chapel there is an entrance to the apartments of the famous Lord William Howard; these communicate by secret passages with the dungeons below, so that whilst sitting in his library, or engaged in his devotions, his eyes might still be directed towards his prisoners and their guards. Of this place it may be truly said that "suspicion was its architect, and fear its founder."

The castle stands embosomed amidst venerable and lofty trees, with roaring torrents gushing beneath its walls on three sides. The spacious and antique gardens and porter's lodge complete the picturesque prospect.

The mansion and surrounding domain are now the property, and one of the residences, of the Earl of Carlisle.

The Castle of Bolton.



BOLTON CASTLE.—No. 28.

"IF NOW THE PEASANT, SCARE'D NO MORE AT EVE
BY DISTANT BEACONS, AND COMPELLD TO HOUSE
HIS TREMBLING FLOCKS, HIS CHILDREN, AND HIS ALL,
BENEATH THE CRAGGY ROOF SECURELY SLEEPS,
YET ALL AROUND THEE IS NOT CHANGED—THY TOWERS
UNMODERNISED BY ART REMAIN,
STILL UNSUBDUED BY TIME!"

EARL OF CARLISLE.

The Castle of Bolton.

Foundation of Bolton Castle by Lord Scrope—18 years in building—Now the property of the Duke of Bolton—Chantry founded by Richard Scrope—Queen Mary's Arrival and Imprisonment—Her Letter to Elizabeth—Negotiations for her Liberation—Love Affair with the Duke of Norfolk—The Queen's Removal to Tutbury—Description of Bolton Castle, Bolton House, and the ancient Church—Surrounding Scenery.

THIS Gothic edifice was, in former times, one of those extensive baronial seats, which proclaimed the splendour of our ancient nobles, before they exchanged the hospitable magnificence of lives spent among a numerous tenantry, for the less certain honours of court attendance and the equivocal reward of ministerial favour. If we allow that the feudal ages were times of personal insecurity, we must also admit that they were favourable to the growth of a manly and decisive virtue, rude and unpolished in its aspect, but forcible and efficient in its operation. The evils of feudalism were in some measure corrected by other qualities inherent in its system, while all that was good in it was pure and conservative. A principle of affinity more or less obviously pervades it throughout. The vast and solid mansions of our ancient nobility were, like their character, great without elegance, strong without refinement, but lofty, firm, and commanding. This is peculiarly the case with Bolton Castle, which stands on the north side of Winsleydale, in the north riding of the county of York, six miles from Middleton, and ten miles from Richmond. It was built by Richard Lord Scrope, high chancellor in the time of Richard II.; and that king's licence for its erection, dated the 4th of July, in the third year of his reign, is still extant. Leland states that it was eighteen years in completing, and that the charge each year was 1000 marks; so that, according to this account, the fabric cost 12,000*l.* Most of the timber used for its construction was brought from the forest of *Engleby* in Cumberland, by means of numerous relays of ox-teams placed on the road, and which, relieving each other, drew the trees from stage to stage, till they reached Bolton. The same author mentions a remarkable contrivance in the chimneys of the great hall, and a curious astronomical clock, which

unfortunately he does not describe. In reference to the chimneys he remarks: "One thinge I muche notyced in the haulle of Bolton, how chimeneys were conveyed by tunnils made in the syds of the waulls, betwixt the lights in the haulle; and by this meanes, and by no covers, is the smoke of harthe wonder strongly conveyed."

This castle was probably erected to check the growing and formidable power of the castle of Middleham, of more ancient date, whose owners, the Nevils, from their spirit of enterprise and the mutability of their politics, became very troublesome to many regal successions; whilst the Scropes always manifested a more pacific and loyal disposition. The castle belongs to the Duke of Bolton, whose title is derived from it; and it descended to his Grace by the marriage of an ancestor with the daughter of Emanuel Scrope, Earl of Sunderland, who died in the reign of Charles I.

During the civil wars, the castle was a long time gallantly defended by Colonel Scrope and a party of the Richmondshire militia, against the parliamentary forces; but at length, on November 5, 1645, it was surrendèred on honourable terms.

In this castle there was a chantry founded, with the king's licence, by Richard Scrope, consisting of six priests, one of whom was to be warder, to celebrate divine service for King Richard II., and his heirs and successors.

To this stronghold Mary Queen of Scots was conveyed by Lord Scrope, Warden of the Western Marches, on the 28th of July, 1568, contrary to the remonstrances of that queen. Her removal from Carlisle is thus described by Knollys, in a letter to Cecil:—

"Since our departure from Carlisle with her she hath been very quiet, very tractable, and void of displeasant countenance, although she sayeth she will not remove any farther into the realm without constraint.

"This house appeareth to be very strong, very fair, and very stately, after the old manner of building, and is the highest walled out that I have seen, and hath but one entrance thereinto, and half the number of these soldiers may better watch and ward than the whole number thereof could do Carlisle Castle."

In a postscript to this letter he adds, that "the charge of removing the queen hither was somewhat the larger, because we were driven to hire four little cars, and twenty carriage horses, and twenty-three saddle-horses for her women and men; the which was well accomplished upon the sudden to her commoditie and satisfaction."

In one of his preceding letters he had intimated that the last week's charge came to 54*l.*

On the 1st of September Mary addressed the following letter to Elizabeth:—

"MADAM,

"REGARDLESS of the favour of any of your people, the suspicions of mine, the false reports which are daily made to you against me, and of those made to me that you favour my rebels, and that you intend to send with the two principal commissioners one who has always been my enemy—setting aside all these said points, I will beseech you to look upon and treat me as your relative and good friend, according to what you are pleased to offer me, and to comfort me forthwith, under this violent tempest of reports, by the assurance of your favourable assistance. I said what I had upon my heart to your vice-chamberlain, entreating you not to let me be lost for want of a safe port; for like a vessel driven by all the winds, so am I, not knowing where to find a haven, unless, taking into your kind consideration my long voyage, you may bring me to a safe harbour. But I need speedy succour; for I am weak with the long struggle in which I have been engaged. Receive me, then, and enable me to encourage the others; for, as for myself, I rely so entirely on your promised friendship, that no reports can persuade me to the contrary. Would to God you would do the same by me!

"I have spoken my mind to master Knolles, and begged him to write to you, and to send you the letters from my subjects; to which, as they do not feel that confidence in your good disposition which I am determined to entertain, I would not serve as ambassador. Only hasten, then, my good sister, that I may prevent what might displease you, which I cannot do without your favour, if I were ever so devotedly attached, till I know your good pleasure. I would not thus importune you, but I have something in my head, so that, unless I have a decided answer, I shall have the boldness to set out to come to you, if I am not taken prisoner by your command. Do not ruin me, I beseech you, for it is my wish to devote my life and heart to you for ever. I pray God to prosper you, and to give me patience and good counsel against so many wicked inventions of this world. From *Boton*, this first September, 1568.

"Your very good and obliged Sister
"and Cousin, if you please,
"MARIE R.

"I beg you to order some liberty to be granted to the poor prisoners who are so harshly treated, without disservice to him; and give orders that the remainder of my rings be not sold, as they have ordered in their parliament, for you promised that nothing should be done to my prejudice. I should be very glad if you had them for greater security; for this is not meat fit for traitors, and between you and me I make no difference; for I should be delighted if there be any that you would like, taking them from my hand or with my consent, if you found them to your taste."

During Mary's confinement in this castle, she was brought to consent, contrary to the advice of her best friends, to submit implicitly to the decision of Elizabeth's commissioners. On the 8th of October, the conferences were opened at York. The Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Sussex, and Sir Ralph Sadler, as commissioners on the part of the English Queen; and Lesly, Bishop of Ross, Lords Livingston, Boyd, and Herries, for the Queen of Scots; and on the rebel side, Murray, Morton, Lindsay, Maitland, and the Bishop of Orkney. The representatives of Mary accused Murray and his accomplices of having taken up arms against their sovereign, of detaining her a prisoner at Lochleven, and of constraining her by force and menaces to sign the act of abdication. The conference was soon after suspended by the English ministers.

In December, the Bishop of Ross, one of Mary's commissioners at the conferences held at York and London, having in vain demanded

that his mistress might come and exonerate herself in person, boldly protested against all that had been done, and declared the conference terminated: but Cecil would not receive the protest, and the inquiry proceeded. Murray, on the 9th of December, produced before the English commissioners the love-letters and sonnets attributed to Mary, on the question of the validity of which we have remarked elsewhere. The Bishop of Ross demanded a copy of the documents alleged to have been written by the queen, and accused Murray, Morton, and Maitland of the murder of Darnley. Affairs were in this state when Elizabeth declared that nothing had been proved on either side; and therefore she put an end to the conferences.

On the 13th the Bishop of Ross entered another protest against "the validity of any acts which the Queen of Scots may be found to sign, so long as she shall not enjoy her liberty," and repeated the assurance that she would not resign her crown, which Elizabeth had proposed to her to do.

It was about this period that Murray, Maitland, and even Leicester, persuaded the Duke of Norfolk to persevere in his project for marrying the Queen of Scots. The hapless Mary, during all these barren negotiations, continued a close prisoner in Bolton Castle, until the 26th of January, 1568-9, when, during that inclement season, she could not have travelled, if the Bishop of Durham had not lent Sir Francis Knollys sixteen horses. Lady Livingston, the queen's constant attendant, was taken ill by the way, and was left at Rotherham until she recovered. At Chesterfield the queen herself was seized with her usual complaint, a pain in the side, which doubtless proceeded from an indurated liver. She also complained of a violent pain in her head; therefore the whole cavalcade was forced to tarry at the house of Mr. Folijamb, near Chesterfield, where they were well accommodated. The route of the queen lay through Wetherby, Pontefract, and Sheffield, to Tutbury, destined to be Mary's prison at various epochs of her sad pilgrimage.

Although Lord Scrope had given no reason for distrust to Elizabeth, Mary's removal to Tutbury may have been suggested to that crafty queen from the circumstance of Lord Scrope being brother-in-law to the Duke of Norfolk, who had formed the project of mounting the Scottish throne by a marriage with Mary.

On a perusal of this ancient stronghold, some similarities occur which are generally applicable to all castles of this class. The circumstances we allude to are the immense sizes of their ovens; the seemingly unnecessary strength of their walls, for bow-and-arrow times, and the gloomy construction of their rooms. In respect of the ovens, the furnishing of bread to the besieged, when beleaguered, and the ideas of ancient

hospitality, in peaceful times, account very satisfactorily for their *colossal* dimensions; but in regard to the other features of the places, they might well argue that the distinguished founders of these baronial mansions were enemies to the all-cheering comforts of light and air; for although the smallness of the windows and other apertures in the walls might tend to give security and confidence to the inhabitants in the military and feudal ages, much of this precaution might have been spared, more especially as to the upper rooms, without prejudice to either, while the circumstance of health would not have been overlooked. Under these predicaments stand the apartments in which Queen Mary was confined, and also the bed-room of the Lord Scrope, neither of which, according to the refinement of the present age, would be thought sufficiently good even for the domestic animals of a man of fortune.

The building is of a quadrilateral form, whose greatest length runs from north to south; but on measuring, no two of its sides are found to be equal; that on the south being 184 feet; its opposite, 187; the west side, 131 feet; and the east, 125. It had four right-lined towers, one at each angle, but neither their faces nor flanks are equal, each of the former measuring on the north and south sides 47½ feet, and on the east and west sides only 35½ feet. In the centre between the two towers, on both the north and south sides, is a large projecting right-angled buttress or turret; that on the north side being 15 feet in front; that on the west side, 14 feet; and that on the east, 16 feet. On the south side the front is 12 feet, on the east 9, and on the west 12 feet. As these buttresses stand at right angles to the building, and their flanks and sides are thus unequal, neither the north nor the south curtain is one continued right line.

The grand entrance was in the east curtain, near the southernmost tower; there were besides three other doors, one on the north, and two on the west sides. The walls are seven feet in thickness, and 96 in height. It was lighted by several stages of windows, the chief lodging rooms being in the towers. The east and north sides are now in ruins, but the west one is in good repair. One of the towers, which once decorated and defended the pile, fell down in the night of the 19th of November, 1761, the lapsed tower being in that angle on which the castle had been attacked by the parliamentary forces. Very probably, the injuries it then sustained, operating with the corroding tooth of time, might destroy the foundation, and lay that superstructure low, which had stood the war of elements and the assaults of man for nearly 400 years. The fall of the above tower gave considerable alarm to the contiguous tenants; but although the doors of two cottages were blocked up by the scattered fragments which had reached them, happily no

damage or accident occurred. To the eye of a painter, the fallen tower presents a picturesque appearance, when viewed from the village of Bolton. Indeed the whole fabric is one of those which, from their sites and the preservation of their remaining parts, are highly pleasing to the eye of the traveller, and are great ornaments to the country. Nor is Bolton Castle less an object of grandeur and beauty when viewed from the plantations near Bolton House, the more modern mansion of the noble owner of both.[1]

In the centre of the castle is a square area, or an open and uncovered space, calculated to afford light and air to the internal offices and apartments. Externally near, to the right of the spectator, is seen the ancient church of Bolton, remarkable only for the smallness of its dimensions and its complete rusticity, having neither any engraved brasses, burial-ground, window, or any memorial by which persons eminent only for their riches endeavour for a while to preserve their memory from oblivion, or by which vanity attempts to assume the rehearsal of a life perhaps unworthy to be remembered.

To the humility of this church, which has not even a fence about it, the following lines have been inscribed:—

"Let the proud fane on lofty columns rise,
Spread wide its base, and pierce superior skies;
Let Rome or Mecca costly incense bring,
'Tis from the heart oblations grateful spring.
Be mine the taste, nor feel I flaunting scorn,
To guide the rustic and the lowly born:
Then start not, reader, at my humble state,
If at this altar zeal and truth await."

From the battlements, standing at the distance of almost half a mile from the river Eure, on an ascent which gradually continues for some miles in its rear, and by which it is defended from the bleak winds of the north, the prospect is delightful. On the east side stands the village of Bolton; on the west side, a rookery, which opens into spacious pastures, formerly occupied as parks; while on the front, as well as on each side, the vale, with its sweeping theatre of hanging woods, displays its countless charms to the enraptured gaze:—

"So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
Play wanton, every moment every spot."

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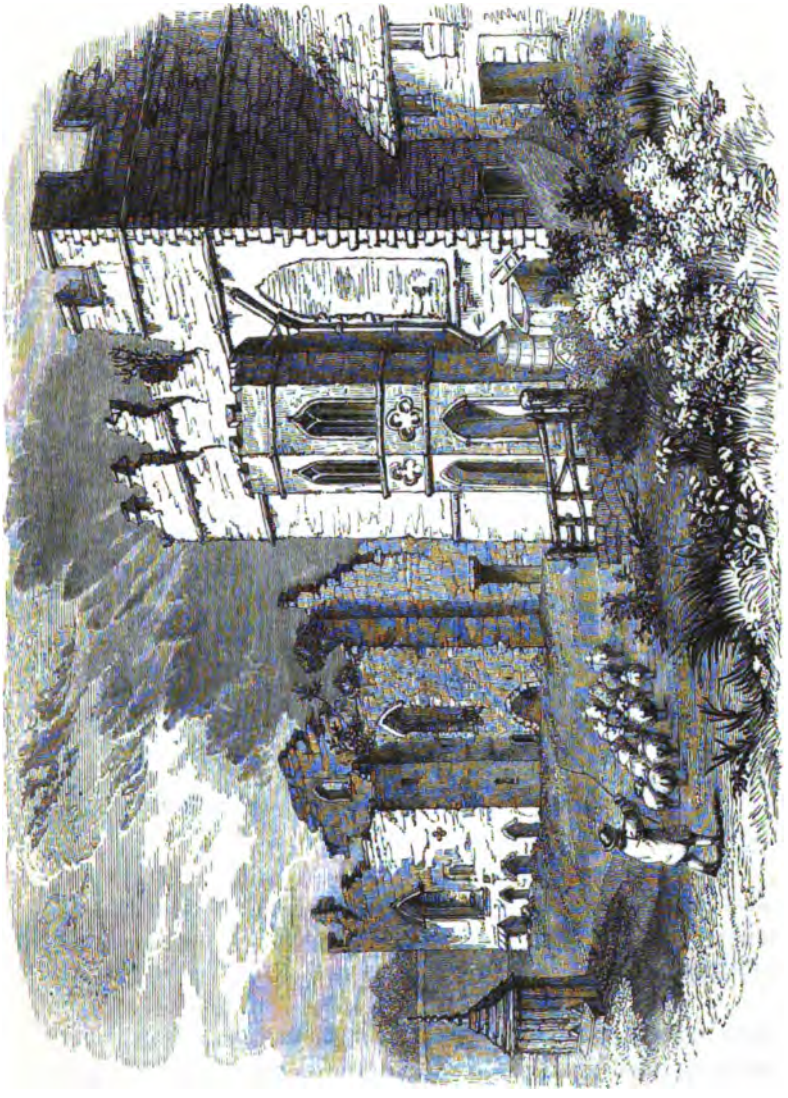
[1] The mansion of the noble family of the Powletts stands three miles east from the castle, and was built by the Marquis of Winchester, first Duke of Bolton, in 1678.

The

Castle of Tutbury.

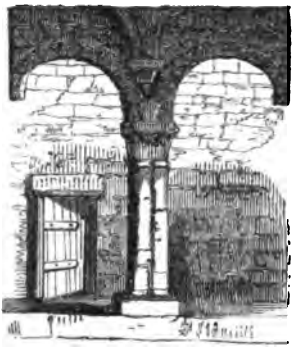


TUTBURY CASTLE (FROM AN OLD PICTURE).—No. 29.

"HERE CAPTIVE MARY LOOK'D IN VAIN
FOR NORFOLK AND HIS NUPTIAL TRAIN;
ENRICH'D WITH ROYAL TEARS THE DOVE;
BUT SIGH'D FOR FREEDOM, NOT FOR LOVE."

The Castle of Tutbury.

TUTBURY originally a Roman Fort, and afterwards a Seat of the Mercian Kings — Gifted by William the Conqueror to Henry de Ferrars, Earl of Derby—Account of that Castle when in the possession of Edmund Earl of Lancaster — His Execution — John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, holds his Court at the Castle — Festivities and Pastimes — "Tutbury Bull-running" — The Queen of Scots is conducted from Bolton to this Castle — Insurrection of the Earl of Northumberland — Love affair of the Duke of Norfolk — His Death — Queen Mary's Sufferings — Her Letter to Queen Elizabeth — Mary's Description of Tutbury Castle — Condition of Tutbury Castle in 1585—Curious Letter of Nicholas White— Mortifying Treatment of Queen Mary— Her Removal to Fotheringhay —Visit of James I. to that Castle — Garrisoned by Charles I. —Description of the Ruins, &c.— Ann Moore, the Fasting Woman of Tutbury.



TUTBURY CASTLE, venerable for its antiquity, originally consisted, in the time of Julius Cæsar, of a tower or fort, which stood on an eminence, whereon a building has been erected, still bearing the name of "Julius's Tower."

The first historical notice of Tutbury is, however, that it formed the seat of the Mercian kings, who made choice of the situation on account of its security and its propinquity to the forest of Needwood.

Offa, surnamed the Great, is supposed to have resided at Tutbury, about the year 757; and it has been concluded that the division of the county called the *Offlow* hundred has derived its name from that prince.

Canute the Great is also said to have resided at this castle, probably about 1025,—about which period it suffered severely from the invasions of the Danes.

At the Norman Conquest we find the castle in the possession of Hugh de Albrincis, whose mother was the sister of William the Conqueror; but, notwithstanding his near relationship to William, he was dispossessed of the property, which was transferred to one of

his favourites, Henry de Ferrers, or Ferrars,[1] who rebuilt the castle upon a more extensive scale. He also built the monastery and church, by grant and decree of William Rufus.[2] Robert de Ferrars, a man celebrated for his military exploits, succeeded his father in the castle and domains: he was present at the Battle of the Standard, fought between him and David, King of Scotland, who attempted the invasion of England. Ferrars obtained a decisive victory, for which King Stephen elevated him to the rank of Earl of Derby.

Robert, son of the earl, succeeded to the castle and estates. He was a type of King David I. of pious memory, having founded and richly endowed the Priory of Derby, and also the Abbey of Merevale in Warwickshire, and greatly enriched the monks of Tutbury. He was succeeded by his son William de Ferrars. Upon the accession of Richard I. he was highly offended by the king depriving him of the earldoms of Derby and Nottingham, which he bestowed with other possessions upon his brother John, appropriately surnamed "Lackland;"—but William and the king appear to have been afterwards reconciled, for the former accompanied his sovereign in his crusade to the Holy Land, and died at Acon in 1191.

William de Ferrars, who succeeded his father, was one of the greatest men of the age; he defended and supported King John in all his difficulties and misfortunes, in gratitude for which, that monarch restored to him the title of Earl of Derby, of which his father had been deprived; and on that occasion the king with his own hands girded upon him the sword, a thing diligently noted as not having occurred before in English history. Through his grandmother, Margaret Peverill, he became possessed of immense property; in addition to which, the king gave him the forfeited estates of a Jew, the *reddenda* of the charter being, that at every festival he was to attend the king at dinner, without any cap on his head, instead of which he was to wear a garland on his brow, of the width of his little finger.

In 1247, William de Ferrars succeeded to the honours and estates of his father, a nobleman of distinguished talents; he met his death by a fall from his chariot, on the bridge of St. Neots, Huntingdonshire, having survived that casualty only a few days.

Robert de Ferrars, afterwards known as the rebel Earl of Derby,

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[1] The name bears reference to the shoeing of horses, his post in William's army being superintendent of the smiths. After the Crusades, families bore insignia on their shields, in allusion to circumstances connected with their origin and history: hence we find the armorial bearings of this ancient and noble family were a charge of six horse-shoes, sable on a field argent.

[2] Robert de Ferrars, the grandson of the founder, was also a great benefactor to the monks of Tutbury, and other religious houses.—Dugdale's "Monasticon."

succeeded his father. His violent and turbulent conduct brought his family and himself to great misfortune, by his having joined the rebellious barons in their contests with Henry III. He raised an army against the king, which was routed near Chesterfield. In 1266 he was totally disinherited; and Prince Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, second son of King Henry, became possessed of his whole property in Staffordshire. King Edward I., who was brother to Prince Edmund, confirmed the grants of his father, and gave him a licence to celebrate mass in the chapel of St. Mary, Tutbury.

Edmund, the first Earl of Lancaster, died in France in 1296, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, second Earl of Lancaster, who served in the Scottish wars under Edward II. He afterwards took up arms against his own king, and raised a formidable insurrection. This unfortunate earl was arrested, and, after suffering much indignity, was taken to Pontefract and beheaded. His quarrel with the king was supposed to have been just, and his death was looked upon as a martyrdom. Many miracles are reported to have been wrought at his tomb.

Henry, the brother and successor of this last earl, carried his opposition to King Edward to a far greater extent than his unfortunate brother had done. He was one of those who held the king in custody, and who committed him to Thomas, Earl of Berkeley, in whose castle Edward was inhumanly murdered.

Upon the proclamation of the prince as Edward III., Henry, Earl of Lancaster, procured the reversal of the attainder of his brother, and by that means recovered the whole of his forfeited estates. During the late king's reign he had regained the nominal possession of the castles of Tutbury and Pickering, as well as the earldom. He was succeeded by his son Henry, the fourth Earl of Lancaster: he married Isabel, daughter of Henry Beaumont, by whom he had two daughters; and his property of course fell into the female line. Blanche, the second daughter of this marriage, succeeded to the castle and honours. She married John of Gaunt, fourth son of King Edward III., afterwards the first Duke of Lancaster. The castle, during the revolt of the former earls, having been left to ruin and decay, it was rebuilt by this prince, when he established himself therein in the greatest pomp and magnificence, and made it his favourite residence.[1]

This celebrated prince is described as having introduced the utmost splendour into these long neglected halls. The multitude of minstrels who crowded his court increased so much, that, as an expedient for

[1] White's History of Staffordshire.

preserving order among them, he found it necessary to appoint a chief minstrel, with the title of king, and inferior officers under him, to enforce obedience to the laws which the whimsical duke embodied in a regular charter in favour of the "King of the Minstrels," dated 1381. This regal musician, and the other officers of the fraternity, were elected annually with the utmost pomp and ceremony.

On the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, when the business of the court terminated, a magnificent festival was held at the castle, after which the minstrels assembled in the afternoon at the gate of the ancient priory, where, by the tenure on which John of Gaunt had granted a new charter to that monastery when he took possession of Tutbury, the prior was obliged to provide this merry-making fraternity with a genuine *bull*, not a pope's bull; which, before being delivered to them, had his horns, ears, and tail cut off, his body carefully lathered with soapsuds, and his olfactory instrument liberally stuffed with pepper; and, as if all this were not sufficient to excite the animal, he was baited with dogs at the market-place, and in this horrid condition was let loose. The surrounding minstrels were to catch hold of the enraged animal; and if any of them could deprive him of a portion of his well-greased hair, he was declared to be their property, provided such was done within Staffordshire, and before sunset. This barbarous practice received the name of "Tutbury bull-running."

This ancient custom was probably borrowed by the facetious prince, who was *king* of the Spanish provinces of Castile and Leon, from the Spanish bull-fights which he had been accustomed to witness; and after several centuries the pursuit of the bull, which had been originally confined to the minstrel king and his subjects, became general; and multitudes from Tutbury and surrounding districts promiscuously joined in the chase, which too frequently terminated in riot and bloodshed. In 1778 a sanguinary affray took place, when William Bennett of Tutbury was killed by a party from Burton, upon which the clergy and respectable inhabitants petitioned the king, as Lord of the Manor of Tutbury, to absolve the Duke of Devonshire from this singular and barbarous tenure, under which he held the priory lands, and this abominable practice has ever since become obsolete.

At the death of John of Gaunt, the duchy of Lancaster and all its dependencies devolved on his son, afterwards King Henry IV.; so that the honour and castle of Tutbury and its other possessions became attached to the crown, as they have since remained. The queen is Lady of the Manor or Honour of Tutbury, the jurisdiction of which extends over part of Staffordshire and into some of the neighbouring counties.

The castle of Tutbury is doubly celebrated as one of the prison-houses of Mary of Scotland, who was conducted thither from the castle of Bolton, and placed in charge of the Earl of Shrewsbury, the governor.

The journey of the ill-fated captive queen was accomplished in the depth of winter, as stated in the preceding description; and in consequence of her being taken ill by the way, it was nine days before she arrived within these gloomy walls.

In November, 1569, an insurrection was raised by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, the object of which was to deliver the Queen of Scots, for which purpose they proposed to march towards Tutbury. Meantime the Lords of the Privy Council proposed to put Mary Stuart to death; but Elizabeth affected not to consent, proposing at the same time to deliver her up to the Regent Murray. In the following month, the Earl of Sussex, assisted by the Earl of Warwick, dispersed the insurgent army, and it is a curious fact that the Earl of Northumberland was conducted to, and for some time confined in, the very prison from which Queen Mary had escaped; and the same apartments which were occupied by that queen in the lake-moated fortress of Lochleven, were thus destined to receive the potent and gallant Earl of Northumberland. About this time Mary was kept under the severest restrictions, being watched by night and by day, and all intercourse denied to her.

In April following the arrival of the queen at Tutbury, she was removed to Wingfield, in Derbyshire, where the Earl of Shrewsbury was taken ill through oppression of mind, arising from the conduct of his intemperate countess; but on hearing of the rebellion of Leonard Dacres and the Earl of Northumberland gaining strength, partly in support of the Romish religion and partly for the liberation of the Queen of Scots, he hastened the removal of the queen again to Tutbury, where an express from Queen Elizabeth was received, commanding him that for certain good and weighty considerations he shall forthwith prepare himself with all the forces he can possibly make to convey the Scottish Queen into the town of Coventry, and there to see her safely kept and guarded, until her further pleasure; and for the better doing thereof she wrote to the Earls of Hereford and Huntingdon to accompany him with such forces as they could prepare for the purpose. The document is dated from Windsor Castle, the 22nd day of November, in the twelfth year of her reign.

Agreeably with this command, the imprisoned queen was removed from Tutbury to Ashby-de-la-Zouch Castle, from whence she was again taken back to Tutbury before Christmas, and remained there till September following.

Towards the close of the year 1570, the Queen of Scots was removed from Tutbury to Chatsworth; but Queen Elizabeth, not considering the place sufficiently secure against attempts for her liberation, wrote to the Earl of Shrewsbury desiring him to prevent all access to the country gentlemen, and left it to his choice to carry her back to Tutbury; but the Earl chose rather to remove her to Sheffield. Here she was confined for about fourteen years, having been taken at intervals to Chatsworth, Buxton, and other places, for the benefit of her health. On the 3rd of September, 1584, the queen was finally removed from Sheffield to Wingfield, and again to Tutbury.

On her removal thither, the queen and her guards sojourned one night in the town of Derby, at a house possessed by an ancient widow of the name of Beaumont, who received her at the door. The queen, stepping up, kissed her, saying she was come thither to trouble her, and that, as she was also a widow, she trusted they should agree well enough together, seeing they had no husbands to trouble them. Bailiffs were appointed to cause a good watch of honest householders to be at the corners of the town, and eight of these were to walk all night in the street opposite the queen's lodgings. The party arrived at Tutbury on the following day.

During the twelve months that the Queen of Scots had been confined in Bolton, the unfortunate love affair between her and the Duke of Norfolk had commenced. The duke was one of the first peers of the realm; he is said to have been handsome, affable, and highly accomplished: his estates lying on the borders of Scotland, he was one of the noblemen who waited upon the queen on her arrival at Carlisle, when he welcomed her to England. Unhappily, the beauty and attractions of Mary, and perhaps her misfortunes, produced impressions upon him which neither danger nor reason could obliterate.

Queen Elizabeth, not being then aware of his sentiments, appointed him President of the Board of Commissioners on Mary's trial at York for charges preferred against her by her rebellious subjects, when she was fully acquitted of every charge brought against her. It was after this that the Earl of Murray, when all other impeachments had utterly failed, produced the love sonnets and papers, which were no doubt forged.

The tragical history of the Duke of Norfolk is well known. During the melancholy transactions which were in progress and which terminated in the decapitation of that popular nobleman, Mary was kept under the strictest guard, while the haughty Countess of Shrewsbury, who acted as an enemy to Mary and a spy upon the conduct of her own husband, exceeded, if possible, the haughty lady of Lochleven in her rigorous

persecutions and slanderous insinuations; so much so, that Mary on being informed of it wrote to Walsingham, earnestly entreating him to attach no credit to the schemes and accusations of the countess, who was an enemy to her and her son, and had even attempted her life. Queen Elizabeth, who greedily devoured the slanders of the haughty countess, declared that the "Queen of Scots' head should never rest," —and fearfully true she remained to her dire purpose.

Instead of following the captive queen through those gloomy scenes which she experienced in this fortress, we think it best to make the hapless Mary her own biographer; and accordingly we refer our readers to the following documents, descriptive of her sad situation as well as that of her prison-house:—

Memorial addressed by the Queen of Scots to Queen Elizabeth. Sent by M. Sommers.

The Queen of Scotland beseeches the Queen of England, her good sister, to give her an answer to the three last letters which she has written to her, especially touching a final and clear determination on the treaty for her liberty, respecting which, for reasons she has amply explained to the said S^r^ Sommer, she begs more earnestly than ever that it may please the said queen, her good sister, to negotiate separately with her, without any intervention on the part of Scotland.

That, to settle those matters which formerly led to differences between her and her son, she may be permitted to send some one to him, accompanied by the French ambassador, agreeably to the most express commission which he has to this effect from the king his master. That the ordinary communication which she has hitherto had with the said ambassador may be continued; and, accordingly, directions given for the more diligent despatch of their packets, as well on the one part as the other; nothing passing between them that can in any way prove prejudicial to this kingdom.

That her household establishment here be determined on and fixed; in order that, as the said queen, her good sister, has been pleased to assure her, she may take her into her own keeping and into her own house: also that from her alone she may receive her allowance in this country.

That a second house may be granted to her to remove to on finishing her court of diet, or next autumn at latest; it being quite impossible, without great detriment to her health, to live in winter in the two rooms which she has here for the whole of her lodgings, which are built of wood, old, and full of holes, and tumbling down on all sides, and having no shelter whatever to walk in or retire to.

That, in regard to the servants allowed her, and that they may not have the trouble of travelling hither in vain, it be declared whether she shall be permitted to bring over any she may choose, as she might select some from the household of Guise, having no other acquaintance in France from whom to get them.

Done at Tutbury, 10th May, 1585.*

DESCRIPTION OF TUTBURY CASTLE BY MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

To give you, then, ocular proof of the situation in which I find myself in regard to the dwelling, in the first place I will tell you that I am in a walled enclosure, on the top of a hill, exposed to all the winds and the inclemencies of heaven. Within the said enclosure, resembling that of the wood of Vincennes, there is a very old hunting lodge built of timber and plaster,

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* Castelnau, vol. i. p. 627.

cracked in all parts, the plaster adhering nowhere to the wood-work, and broken in numberless places; the said lodge distant three fathoms, or thereabouts, from the wall, and situated so low that the rampart of earth which is behind the wall is on a level with the highest point of the building, so that the sun can never shine upon it on that side, nor any fresh air come to it; for which reason it is so damp, that you cannot put any piece of furniture in that part without its being in four days completely covered with mould. I leave you to think how this must act upon the human body; and in short the greater part of it is rather a dungeon for base and abject criminals than a habitation fit for a person of my quality, or even of a much lower. I am sure that there is not a nobleman in this kingdom, nor even one of those who, being inferior to noblemen, wish to reduce me beneath themselves, who would not deem it a tyrannical punishment to be obliged to live for a year in so straitened and inconvenient a habitation as they want to force and constrain me to do; and the only apartments that I have for my own person consist—and for the truth of this I can appeal to all those who have been here—of two little miserable rooms, so excessively cold, especially at night, that, but for the ramparts and entrenchments of curtains and tapestry, which I have had made, it would not be possible for me to stay in them in the daytime; and out of those who have sat up with me at night, during my illness, scarcely one has escaped without fluxion, cold, or some disorder. Sir Amyas can bear witness that he has seen three of my women ill at once from this cause alone; and my physician himself, who has had his share of it, has several times positively declared that he will not take charge of my health during the next winter if I am to remain in this house. As for replastering, or in any way repairing or enlarging it, you may conceive how wholesome it would be for me to live in such new pieces of patchwork, when I cannot endure the least breath of damp air in the world; and on this account it is of no use whatever to offer me to make any repairs or any new conveniences against the winter.

As for the house to which it is proposed that I should remove during the said repairs, it is a building attached, as it were, to this; and my keeper can testify that it is not in his power to lodge the few servants I have; and without them, I have too many reasons to be afraid of living thus apart, whereof, at this time, I will say no more. If I must proceed to conveniences, I have not, as I heretofore informed you, any gallery or cabinet to retire to occasionally alone, excepting two paltry holes, with windows facing the dark surrounding wall, and the largest of them not above a fathom and a half square. For taking the air abroad, on foot, or in my chaise (there being no vacant spot upon the top of that hill) I have only about a quarter of an acre of ground, contiguous to the stables, which Sommer had dug up last winter, and enclosed with a fence of dry wood; a place, to look at, fitter to keep pigs in than to bear the name of garden; there is not a sheep-pen amidst the fields but makes a better appearance.

As for taking exercise on horseback, during the whole winter, as I experienced, sometimes snow, sometimes rain, break up the roads in such a manner, that there is no house, containing so many people of the lower sort as this does, which can be kept clean long, whatever pains may be taken with it. Then again, this house, having no drains to the privies, is subject to a continual stench; and every Saturday they are obliged to empty them, and the one beneath my windows, from which I receive a perfume not the most agreeable. And if to the above I may be permitted the opinion which I have conceived of this house, a thing to be considered in the case of persons inferior in station to me when in ill health, I will say, that, as this house has been my first prison and place of confinement in this kingdom, where, from the first, I have been treated with a great harshness, rudeness, and indignity, so have I always held it since to be unlucky and unfortunate, as last winter, before coming hither, I caused to be represented to the Queen of England; and in this sinister opinion I have been not a little confirmed by the accident of the priest, who, after having been grievously tormented, was found hanging from the wall opposite to my windows,[1] about which I wrote to you; and then, four or five days afterwards, another poor man was found who had tumbled into the well; but this I did not mean to compare with the other. Then I have lost my good Rallay, who was one of the chief consolations of my captivity; another of my

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[1] The Catholic priest alluded to had been persecuted on account of his religion; and so outrageously dealt with by those in the castle, that, to escape further hardships, he hung himself. It was on this occasion that Mary addressed an eloquent letter to Elizabeth on the duty of permitting toleration in religious matters.—Agnes Strickland's Letters, &c.

servants is since dead, and several more have been sorely troubled with illness. So I cannot have any convenience or enjoyment here; and but for the express assurances which the said queen, my good sister, gave me, of honourable treatment, and which caused me to wait for it with patience till now, I would never have set foot in this place; sooner should they have dragged me to it by force, as I now protest that nothing but the force of constraint makes me stay here; and that in case my life should be cut short by illness, from this time, I impute it to the deficiency of my dwelling, and to those who are determined to keep me there, with the intention, it would seem, to make me wholly despair for the future of the good will of the said queen, my good sister, in matters of importance; since in such reasonable, ordinary wants I am so ill-used, and promises made to me are not kept. To allege that the season of the year is already too far advanced, and the time too short, to provide for a new habitation for me, as if I had not long ago made remonstrances on the subject, is to forget that at the time my secretary was there he spoke about it very urgently to the queen, my good sister, and left a memorial at his departure for Mr. Walsingham. Since then the point has been urged anew by Sommer, as well by a message from my own lips as by a memorial which was given to him; whereupon I am told that the memorial was delivered to you, M. de Mauvissière, and that the fault lies in your not having followed it up; nevertheless, I have written to you several times, and myself solicited Sir Amyas about it, so that no trouble has been spared on that head.

As for the inconvenience of removal at this season, and for the provisions requisite to be made, they did not stand last year upon such ceremony, when they obliged me to leave Sheffield for Winkfield, and Winkfield for this place, in the depth of winter, when I was scarcely able to turn in my bed, which I had kept for nearly three months before. This house, which had not been inhabited for the space of fifteen or sixteen years, was at that time prepared in less than five weeks; and, such as it was, they lost no time in bringing me to it, no matter whether with or without my consent. However, I affectionately beg you both to insist more urgently and perseveringly than ever, in the name of the king, Monsieur my good brother, and on my own behalf, on my removal from this house, and the conveniences which, from the foregoing, you may judge necessary in the new one that shall be appointed for me; and do not be put off, if you please, with excuses, evasions, or fair words that may be given you, if they are not to the effect that is capable of satisfying and contenting me in this matter. Insist also, by all means, I beg you, on permission for the Sieur de Cherelles to come to me, reminding the said queen, my good sister, how she was pleased, till last winter, to allow me to have some one over every year to give me an account of my affairs, as it is very requisite, and no more than reasonable, especially considering the state in which they are at present, from the attacks that are daily made upon my rights, and the hinderances and annoyances that are given me in the enjoyment of the little which is left me of my dowry, one-third of which, and more, has been wrested from me piecemeal; and it is not in my power to apply a remedy, and set things to rights, unless I can be minutely informed of the particulars by some trusty person, who, it is well known, would not attempt to write to me by letters which must pass through so many hands, neither would I thus openly inform them of my intentions. There is no criminal or prisoner, however mean, who is not permitted to receive accounts of his private affairs, and to manage them as he pleases; prisons never having been designed for the punishment of malefactors, but only for safe custody; and it seems, on the contrary, that as for me, born a sovereign queen, who sought refuge in this kingdom upon the assurance and promise of friendship, they wish to make this imprisonment drive me from affliction to affliction to the very last extremity, as if it were not sufficient that, after seventeen of the best years of my life spent in such misery, I have lost the use of my limbs, and the strength and health of the rest of the body, and that various attacks have been made upon my honour, but they must persecute me into the bargain, and abridge me as much as possible of the property and conveniences yet left me in this world. Learn, then, if you please, gentlemen, if the queen, my good sister, intends to treat me in future like a condemned criminal, and to keep me in perpetual imprisonment, as it would appear from the severity with which I am used, without getting rid of me altogether by giving me my liberty (from which, agreeably to the conditions which I offered, she would derive more advantage than she ever will from my detention or death),—or, on the other hand, affording me occasion to accommodate myself to her satisfaction in captivity. My requests are not made for pleasure, but from necessity—not against her safety, but for her honour; and such, I may say, as I have more than justly merited. What encouragement to do better can it be to me to see myself, after the entire voluntary submission to which I made up my mind, more harshly and

rigorously treated than ever, and with more demonstration, in appearance and reality, of ill will, suspicion, and mistrust?

I had more servants when I was with the Earl of Shrewsbury than I have now, when I have more need of them, especially in my chamber, on account of the aggravation of my bodily ailments. Reckon up those whom I have discharged, or who have died, without my having as yet any others in their place, and that family of my embroiderer who is about to leave me; the number of those whom I require will not be much greater nor superior, even in quality, excepting the Countess of Athol, for whom, also, I applied as a favour, because I had about me here, in this solitude, as I represented, no companion worthy of my rank and my age, which would be highly proper and suitable. Seton, and my good Rallay, formerly supplied the want of better, and I cannot imagine any sufficient reason for denying me the said countess in their stead, unless they are fearful that she may give me some consolation by bringing me tidings of my son. Whether in this there be any respect for humanity, I leave all those to consider who have really felt parental love for their children, which is the more fervent in me because my separation from my son is accompanied by so rigid a prohibition of all communication between him and me, that I am debarred even from hearing about his state and health. I will not hereupon call to mind that the said queen promised me, last winter, that, if the answer of my son to the letter which I was writing to him did not satisfy and content me, I should have permission to send to him again and to learn more precisely his intentions relative to those matters which had been in doubt between him and me. Nevertheless, this has hitherto been peremptorily refused and denied me, without consideration that such conduct tends to confirm the intimation given me formerly, by the said Gray, that in this quarter people were only striving to produce division and a total separation between my son and me. With respect to the other servants whom I have applied for, such as Fontenay and Thomas Livingston, I cannot discover any ground for the refusal made me, unless it be that, as formerly, the said Gray, at the time of his journey to this country, and the Countess of Shrewsbury, assured me, the right way to cause anything whatever to be denied me was to signify that it would be particularly agreeable to me, and then I must never expect to have it, but just the contrary to what I desired. They do not approve of my employing English, in order to make it appear more plainly that I am looked upon as an absolute foreigner in their country; at least they ought to allow me to have my own subjects, or French people, such as I like, and to receive from their faithful service some consolation between these four walls; where being confined and watched so closely as they are accustomed to be, I know not what just suspicion can be conceived of them when once shut up here. However, I beg you to make very urgent application that I may be permitted to send for those whom I have demanded, as well from France as from Scotland, according to the promise made me by the lips of the said queen, my good sister, herself, that I should have an increase and supply of servants; a promise confirmed to my secretary by Mr. Walsingham, and since, in his name, by Wadde having given it in writing to my said secretary, and again by Sir Ralph Sadler, and Sommer when there, and lately by my present keeper; being assured in these very words, that I might send to France and Scotland for such servants as I thought proper, but that I must not have English on any account.

If they are afraid, lest by means of the said servants whom I desire to bring over from France I should receive news of the affairs of that country, it is a vain apprehension, for I have nothing wherein to intermeddle there, and, if I had any interest, it is very certain that those which might be well affected towards me, and have compassion on my condition here, will not take one step less, either forward or backward, because they are deprived of the means of receiving news from me, and I from them; on the contrary, that would spur them on still more, apprehending the danger from death to be greater than peradventure it is.

This, for the present, what I have to communicate to you on the sudden, concerning the just dissatisfaction I feel on finding myself so unworthily used and treated; wherefore, hoping through your favourable intercessions and good offices, to find some remedy, I shall only apologise for having troubled you about such bagatelles, and especially for being obliged to make known to you my real state here, which otherwise might be disguised from you. So, awaiting your answer about all this, I pray God to have you, gentlemen, in his holy and worthy keeping. Written at the Castle of Tutbury, in England, 5th September 1585.

Your entirely best friend,

MARIE R.

The following description of Tutbury Castle is chiefly taken from Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers. The whole area occupied by the castle and outworks covered three acres of ground, and was encompassed on all sides by a strong embattled wall. The principal entrance was by a drawbridge under the great gateway to the north; at a small distance from which was a building containing the office of Mr. Dorel, the queen's steward, a bed-chamber and apartments; along the north-east wall, and about 160 feet from the grand entrance, stood a lofty embattled tower, which was occupied on the ground floor by a store-house; on the first storey, Curl's apartment, over which was the doctor's, and on the top, the chief cook's; a snug cage for Queen Mary's household, if we may judge from an ancient picture of the castle which was taken in 1620. At a little distance from this tower, and in the course of the castle wall, commenced the range of the queen's apartments, extending along each side, comprising a dining chamber, a cabinet place for wood and coals, and, above stairs, rooms for her women, and underneath, lodgings for her male attendants, Mr. Melville, surgeon and apothecary, Nau, the French Secretary, &c. The state apartments were on the south side; the hall was spacious, being about 61 feet 6 inches in length, and about 29 feet in breadth. There was also the great chamber, the lobby, the outer chamber, and the inner chamber. The hall and great chamber are described as one room, but subsequently divided by a wainscot partition; adjoining to those were the pantry, buttery, and some other rooms. At the south-west corner was the Roman tower or keep, called Julius' Tower; from hence, along the west side to the great gateway, the castle was naturally well fortified by the abrupt declivity, as well as outworks. The chapel of the castle stood on the west side; the gardens, which Queen Mary compared to a pigsty, were on the outer sideway beyond the moat.

One of the most interesting memorials recorded of her during this period of her imprisonment is a letter written by Nicholas White, afterwards knighted and made Master of the Rolls in Ireland. This White, being on his way to Ireland on business respecting the county of Wexford, had occasion to consult Shrewsbury on some point in his commission, and for this purpose waited upon him at Tutbury. White acquitted himself, according to his own account, like a true courtier,—but let the document speak for itself:—

Sir,

When I came to Colsell, a town in Chester way, I understood that Tutbury Castle was not above half a day's journey out of my way. Finding the wind contrary, and having somewhat to say to my Lord Shrewsbury touching the county of Wexford, I took post-horses and came thither about five o'clock in the evening, where I was very friendly received by the Earl.

The Queen of Scots, understanding by his Lordship that a servant of the queen's Majesty of some credit was come to the house, seemed desirous to speak with me, and thereupon came forth of her privy chamber into the presence-chamber where I was, and in very *curteuse* manner bade we welcome and asked me how her good sister did. I told her Grace that the queen's Majesty (God be praised) did very well, saving that all her felicities gave place to some natural passions of grief which she conceived for the death of her kinswoman and good servant the Lady Knollys, and how by that occasion her Highness fell for a while from a prince wanting nothing in this world to private mourning, in which solitary estate, being forgetful of her own health, she took cold, wherewith she was much troubled, but whereof she was well delivered.

This much passed, she heard the English service with a book of the Psalms in English in her hand, which she shewed me after. When service was done her Grace fell into talk with me of sundry matters from six to seven of the clock, beginning first to excuse her ill English, declaring herself more willing than apt to learn that language; how she used translations as a mean to attain it; and that Mr. Vice-Chamberlain was her good schoolmaster. From this she returned back again to talk of Lady Knollys. And after many speeches passed to and fro of that gentlewoman, I, perceiving her to harp much upon her departure, said that the long absence of her husband (and specially in that article), together with the fervency of her fever, did greatly further her end, wanting nothing else that either art or man's help could devise for her recovery, lying in a prince's court near her person, where every hour her careful ear understood of her estate, and where also she was often visited by her Majesty's own comfortable presence; and said merely that, although her Grace was not culpable of that accident, yet she was the cause without which their being asunder had not happened. She said she was sorry for her death, because she hoped well to have been acquainted with her. "I perceive by my Lord Shrewsbury," said she, "that ye go into Ireland, which is a troublesome country, to serve my sister there." "I do so, Madam, and the chiefest trouble of Ireland proceeds from the north of Scotland, through the Earl of Argyle's supportation." Whereunto she little answered.

I asked her how she liked her change of air. She said, if it might have pleased her good sister to let her remain where she was, she would not have removed for change of air at this time of the year. But she was the better contented therewith because she was come so much nearer to her good sister, whom she desired to see above all things, if it might please her to grant the same. I told her Grace that, although she had not the actual, yet she had always the effectual presence of the queen's Majesty by her great bounty and kindness; who, in the opinion of us abroad in the world, did even perform towards her the office of a gracious prince, a natural kinswoman, a loving sister, and a thankful friend; and how much she had to thank God that, after the passing of so many perils, she was safely arrived into such a realm, as where all we of the common sort deemed she had good cause, through the goodness of the queen's Majesty, to think herself rather princely-like entertained than hardly restrained of anything that was fit for her Grace's estate; and for my part did wish her Grace meekly to bow her mind to God, who had put her into this school to learn to know him to be above kings and princes of this world; with such other like speeches as time and occasion then served; which she very gently accepted, and confessed that indeed she had great cause to thank God for sparing of her, and great cause, likewise, to thank her good sister for this kindly using of her. As for contentation in this her present estate, she would not require it at God's hands, but only patience, which she humbly prayed him to give her.

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She said nothing directly of yourself to me; nevertheless, I have found that which at my first entrance into her presence-chamber I imagined, which was that her servant Beton had given her some privy note of me, for as soon as he espied me he forsook our acquaintance at court and repaired straight into her privy chamber, and from that forth we could never see him. But after supper Mr. Harry Knollys and I fell into close conference, and he, among other things, told me how loth the queen was to leave Bolton Castle, not sparing to give forth in speech that the secretary (Cecil) was her enemy, and that she mistrusted, by this removing, he would cause her to be made away; and that her danger was so much the more, because there was one dwelling very near Tutbury which pretended title in succession to the crown of England, meaning the Earl of Huntingdon. But when her passion was past, as he told me, she said that, though the secretary were not her friend, yet she must say that he was an expert wise man, a

maintainer of all good laws for the government of this realm, and a faithful servant to his mistress, wishing it might be her luck to get the friendship of so wise a man.

Sir, I durst take upon my death to justify what manner of man Sir William Cecil is, but I know not whence this opinion proceeds. The living God preserve her life long, whom you serve in singleness of heart, *and make all her desired successors become her predecessors.*—[Meaning unquestionably that all who desire Elizabeth's death, to occupy her place, may die before her.]

An association about this period was formed in England, for bringing to condign punishment not only all persons who might conspire against Queen Elizabeth, but those in whose favour such plots might be framed. Queen Mary, on being informed of this, immediately proposed to join the association; and on the 5th of January, 1585, she and her attendants signed a voluntary engagement, by which she declared that all persons who made attempts against the life or the power of Queen Elizabeth shall be prosecuted by her unto death. Sir Ralph Sadler, in one of his letters, states that Queen Elizabeth did by no means "lyke and accept the act," her policy being to prevent everything tending to weaken the public impression, which her ministers studiously endeavoured to encourage, as to the criminality of Mary. In the same month the queen was removed from Wingfield to Tutbury. In May, Mary, in a letter to M. De Mauvissier, requiring the loan of 200 crowns, complains that Sir Amias Paulet would not permit her to give alms to the poor of the village, "which indeed" (writes the queen) "I cannot but impute to very strange rigour, as it is a pious work and one which no Christian can disapprove of; and in which the said Sir Paulet might take such precautions, and send with my man such of his servants or soldiers as he pleases, or even the constable of the village, as to leave no cause or ground of complaint or suspicion; so that, having by these means provided for the safety of his charge, it appears to me wrong to debar me from a Christian work, that might afford me consolation amidst sickness and affliction, without giving offence or being prejudicial to any person whatever. Remonstrate about this, I beg of you, in my name with the queen my good sister, and request her to command her Paulet not to treat me in this manner, as there never was a criminal or prisoner, however low, vile, or abject, to whom this permission has ever been by any law denied."

The indulgence of Sir Ralph Sadler to the oppressed queen is said to have procured for him his liberty as her warder; and it was on this occasion that Sir Amias Paulet, the party mentioned in Queen Mary's letters, and Sir Drue Drury, were intrusted with the custody of the queen, in the month of April, which was followed by the most severe restrictions on the part of her jailors.

Sir Amias, with a view to mortify the queen, removed her cloth of estate from the great chamber. This degradation excited the resent-

ment of the queen's attendants; and to quiet them, a small cloth of estate was left in the private dining-room. Shortly after this, the illness of the Queen of Scots having increased to an alarming extent, Paulet fixed upon Chartley near Stafford as another place of residence, and some of the principal gentlemen of the county, with their retainers, were summoned to accompany the queen on her journey. In January, 1586, the whole train reached Chartley in safety, and, although change of place had but little healing influence on the mind or body of poor Mary, she for a short time improved in health; but again suddenly relapsed. She slept and eat very little, and was so afflicted with painful tumours on her shoulder, side, and foot, that she could scarcely turn herself in bed, which, by lying long in it (we quote the words of Paulet himself), "The feathers came through the tick, and its hardness gave her pain." Even Sir Amias, by no means accustomed to the melting mood, states that "he could not, in honesty and charity, refuse to mention her request to Walsingham, to have a down bed sent for her." Such was the condition to which the Queen of France and Scotland, once the admiration of Europe, was reduced by the cruelty of her kinswoman.

While the queen was at Chartley she was taken from one gentleman's house to another, under pretence of doing her honour, and of a regard to her health; but evidently for no other purpose than to rifle her cabinets of all papers and documents belonging to her, which, along with her money, were unceremoniously despatched by Paulet, who alleged as an excuse for the latter seizure, that it would prevent her from bribing any one. When Chartley was sufficiently searched, she was removed from Tixall, on the 30th of August, at the gate of which mansion she addressed the poor people who had assembled around: "Alas! I have nothing for you; I am a beggar as well as you; all is taken from me;" and when she joined her conductors, she burst into tears and said, "Good gentlemen, I am not privy to anything intended against your queen." Melancholy is a fearful thing. It is a combination of pride, refinement, and discontent, deposited in some minds by afflictive dispensations; but when the feeling was indulged in the bosom of a queen of uncontrollable sensibility, it must have approximated to the very acme of despair, and have left a void which earth could not satisfy, which solitude could not soothe, and which heaven alone could supply.[1]

In September, 1586, Queen Mary left her prison-house, and was conducted to the fatal castle of Fotheringhay.

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[1] One of the principal defamers of Queen Mary was Hume, the historian. When he was shown some of the letters of Queen Mary in the Scotch college at Paris, many years after he had maligned her, the obdurate Hume actually shed tears—a proof of his *honesty*, at all events.

Thirty-one years after Tutbury had ceased to be the prison-house of Mary of Scotland, and a scene of her sorrows and pains, her son, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, on his progress through Staffordshire, and attended with all the pomp and circumstance of monarchical dignity, entered this fortress, where, instead of yielding himself to sighs and tears, he feasted in royal magnificence; nor do we see anything in the history of his visit to this remarkable place, indicating filial sensibility, on visiting a scene connected with so many thrilling associations.

In the civil wars of the 17th century, the castle was garrisoned for Charles I., who spent a fortnight here in 1643, but after a long siege it surrendered to the Parliamentarians under Colonel Brereton, in 1648, and was soon after dismantled: since then it has been a neglected ruin, and, from its situation upon a lofty conical mount on the south bank of the Dove, presents a very picturesque appearance. From the ruins which still remain, it is evident that the whole area of the castle contained about three acres, and was encompassed by a strong embattled wall and a broad deep ditch, over which, Plott says, there was in his time an extraordinary bridge, composed of distinct pieces of wood, none of them above a yard long, though unsupported by any archwork, pillars, or other prop, and yet "the more weight was upon it, the stronger it was." The ancient gateway is tolerably entire, and towers and buildings with hewel staircases, as well as vestiges of divisions of rooms, with fireplaces, can yet be discovered in different parts of the walls, which appear to have been of immense strength and thickness, constructed of hewn freestone with an admixture of gypsum; so that enough still remains to declare the former extent and grandeur of this once powerful stronghold. A round tower, intended to appear as a ruin, has been erected on a high mound by Lord Vernon, the present lessee of the castle and adjacent grounds, and among the ruins is a modern house occupied by a land surveyor.

The summit of the castle hill commands an extensive and picturesque view of Needwood forest on the south, and of Dovedale and Derbyshire on the north.[1] Tutbury was formerly a market-town, 4½ miles north-west by north of Burton-upon-Trent, on the southern bank of the Dove. The church part of the ancient Priory, built in 1080, is a very fine vestige of Norman architecture. It was originally a cell of the Abbey of St. Peter in Normandy.

In 1831 a considerable treasure was found by some men employed

[1] White's History of Staffordshire.

in removing a quantity of sand in the bed of the river Dove, below the bridge, where they discovered a number of coins; and on further search being made higher up the river, they were found to be so numerous, that sometimes not less than two hundred were brought up at one time in the shovel. The total quantity thus discovered was about one hundred thousand, chiefly of the size of a sixpence. This large treasure is supposed to have been the contents of the military chest of Thomas Earl of Lancaster, when retreating, in 1321, before the army of Edward II.; in corroboration of which, the coins so found consisted of those of Henry III., in the 32nd year of his reign, the 7th and 28th Edward I., Edward II., prelatical coins of Durham and York, Scotch coins of Alexander III., John Baliol, and Robert Bruce, and several foreign coins of corresponding periods, none of these being of later date than the period of their supposed deposit, 1321.

Ann Moore, an attenuated matron, aged about forty-six, commonly called the fasting woman of Tutbury, who pretended to have lived without eating, and four years and a half without any liquid, and who carried on her deception for a period of nearly six years with extraordinary success, was a native of this place, and perhaps created a greater excitement than the Irish Cavanah, of fasting notoriety, who succeeded in hoaxing many of the London physicians, but who was afterwards detected by a poor woman residing in Berkshire. While in prison he affected to live without food, but the artifice was discovered by the physician of the gaol.

Ann Moore succeeded so adroitly in her imposition, particularly in Derbyshire, that she was visited by great and small, who gave her money. At last the public became sceptical, and a select number of magistrates and gentlemen, among whom was the Rev. Leigh Richmond, were chosen to investigate the case. At first the fact of her abstinence from food was almost believed. She was then attended by her daughter; but a watch was formed upon far stricter measures, when neither her daughter nor any of her friends were permitted to come near her. Her bed was placed upon a Merlin's weighing machine, when it was discovered that she lost weight. On the ninth day she had lost fourteen ounces; she became exceedingly ill, her pulse was scarcely perceptible, and, her life being at the last ebb, she confessed her imposture. The very slight sustenance which this woman required to support existence was however incredible; and hence the facility of carrying on the imposition for so many years without detection.

The Castle and Manor of Sheffield.

Etymon of Sheffield—The Lords of Hallamshire—Seward the Dane—Earl Waltheof conspires against the King and is executed at Winchester—His Widow retains the Castle—The Furnivals and Talbots of Shrewsbury—Death of John Talbot, the first Earl, at the Battle of Chantillon—Talbot at the Battle of Bosworth Field—Attachment of the Talbots to the House of Lancaster—Funeral of Henry VIII.—Succession of Elizabeth—Arrest of Cardinal Wolsey—His Arrival and Reception at Sheffield Castle, where he was taken ill—His Death—George, the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury and Marshal of England, intrusted with the Custodiership of Queen Mary—Her Captivity at Sheffield—Norfolk's Execution—Sir H. Percy attempts to release the Queen—The Earl of Huntingdon elected one of the Queen's Keepers—Queen Mary committed to the keeping of Sir Ralph Sadler—Queen Elizabeth's Letter—Castle stormed—Heroic Conduct of Lady Savil—Castle taken and demolished—The Manor and Park left to decay—Scenery and Antiquities.

THE castle and town of Sheffield derive their name from their propinquity to a stream called the "*Sheaf*." The name is evidently of Saxon derivation, the word "*shea*" signifying water. The place on which the castle of Sheffield stood is a hill at the junction of the Sheaf with the Don. On the town of Sheffield rose a guarded mount, and on the mount was erected the castle of the Norman Lords of Hallamshire. This name is far more ancient than Sheffield. Hallamshire was a part of the extensive county of York, in which the domains of the Earls of Shrewsbury were included.

The Lords of Hallamshire had their residence at Sheffield Mount at least as early as the reign of Henry II., and the first of the two castellated erections which occupied in succession this well chosen spot, seems, with strong circumstances of probability, to have been the "*aula*" of the Saxon Lords of Hallam, the last of whom was Earl Waltheof, a son of Seward the Dane, who led the armies of the Confessor against Macbeth the usurper of Scotland. Seward is remarkable in history for the truly Roman character which distinguished his warlike life. On hearing of

the death of one of his sons, he was at first much affected; but when he understood that his son had received his wound in a glorious manner, his grief was transformed to joy. "Would to God," exclaimed he, "that I had as many sons as I have hairs, that I might lose them thus!" And finding his own death approaching, he ordered himself to be arrayed in his armour, and, setting himself erect on a couch, with a spear in his hand, "Here," said he, "in this posture, the only one worthy of a warrior, I will meet the tyrant. If I cannot conquer, I shall at least face the combat."[1] And in this stern position did the warlike chief resign his breath.

Earl Waltheof, above mentioned, was the lord who conspired with Sir Ralph de Wær against the life of the king, for which he was beheaded at Winchester, in 1075, being it is said the first example of decapitation in England. He was buried in the public highway, but his body was afterwards removed to the chapterhouse at Croyland Abbey, in Lincolnshire. It is probable that the "*Aula*" or fortress of Hallam fell beneath the vengeance of the incensed monarch; but we find that the earl's widow, the Countess Judith, being the Conqueror's near kinswoman, and innocent of the treason, was permitted to take possession of his lands. This unhappy nobleman left one daughter, named Maude, who was married to Simon St. Liz, a Norman nobleman, who it is said proposed to her mother, but was refused because he was lame. After his death, which Ingulphus imputes to his wife, Maude became the wife of David King of Scotland.

At the time of the great Norman survey, the lands of Sheffield were in the hands of Roger de Busli: they afterwards became the property of the house of de Lovetot. As early as King Stephen's reign, numbers of deer were running in the woods of Sheffield, while the Furnivals and Talbots maintained their state at the castle. The extensive park of Sheffield, now so destitute of wood, at that time abounded in forest-trees of the noblest growth.

The first William de Lovetot, Lord of Hallamshire, was succeeded by his son Richard, whose son and successor William died without male issue about 1180, leaving a daughter, Maude, or Matilda, who was married to Gerard de Furnival,[2] companion in arms to Richard I. Thomas, a descendant of this lord, received a licence from Henry III., in 1270, to make and form an embattled castle of his manor-house at Sheffield.

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[1] Russel's Modern Europe, vol. i. p. 77.

[2] The Furnivals derived their name from Fernifal in Normandy, their hereditary seat, which they left to follow the Conqueror to England.

John Talbot, the first Earl of Shrewsbury, is much noticed by historians for the high employments and illustrious services which he possessed and performed. This same Talbot is he who was chosen as one of the dramatic heroes of the immortal Shakspeare. The last public services which he performed were in Guienne, where the English made their final struggle to retain possession of France. In this struggle the brave baron fell, contending with unequal numbers, at the battle of Chantillon on the Dordon. It was on this occasion that, at the head of 5000 English, Talbot (though eighty years of age) on foot led his men-at-arms to the assault. The fight was bravely sustained on both sides, until the English general was struck down by the fire of a culverin. His son Lord Lisle flung himself on the body of his parent: "Fly, my son," said the expiring Talbot, "the day is lost. It is your first action, and you may without shame turn your back on the enemy." Lord Lisle, nevertheless, together with thirty of the nobles of England, was slain before the body of Talbot. With that hero expired the last hope of his country in regard to France.[1] It is said that throughout the circuit of Hallamshire there was not a family who had not a private grief originating in the disaster of that fatal day, which filled the castle of Sheffield with the cry of deep lamentation. After the battle the earl's herald went to seek the body of his master; and when he found it he kissed it, and in the most affectionate manner exclaimed, "Alas! is it you? I pray God to pardon all your sins! I have been your officer of arms more than forty years. It is time I should now surrender them to you." Thus saying, and while the tears stole down his warlike cheek, he divested himself of his armour, and covered the lifeless body of the brave earl. Nash, in treating of the prowess of the warlike chief, exultingly adds, "How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think, after he had lain about two hundred years in his tomb, that he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones newly embalmed with the tears of thousands of spectators, who, in the tragedian that represents him, imagine they see the heroic Talbot bleeding before them!"[2]

By an inquisition taken after the death of the great earl, it was found that he died seised, "*inter alia*," of the castle and manor of Sheffield, and the manors of Treeton and Whiston, in the county of York, and that John, second Earl of Shrewsbury, then forty years old, was his son and heir. Earl John, who was a faithful adherent to the house of Lancaster, lost his life in their cause, at the battle of Northampton, on

[1] Lardner's Cyclop., France, vol. i., p. 141.
[2] Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare, p. 88. 1789.

the 10th of July, 1460,—having been seven years an earl. The castle of Sheffield was at this time held for King Henry.

John was succeeded by John, the third Earl of Shrewsbury, who was more devoted to literature and the muses than to politics and arms. Sir Gilbert Talbot, Governor of Calais, whom we shall have occasion afterwards to notice, was a younger brother of this earl; and his descendants continued the line of the Talbots after the male issue of his eldest brother became extinct. From him the present noble family of Shrewsbury are also descended. George, the fourth earl, was only four years of age at the death of his father. Including his minority, he was Lord of Sheffield and Hallamshire seventy years.

The Lords of Sheffield had no other residence than the castle till the time of this earl, who was born in 1468. The castle, though spacious, magnificent, and of amazing strength, was not, on several accounts, the most desirable residence in times of perfect peace. The earl, therefore, made great additions to the lodge in the centre of the park, about two miles from the castle and the town of Sheffield.

The hereditary attachment of the Talbots to the Lancastrian succession induced Sir Gilbert, uncle to the young earl, to meet Richmond at Newport with a large force; and he was with him at Bosworth field, and contributed mainly to decide the fortune of that day. The young earl appeared in person at the head of his vassals at the battle of Stoke. He died at his residence of Wingfield Manor, in Derbyshire, on the 26th of July, 1538, and was succeeded by his son Francis, the fifth earl. Francis sat in the House of Peers during the life of his father; and he was concerned in the border wars. He was one of the thirteen mourners at the funeral of Henry VIII. He was characterized by his king as a "*gintle gentilman, wise, and of good coorage.*" In 1558 he willingly concurred in the succession of Elizabeth, who admitted him one of her privy council, and made him Lord President of the North.

At the castle and manor[1] of Sheffield the Talbots for the most part resided during the reigns of the Tudors; and the establishments which they maintained there rivalled in extent and splendour those of a monarch.

Most of the large trees which surrounded and adorned Sheffield Manor were probably planted by this earl. The general style seems to have been long straight avenues of oaks and walnuts, pointing towards the edifice, which stood nearly in the centre of the park.

[1] The Talbots seem partial to the name of "manor;" accordingly we find the places of their residences called "Worksop Manor," "Wingfield Manor," "Brierly Manor," and "Sheffield Manor."

The site of the structure was on a hill in the midst of the park. It was fairly built of stone and timber, with an inward court, an outward court, two gardens, and three yards, one of which contained 4 acres, 1 rood, 15 perches.[1]

In the year 1530 the Earl of Northumberland, son-in-law to George the fourth Earl of Shrewsbury, a nobleman whom the haughty Cardinal Wolsey had injured in the nicest point, was sent to arrest the cardinal at Cawood, and had instructions to deliver him into the safe custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury. They left Cawood on Sunday, November the 6th, came that evening to Pontefract, the next to Doncaster, and arrived on Tuesday November the 8th at Sheffield.

The cardinal was received, not at the castle, but at the manor-house, with all possible respect and courtesy, the earl, his countess, and the whole household, standing outside of the gate to give him welcome; and nothing was wanting on Shrewsbury's part to induce the unhappy cardinal to consider himself more as a voluntary guest than as a prisoner. During his stay at Sheffield, which was about eighteen days, the Lord of Shrewsbury tried in vain to dissipate his deep dejection by a display of every act of princely hospitality. He was at his own desire served in his own chamber with dinner and supper; and once every day Shrewsbury repaired to his apartment, and held long communings with the cardinal, sitting on a stone bench in the embrasure of a great window in the gallery.

It was in Sheffield Manor that Wolsey felt the first symptom of that disorder of which he died at Leicester, on the fourth day after he left Sheffield.[2]

George, the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, succeeded to the great estates of his family in the reign of Elizabeth. He served during a good part of his youth in the border wars, and was high in favour with his sovereign, being one of her privy council, and invested by her with the Order of the Garter. He was Lieutenant-General of the counties of York, Nottingham, Derby, &c. &c.; and after the execution of John Duke of Norfolk he was created Earl Marshal of England, an office which he discharged by deputy.

Queen Elizabeth made choice of this earl as keeper of Mary Queen of Scots. He was a nobleman of the very first rank, and high in character as well as station. The loyalty of the house of Talbot, which was then proverbial, was carried by no one to a more chivalrous extent than by his lordship; and the supernumerary hardships which his tyran-

[1] Lodge. [2] Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, p. 18. History of Hallamshire, p. 52..

nical mistress imposed upon him, and which he patiently bore for upwards of fourteen years, proved the judiciousness of her selection.

In 1568 the Earl of Shrewsbury was told by Elizabeth that she had finally determined to commit to him the custody of the Queen of Scots, as we learn from a letter from that nobleman addressed to his countess, of date the 13th of December, wherein he states, "Now it is sarten that the Scotes Queene cumes to Tutburye to my charge."

The life of the fascinating, persecuted, and unhappy queen after this period was monotonous, being varied for the most part only by temporary changes of residence, by transitions from health to sickness, by attempts to obtain liberty which only served to keep hope alive, and by occasional visits from the agents of that arbitrary woman by whom she was detained in illegal bondage, and to whom she addressed so many unavailing demands for justice.

The precise date of the royal captive's entrance within those walls which for fourteen years were destined to surround her, we have been unable to ascertain; but it was a little before Christmas, 1570. In this stronghold the queen had to submit to the most galling restrictions; she was surrounded by soldiers and spies on every side. In addition to the earl's retainers he employed forty extraordinary servants, who kept guard night and day at the castle; and the following orders were issued by Shrewsbury to the queen's household :—

"To the Mr. of the Scottis queenes household. First, That all your people w^ch^ appertayneth to the queene shall depart from the queenes chamber, or chambers, to their own lodging at IX of the clock at night, winter and summer, whatever he or she be; either to their lodging within the house, or without in the towne, and there to remain till the next day at VI of the clock.

"Item, that none of the queenes people shall at no time weare his sword, neither within the house nor when her Grace rydeth or goeth abroade, unless the master of the household himself to weare a sword, and no more, without my special licence.

"Item, that there shall none of the queenes people carry any bow or shaftes at no tyme, neither to the field nor to the butts, unless it be foure or fyve, and no more, being in the queenes companye.

"Item, that none of the queenes people shall ryde or go at no tyme abroad out of the house, or towne, without my special licence; and if he or they so doth, they or he shall come no more in at the gates; neither in the towne, whatsoever he, she, or they may be.

"Item, that you or some of the queenes chamber, when her Grace will walk abroad, shall advertise the officiar of my warde, who shall declare the messuage to me one houer before she goeth forth.

"Item, that none of the queenes people, whatsoever he or they be, not one at no time, to come forth of their chamber or lodging when any alarum is given by night or daie, whether they be in the queenes chambers within the house, or without in the towne; and giff he or they keep not their chambers or lodging wheresoever, that he or they shall stand at their perill for deathe.[1]

"At Shefeild, the 26 daie of April, 1571, per me,

"SHREWSBURIE."

[1] A cruel restriction. Had a fire taken place in the castle, the domestics had but one alternative to choose,—either to perish in the flames without assisting their queen, or to be afterwards put to death, should they attempt her preservation or their own.

These precautions were not, however, altogether unnecessary; for it came out at the time of Norfolk's second arrest that at Easter in this year Sir Henry Percy had almost succeeded in a scheme to deliver the captive queen, the plan being only frustrated by an unexpected change which took place in the situation of her apartments:[1] and, in spite of every possible precaution, Norfolk managed to keep up a private correspondence with the royal prisoner. Of the duke's arrest and subsequent proceedings there is a curious account from the pen of Fitz-William, whose letter, and one of Mary's of that year, are to be seen in the History of Hallamshire.

In the beginning of the year 1572 Shrewsbury was in London, where he presided as Lord High Steward at the trial of Thomas Duke of Norfolk; and it fell to him to pronounce sentence of death on that high-minded nobleman, which he could not perform without shedding tears. He would have been doubly affected if he had foreseen how close a union of their families was destined to be formed in the persons of a grandchild of each, and that Sheffield Castle, where the *cause* of Norfolk's misfortunes was imprisoned, would become the inheritance of that *very duke's* descendant in the fourth degree, when the ancient name of Talbot should have passed away. The unfortunate Norfolk was executed on the 2nd of June, 1572.

During the necessary absence of the Earl of Shrewsbury from Sheffield, the custody of the Queen of Scots was committed to Sir Ralph Sadler, one of the most trusty of Elizabeth's minions; and it would appear that during this period Mary was visited with additional restrictions. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, which so much terrified the Protestants, was used as a pretext for fresh austerities.

Mary was confined in the manor-house, and not in the castle of Sheffield, when Sir Henry Percy entered into the scheme of releasing her. In the ruins of Sheffield Manor, a window in the third storey, on the north-west side, is still called by her name, as belonging to the apartment where she is said to have been confined, and out of which it is traditionally reported that she escaped from the custody of Shrewsbury.

The effect of the above restrictions, and of closer confinement, tended still farther to impair Mary's health; and accordingly we find her removed to Chatsworth, an old mansion, on the site of which the present lordly house of Chatsworth is built. It was purchased by Sir William Cavendish, ancestor of the Devonshire family, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and here Mary spent part of the autumn of this year. In the beginning of November she was remanded back to her

[1] Lodge, vol. ii., p. 60.

dreary abode of Sheffield Castle, as we learn from the date of a highly honourable testimonial which she gave to her trusty servant the Bishop of Ross, when she discharged him from her service.[1]

In a postscript to one of Mary's letters to the Archbishop of Glasgow, dated Sheffield, 8th of May, 1574, she appears apprehensive of being poisoned, for she begs him to send some genuine terra sigilata if it is to be had for money; if not, ask M. le Cardinal, my uncle, for some, or, if he has none, rather than have recourse to the queen my mother-in-law, or to the king, a bit of fine unicorn's horn, as I am in great want of it. The unicorn's horn, according to a superstitious notion, was a repellant to any deadly drug that might be infused into drink. It was an ancient custom for a piece of this substance to be inserted in the golden drinking cups of kings and queens.

On the 30th of August, 1574, Mary was doomed to lose one of her most valuable servants—Rollet, the French secretary. He was interred on the 4th of September in the church of Sheffield.[2] The sudden death of this worthy man was a source of great grief to the queen. The whole of his papers were taken possession of by Shrewsbury, regardless of her remonstrances. Rollet was succeeded in his office by the perfidious Naue, who continued in her service almost to the last. It was Naue who conducted Mary's pretended correspondence with Babington, and, after cruelly betraying her, was denied to receive the reward of his villany.

This year is chiefly memorable for a marriage between one of the Queen of Scots' nearest relations and a daughter of the Countess of Shrewsbury. This was Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, younger brother to her husband, Lord Darnley, and *nearly* related to herself in blood. Elizabeth was highly displeased at this marriage; and by her orders the two countesses, Shrewsbury and Lennox, were placed under restraint. But this did not fill up the measure of her discontent; for her displeasure was especially directed towards the young couple. The only issue of the marriage was one daughter, the Lady Arabella Stuart, who was left an orphan about the age of four, and whose melancholy history forms so interesting a feature in the reign of James VI. In the spring of 1576 Mary was allowed to visit Buxton.

The time from 1576 to 1580 was passed in mysterious seclusion. The family of Shrewsbury had long forborne to visit their unhappy prisoner. Francis Lord Talbot, although an inmate of the castle, once acquainted Elizabeth, who had been inquiring about his father's charge, "*that he had not seen the Queen of Scots for many years.*" A will of the

[1] Lodge, vol. ii., p. 114.

[2] Parish Register of Sheffield.

queen is dated at Sheffield Manor, in the month of August of this year.[1] Needlework formed her principal amusement; and in this art she acquired the highest perfection. Specimens of her skill are still to be found in those houses which belonged to Shrewsbury and his countess, as well as in other parts of the United Kingdom.

It was in the spring of 1580 that Mary, by the mediation of foreign ambassadors, was again permitted to visit Buxton. The journey thither must have been in those days perilous. Mary performed it on horseback; and it was on this occasion, while in the act of mounting, that she fell and injured her back. She arrived at Buxton on the 28th of July, and, after a week's stay, was reconducted to her solitary prison.

On her last visit to this celebrated watering-place it would appear that misfortune had not even then blunted the edge of her sensibility, nor silenced that tone of pensiveness which characterised her earlier years, if we may judge from the lines which she inscribed on a pane of glass at that place, of which the following is a translation :—

> Buxton, whose tepid fountain's power,
> Far famed, can health restore;
> Buxton, farewell! I go—perchance,
> To visit thee no more.

It is also stated that, while at Buxton on her first visit, the queen was permitted to explore a large dreary cavern in the neighbourhood, under Coltness Hill, and known by the name of Pool's Hole, which abounds with stalactites representing various natural forms. Into this cavern the queen, either from curiosity or from a desire to tire her implacable keepers, penetrated a considerable distance, and leisurely inspected this wonder of nature, from which circumstance one of the stalactite pillars has received her name, and on this account is viewed with particular interest.

The severity of her confinement seems to have been about this time in some measure relaxed; her only ambassador, the Bishop of Ross, and the ambassador of the King of France, her brother-in-law, having pleaded warmly with Elizabeth for some indulgence to her unfortunate captive.

While residing at Chatsworth, the queen was doomed to lose one of her attendants—Beton, one of the family of the cardinal of that name. He was interred in the church of Edensor, where his monument still remains.

The vigilance of her keeper disappointed a scheme laid for the re-

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[1] Robertson's History of Scotland, vol. ii., App., No. XI.

lease of Mary by two sons of the Earl of Derby, named Hall.[1] At Chatsworth, about the same period, occurred the first of that series of negotiations by which "hope was kept alive" in the bosom of the suffering queen, and by which a semblance of reason and justice was given to a series of acts of unexampled oppression and barbarity. Cecil and Mideway appear to have been at Chatsworth, on one of these missions, in the month of October of this year.

The Earl of Huntingdon had been released from his irksome employment when Mary was removed from Tutbury; and it seems to have been concerted between Shrewsbury and the two ministers of Elizabeth, that Mary should be removed to Sheffield; for on Cecil's return to court he wrote to the earl, signifying the queen's permission that he might remove his charge to Sheffield Castle. This letter bears date the 26th of October.

We cannot convey a more distinct idea of the galling restrictions under which the hapless prisoner was placed by her inflexible jailor, than by referring to the orders of the queen's household, in the Appendix to Sheffield.

During the year 1581 the queen continued in very weak health. In the summer she was at Chatsworth.[2] Mary was at this time thirty-eight years of age, when her hair, which was once so beautiful, had become quite *grey*.

In 1583 Mary was allowed to visit Worksop Manor, a seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury; but she soon returned to Sheffield.

In August, 1584, Mary experienced a change of her prison and her keeper. A commission was made out in this month to Sir Ralph Sadler, to take charge of the Queen of Scots, and Sir George Somers was to be joined with him in the charge.[3] On the 25th of August Sir Ralph arrived at Sheffield to accomplish his mission. It was finally determined, after much opposition on the part of Sir Ralph, that the queen should be removed to Wingfield Manor; and on Thursday, the 3rd of September, 1584, she quitted the castle of Sheffield, in which she had been so long a prisoner, to return no more.

It was about this time that Queen Elizabeth addressed a most extraordinary letter to Sir Ralph, which he acknowledged in the following terms:—"Your letters, vouchsafed upon so poure a man, being one of the pourest subjects of that degree which I am called unto, and specially those few words of your *Hignes' owne hand*, conteyning the precept,

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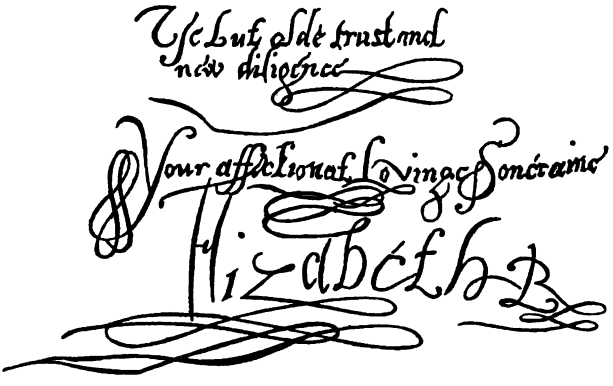
[1] Jebb's Life of Mary, p. 226. [2] Cotton MS. Caligula, chap. IX., No. I.
[3] Sadler's Papers, vol. ii.

'use but olde trust and new diligence,' together with your gracious promise shortly to relieve me of this charge, has not a little comforted me." This letter, which was prefaced by a short note, above alluded to, in Elizabeth's own hand, and of which we give a fac-simile, runs as follows:—

"By the Queene,

"Trustie and welbeloued counsellor, we greete you well, and let you wit, that whereas o^r cousin of Shrewsbury hath ben an humble suto^r vnto vs to be now eased of the chardge he hath hetherto had, of the Scottishe queene, we therefore, fynding yt reasounable to satisfye his request therein for the considerations by him alleadged of his decayed health and weake estate of body, haue assented thereto; and, therefore, o^r pleasure is, you shall proceede to the removing of the said queene to o^r castle of Tutbury, according to such direction as, by o^r order, you have receaued from our principal secretary for that purpose, at such tyme as, the howse being in a readiness to receaue her, you shall in your owne discretion thincke fit and convenyent; and that for yo^r assistaunce therein, you caule vnto you the Shrife and such other gentlemen of that our countie of Derbie as to yo^r self shal be thought meete; assuring you, that, for the care we haue to releeue you of the said chardge in respect of yo^r yeeres, we will, w^th as convenient speede as maie be, dispatche one thether to take the same vppoun him. Giuen vnder o^r signet, at o^r manno^r of St. James, the third of December, in the xxvij^th yere of o^r regne. ffor that we vnderstand the said queene is at present somewhat indisposed of hir body, o^r pleasure therefore is, youe do so order the remove as that yt maie not be dangerous or preiudityall to hir healthe.



"To our trustie and right welbeloued counsellor, Sr Rafe Sadler, Knight, Chauncellor of o^r Dutchye of Lancaster."

Indorsed—"3 Decembris 1584, from the Q. mat^e R. s^o. per poste."

Here terminates the connection of Sheffield Castle and Manor with the story of the unfortunate Mary. The regal quality of the illustrious captive, her surpassing beauty, her shining talents and learning, her varied accomplishments and unparalleled misfortunes, have given to the annals of Sheffield, during an interval of twelve or fourteen years, a distinguished interest and importance. What followed after her ultimate removal from Sheffield (and she lived not long) was an endless series of oppressions and privations—beginning in jealousy and ending only with the axe of the executioner.

On the 30th of January, 1585, Mary was conducted from Wingfield to her prison at Tutbury.

In the beginning of the year 1586 she was removed from Tutbury to Chartley; and in September she was conducted to the fatal castle of Fotheringhay.

In pursuing the history of Sheffield Castle and Manor, we have to follow the departing steps of feudalism. Three times did these once splendid domains pass to female heirs. The daughters of the Earls of Shrewsbury being married to the most powerful of the English nobility, they preferred their own hereditary seats to a residence with a divided authority at Sheffield. The Earl of Howard married Lady Aletha Talbot, heiress of Sheffield, youngest of the three daughters and co-heirs of Gilbert the seventh earl.

In 1643 the Earl of Newcastle took possession of the town and castle of Sheffield, and, finding some iron-works in the vicinity, he ordered cannons to be made for his garrisons. Here he left Sir William Savil as governor. Thus was Sir William appointed to maintain a military post in the halls of his ancestors.[1] The watchman was now to take his perpetual stand in the towers; the spacious court of princely Sheffield echoed to the measured step of the sentinel, and its Gothic halls to the noisy cabals and rude brawls of a dissolute soldiery.

In August, 1644, immediately after the battle of Marston-moor, Major-General Crawfurd was sent by the Earl of Manchester "to reduce Sheffield Castle, a stronghold in Yorkshire," with an army of 1200 foot and a regiment of horse, with three of the largest pieces of artillery. They raised two batteries within 60 yards of the outworks, where the ordnance did great execution for 24 hours without intermission. After this they despatched Lord Fairfax for the "*queen's pocket pistol*," and a whole culverin, which were forthwith mounted. These did dreadful execution on one side of the castle, and quickly brought the strong walls down into the trenches, making a perfect breach. The gallant Lady Savil, relict of Sir William, the late Governor of the Castle, was besieged within it, and in the most undaunted manner held out against the assailants, who were battering the fortress on all sides with their great guns. What rendered the heroism of this lady doubly exalted was, that at this time, being far advanced in pregnancy, she requested the assailants that a midwife might be allowed to pass into the castle:—but this natural request was as unnaturally refused by the barbarous commander. Far, however, from being moved,

[1] Sir William Savil was grandson of George sixth Earl of Shrewsbury.

she resolutely determined to perish with her unborn babe rather than surrender.

The possession of the castle, which was thus sternly refused, was, however, soon after obtained. The walls began to give way; all things were prepared by the Parliamentary besiegers for storming the place,—fagots, ladders, and other necessaries being brought for the purpose. After a second summons had been sent to surrender the castle, Major-General Thomas Beaumont, the governor, delivered it up on fair articles. The warlike widow of Savil was safely delivered in the night after the castle of Sheffield was surrendered.

The garrison in the castle at this time was composed of a troop of horse and two hundred foot, with eight pieces of ordnance and two mortars.

Not only was the castle of Sheffield taken military possession of by the Parliamentary forces, but the estates by which it was surrounded were seized by the commissioners. The heads of the house of Howard, being adherents to the king, before the end of the war had retired to the Continent.

On the 30th of April, 1646, a resolution passed in the House of Commons, that the castle should be made untenable; and on the 13th of July, 1647, another resolution passed for "sleighting and demolishing it."

After all the work of destruction which followed this order, sufficient of the old castle still remained to encourage the owner to entertain the idea that it might even yet be used by him as an occasional residence; and the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, soon after he had compounded for his estates, issued orders to his agents at Sheffield to repair and rebuild the same on the 5th of January, 1649. But it was now found too late; nothing effectual could be done. Its dilapidated walls were never built up again; no establishment was again maintained there; and, from this time, the once proud Sheffield Castle became a heap of ruins, every succeeding lapse of time contributing to complete that destruction which the axe of violence had begun. This castle, at the time when it was besieged, was fortified with a broad trench, 18 feet deep and filled with water, a strong breastwork, palisadoed, and a wall round, 6 feet in thickness.

It is a matter of regret, that, when political jealousy had glutted its vengeful appetite on the unconscious fabric, the rest was not left to the "slow destroyer Time," that we might have been still permitted to trace out and explore the suite of apartments where the royal captive pined away twelve years of her long seclusion,—where the renowned chieftain of former days kept his court. Would that Sheffield Castle, like its sister of Pontefract, had still reared its moss-grown domes, the hoary

monuments of feudal times! Its noble owners residing at a distance, and seldom visiting Sheffield, the ruined castle was left without a single protector; so that a few vaults are all that remain to testify that such an edifice once existed on a place which bears to the present time the name of the "Castle Hill."

The manor, which had not been reduced by those political feuds that ruined its parent structure, still remained,—an edifice less extensive, but sufficiently so to display the magnificence and spirit of its founder. This building was habitable about fifty years after the castle had been levelled with the ground, but was seldom visited by its noble owners, although an agent of the Norfolk family had his residence in it.

Sir William Dugdale visited Sheffield Manor in 1666, where he found Mr. Francis Radcliff residing, who led him through the half-deserted apartments, in which he was content to note the heraldic insignia of its former possessors still remaining in the windows, without transmitting to the world an account of the external part of the building as it then stood.

It was in Sheffield that Dr. Johnson made his collection of the letters of the Talbot family.

What vestiges still remained of this once splendid mansion were swept away by Thomas Duke of Norfolk, son of Lady Howard, who gave orders, in 1706, for dismantling the manor, and for the dispersion of its furniture. In some of the oldest houses in the neighbourhood several articles of massive furniture are reported to have once belonged to the manor of Sheffield.

After the manor had thus ceased to be a domicile, a house was erected in the town of Sheffield for the occasional residence of the Dukes of Norfolk, and the constant abode of their agents. This house, which was called the Lord's House, and which stood in the Far-gate, was taken down several years ago.

Sheffield being no longer a manorial residence, the beautiful park which surrounded it was divided into farms, and distributed amongst twenty tenants. The stately avenues of full-grown trees were all destroyed; Fullwood and Riveling, rich in native forest-trees, to make room for cultivation, were robbed of their ancient sylvan honours.

The fall of two venerable oaks, in particular, was viewed with sensations of more than ordinary regret. Their almost incredible magnitude made them the pride of the forest. Still flourishing and vigorous, although they had outlived several centuries and many races of the chiefs whose domains they adorned, they might have well been spared, as monuments the most gigantic and venerable in the whole circle of the extensive county of York. These oaks stood on separate

parts of the domain,—one, in the conduit place, within the park, is said to have extended its branches on all sides to the distance of 45 feet from the trunk, and was capable of affording shelter to above 200 horsemen. The other stood at the upper end of Riveling, and was called the *Lord's Oak*. Its bole was 12 yards in girth, therefore exceeding that of the famous oak in Welbeck Park by 3 feet. When it was cut down, in 1690, its top, or branches, yielded not less than 21 cords of wood, equal to 2688 solid feet. Mr. Sterndale, in a beautiful poem called "The Lord's Oak," has perpetuated the memory of this sylvan monument. We select the following lines in allusion to its traditionary history:—

Planted by him who waved the vengeful sword
Of conquering William's desolating ire,
A wrath the Saxon long in vain deplored
Amidst thy city's ruins, *Hallamshire:*

And so it grew, unscathed by wind or fire,
The red deer's shelter, and the falcon's nest;
Long waved it there, ev'n when the hoary sire
Told how the hand for ages had been blent
In kindred dust, that rear'd this sylvan monument.

Peace to his shade who rear'd that goodly tree,
The once proud castle, and the mouldering hall;
Green let the memory of the chieftain be,
And honour'd still the name of *Furnival.*

Let history's faithful hand withdraw the pall
That time has thrown upon the good and brave;
And let the muse that still deplores its fall
The sacred page exultingly invoke
That bids it flourish—the "*Lord's*" majestic "*Oak.*"

It is in the dilapidated and grey remains of this once stately edifice and its weed-grown courts that the spirit of feudal magnificence, which once reigned paramount, seems still to linger.

It is only here, and amongst the monumental effigies of its noble inhabitants in St. Peter's Church, Sheffield, that sensible objects compel us to look back to an epoch when a state of society existed essentially different from the present. Here the mind reverts to the time of Henry VIII., when the proud chieftain lived on this spot in the bosom of a numerous family, and unwillingly issued forth "to crush the rebellion in the north." In imagination we see the once powerful but now fallen Wolsey treading with heavy step the spacious gallery, or engaged in serious converse with his courteous host in the deep embrasure of one of its latticed recesses, and hearing the name of Kingston with alarm. And, at the window which still bears her name, we view the

victim of lawless power, "a Tudor's deadly hate," the hapless Mary of Scotland, with emaciated yet lovely features, her silvered hairs hanging negligently from her care-worn head, looking in vain for the friend who was to afford her the means of escape from a height so fearful, and panting for that liberty of which she had been so cruelly deprived.

As these remains indicate a state of splendour now no longer existing, we are naturally disposed to inquire into the origin and progress of a change so very remarkable, and to revert to the names, characters, and legends of the distinguished dead, of whose former power those ruins seem still to speak.

The traces of those times are now becoming fast obliterated; the grander and more august features of nature must be sought in regions decidedly mountainous, and are contemplated with more complete satisfaction where the artificial creations of man have not intruded to break the harmony of the scene.

A not less numerous tenantry possess the remains of Sheffield Manor-house than when it was entire and afforded accommodation to the vast retinue of Shrewsbury's earls. Some of the poorest of the poor have made their habitations in these once splendid apartments, and have erected an incongruous mass of brick cottages against and amongst the dilapidated walls of the edifice, which render it utterly impossible to discover the exact arrangement of its various suites of apartments, or to collect any distinct appropriation of some which have been partially spared from the general ruin.

The house which is now the residence of the tenant of the Manor-farm has been evidently constructed at a later period than the others erected by Earl Gilbert. This was a sort of outer porter's lodge; between it and the main body of the building rose two lofty octagonal towers, about 60 feet apart, built of stone, but cased with brick, and in later time mantled with ivy. Between these towers stood the principal entrance to the court, where a noble flight of steps led to the door which opened into what was then called the great gallery. The last of these towers fell during a great storm in the night of the 2nd of March, 1793.

There is nothing in the ruins of Sheffield Manor, which, as a single object, presents a good subject for the painter.[1] The ruin is less picturesque than it was about 80 years ago, when the sister towers were both standing. Its interest arises chiefly from its having been the prison of Queen Mary; but no description can do justice to the magnificent panorama of distant scenery which spreads along from this highly inte-

[1] We have tried in vain to make a picture of the ruins.

resting ruin. The fir-crowned heights of Norton, the sweet vale of Beauchief, the purple moor of Totley, and the barren hills of the Peak, the thick woods of Wharncliff and Wentworth, the widening vale of the Don, and the hills of Laughton and Handsworth, each distinguished by its spire, are all comprehended in the view from this elevation. The manor-house itself, its towers and battlements, when they appeared above the thick woods in which it stood embosomed, must have formed a prominent and striking object in the landscape from many points of view. One end of this once proud structure when last we saw it was converted into a public-house.

In this part of the building were preserved a key and other trifles found in the ruins; and some years ago a small enamelled phial of neat workmanship, and a coin of Philip and Mary in excellent preservation, were picked up amongst the ruins.

The Manor of Hardwick.

Tradition, even when founded in some degree on truth, is seldom accurate; and the history of Hardwick furnishes a memorable instance of this; for Cardinal Wolsey is actually stated to have visited this castle before it was built; but it happened to be another mansion bearing the same name. It has also been said that Hardwick was a prison residence of Mary of Scotland, though it was not built till three years after her execution; and the accomplished Miss Radcliffe, believing the tradition as gospel, has left on record a very beautiful description of it. Nevertheless the furniture and numerous relics which it contains may well entitle Hardwick to a place in this volume. The furniture preserved in it was doubtless the collection of the foundress of the mansion, Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury, and was brought from Chatsworth and Sheffield, where Mary was confined in the custody of her noble lord.

A carving of the arms of Scotland sanctions the idea that the whole furniture in Hardwick was that which was employed in the service of Queen Mary; and here are to be seen many undisturbed specimens of antiquity connected with the hapless queen, respecting which there cannot exist a single doubt.

Under such interesting circumstances we trust that we shall be excused for presenting to the reader the substance of Miss Radcliffe's interesting account of this remarkable structure.

Hardwick Castle, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, once the re-

sidence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, to whom Elizabeth intrusted the custody of Mary of Scotland, stands on an easy height, a few miles to the left of the road from Mansfield to Chesterfield in Derbyshire. It is approached through a shady avenue, which conceals the castle from view until the visitor arrives at the confines of the park, when this ancient fane bursts upon the view, presenting three hoary towers rising with great majesty among ancient woods, and having their summits covered with the slightly shivered fragments of battlements, which, however, are soon discovered to be perfectly carved open work, in which the letters E. S. frequently occur under a coronet, the initials and the memorials of the vanity of Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury, who built the present edifice. This countess was the daughter of John Hardwick, Esq., of Hardwick, who had, before her marriage to the earl, attended the funeral obsequies of no fewer than three husbands. She is represented by Lodge as a complication of plagues:—"unfeeling, proud, selfish, and imperious; she marketed for a husband as she would for a favourite dog; and the wiles which she used to entrap their persons, and appropriate their property to her own and her children's advantage, will ever stand as a distinguishing mark of her avarice and meanness of soul." Before she would consent to espouse the Earl of Shrewsbury, she stipulated that he should give his daughter to her eldest son, and that Gilbert Talbot, his second son (the eldest being already married), should espouse her youngest daughter. These nuptials were solemnized at Sheffield, in 1568. In her third widowhood, this *Countess of Shrewsbury* was called the *Lady Saint Loe*, having married a knight of that name, after the death of her second husband, Sir William Cavendish, of Chatsworth. She died in 1608, at her seat at Hardwick, where she spent her fourth widowhood in abundant wealth and splendour, feared by many, beloved by none, flattered by some, and courted by a numerous train of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. Its bold features, of a most picturesque aspect, are finely disclosed between the luxuriant woods and over the lawns of the park, which every now and then afford a glimpse of the Derbyshire hills.

In front of the great gates of the castle court, the ground, adorned by old oaks, suddenly sinks to a dark shadowy glade, and the view opens over the vale of Scarsdale, bounded by the wild mountains of the Peak. Immediately to the left of the present residence, some ruined features of the ancient one, enwreathed in rich drapery of ivy, give an interest to the scene, which the later but more historical structure heightens and prolongs. Miss Radcliffe, in the belief that Mary was actually a prisoner in this castle, thus moralises on her visit to the manor:—"*We* followed, not without emotion, *the walk which Mary had so*

often trodden to the folding doors of the great hall, whose lofty grandeur, aided by silence, and seen under the influence of a lowering sky, suited the aspect of the whole scene. The tall windows, which half subdue the light they admit, allowed us to distinguish the large figures on the tapestry above the oak wainscoting, and showed a colonnade of oak supporting a gallery along the lower end of the hall, with a pair of gigantic elk's horns between the windows opposite to the entrance.

"The scene of Mary's arrival, and her feelings upon her entrance into this deep shade, came involuntarily to the mind; together with the noise of the horses' feet and the many voices from the court; her proud, yet gentle and melancholy look, as, led by my Lord Keeper, she passed slowly up the hall; his somewhat obsequious, yet jealous and vigilant air, while, awed by her dignity and beauty, he remembers the terrors of his own queen; the silence and anxiety of her maids; and the bustle of the surrounding attendants."[1]

From the hall a staircase ascends to the gallery of a small chapel, in which the chairs and cushions used by Mary still remain, and proceeds to the first storey, where only one apartment bears memorials of her imprisonment—the bed, tapestry, and chairs having been worked by herself. The tapestry is richly adorned with emblematic figures, each with its title worked above it, and the whole, having been scrupulously preserved, is still entire and fresh.

Over the chimney of an adjoining dining-room, to which, as well as to the other apartments on this floor, some modern furniture has been added, is this motto carved in oak:—"There is only this: to fear God, and keep his commandments."

So much less valuable was timber than workmanship at the time when this mansion was constructed, that, where the staircases are not of stone, they are formed of solid oak steps, instead of planks; such are those from the second, or state storey, to the roof, from whence on clear days York and Lincoln Cathedrals are visible within the extensive prospect.

The second floor is that which gives chief interest to the edifice. Nearly all the apartments of it were allotted to Mary, some of them for state purposes; and the furniture is known, by other proof besides its appearance, to remain as she left it. The chief room, or audience chamber, is of uncommon loftiness, and strikes by its grandeur, before the veneration and tenderness arise which its antiquities, and the plainly told tale of the sufferings they witnessed, excite. To this hall the Duke of Devonshire has added a most appropriate feature,—a statue

[1] Miss Radcliffe's Tour to the Lakes, 1795.

of the Queen of Scots of the size of life, by Westmacott. It stands on a pedestal of the same stone, bearing an armorial escutcheon. In the hall are portraits of the rival queens, Mary and Elizabeth; with those of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and his masculine wife, Elizabeth of Hardwick, who had the keeping of the Queen of Scots; the philosophers Boyle and Hobbes, and other valuable paintings.

The Manor of Wingfield.

THE MANOR OF WINGFIELD, now nothing more than an extensive yet interesting ruin, was once a splendid and spacious edifice, erected by Ralph Cromwell, Lord Treasurer, in the reign of Henry VI. It was afterwards, for several generations, one of the favourite seats of the Earls of Shrewsbury.

Mary, Queen of Scots, while in the custody of George, the sixth earl, passed some months of her imprisonment within its walls in 1569. Her last visit, as already mentioned, was in 1584.

At the commencement of the Parliamentary war, Queen Mary's prison-house was converted into a garrison by the Roundheads; but, having been taken by the Earl of Newcastle towards the close of the year 1643, it became in its turn a royal garrison. In 1644, it sustained a siege, and was surrendered to the Parliament in the month of August. In 1646 this fortress was dismantled by order of Parliament, and left to desolation and decay; but its utter destruction was reserved till 1744, when a considerable part of the manor which had survived the withering hand of time, was pulled down, and the materials which composed this once noble edifice were used for the purpose of building a modern house near the site of the old structure.

The Manor of Chatsworth.

THE MANOR OF CHATSWORTH, in which the Queen of Scots endured a portion of her long and grievous imprisonment, has long since been razed to the ground; but it has given place to one of the most princely modern mansions in the kingdom, surrounded by grand and picturesque scenery, with acres of Italian gardens and conservatories, enriched with American aloes, groves of mandarin oranges, gushing waterfalls and fountains. But all vestiges of Mary's prison are blotted out from the book of nature.

The Castle of Fotheringhay.

No. 41.

"BEFORE ME WINDING PATHWAYS LEAD
TO UPLAND LAWNS AND LEVEL MEAD;
WHERE NEN IN SILENT SORROW LAVES
THE PRINCELY WARRIORS' LOWLY GRAVES;
AND THAT DISMANTLED MOUNT WHERE STOOD
THE TOWERS IMBUED WITH STUARTS' BLOOD."

THE FOREST.

"IN DARKEST NIGHT FOR EVER VEIL THE SCENE
WHEN THY COLD WALLS RECEIVED THE CAPTIVE QUEEN:
FOR THIS HATH TIME ERASED THEE FROM ITS PAGE,
AND FILIAL JUSTICE WITH VINDICTIVE RAGE
BURST ON THY PRINCELY TOWERS WITH WHELMING TIDE,
NOR LEFT ONE VESTIGE TO RELATE THY PRIDE."

ANTONAS BANKS.

The

Castle of Fotheringhay.

Etymon of Fotheringhay—Founded by Simon St. Liz in the time of William the Conqueror—Rebuilt by Edmund Langley, Duke of York—Castle the Property of the Scottish Kings—Earl of Albemarle surprises the Fortress—Meeting of Edward IV. and Alexander King of Scotland—The Fitzwilliam Family—King Richard III. born here—Queen Mary conducted from Chartley to Fotheringhay—Meeting of Queen Elizabeth's Commissioners—Queen Mary's Trial in the Great Hall of Fotheringhay—Queen Elizabeth's Warrant for her Execution—Deportment of Queen Mary—Her Execution—Curious Anecdote of her little Dog—Her Remains treated with Indignity—Her Interment at Peterborough Cathedral—Removal of her Body to Westminster—The Castle demolished by Order of King James VI.

THE castle of Fotheringhay, in Northamptonshire, is said to have been erected by Simon St. Liz, second Earl of Northampton, in the time of William the Conqueror. In the reign of Edward III., it was rebuilt by Edmund Langley, Duke of York, who erected the tower or keep in the shape of a fetter-lock, the emblematic device of the York family, which, with the occasional addition of a falcon in the centre, was emblazoned in most of the castle windows.

It is said that Edmund, when he saw his sons gazing upon the painted windows, asked them, being young scholars, what was the Latin for a *fetter-lock;* the youths, looking at one another, gave no answer. "If," said the baron, "you cannot tell me, I will tell you—'Hic hæc hoc tasceatis;' and therewithal add, 'God knoweth what may happen hereafter;'" and it is a curious fact that King Edward VI., his great-grandchild, in allusion to the above presage, commanded his younger son, the Duke of York, to use for his badge the emblem of the fetter-lock open, in verification of his ancestor's prophetic remark. The estate of Fotheringhay was granted to Judith, daughter of Lambert de Leus, maternal sister to William the Conqueror. This Judith was wife of Waltheof, son of Earl Seward, who was possessed of all the power which wealth and military prowess could

bestow, and these proved his ruin; for he was tempted to conspire against the king, for which he was arrested and beheaded at Winchester, as mentioned in the former account of Sheffield. He left one daughter, Maude, who was married to Simon St. Liz, after whose death she became the wife of David, King of Scotland, to whose son Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, and grandson of Malcolm and William, Kings of Scotland, the castle and lordship successively descended.

Upon the death of David in 1219, John Le 'Scot, Earl of Huntingdon, intrusted the castle to the custody of his uncle, Ranulph Earl of Chester, during the reign of Henry III., and in the following year it was surprised by William de Fortebus, Earl of Albemarle and Holderness, one of the factious barons who rose against King Henry III. Here he placed a garrison, where he lived by rapine and plunder, ravaging the surrounding country. During the period of the Earl of Huntingdon's possession, it is said the castle was visited by Henry III. In 1239 the Earl of Albemarle, who had claimed the castle and lands in right of his wife, niece to John Le 'Scot, made the manor over to Robert de Quincy and Helen his wife, Countess of Chester and Huntingdon, relict of John Le 'Scot, until a sufficient dowry should be assigned her; but afterwards we find that, in consideration of the royal prerogatives belonging to the earldom of Chester, the king took possession of this moiety and granted in lieu thereof Thingdon in Northamptonshire, and the manor of Dryfield in Yorkshire. The other moiety of the lordship of Fotheringhay remained in the hands of Devorguilla, wife of John de Baliol, who held it of the King of Scots by the service of one soar hawk for herself and co-partners of the honour of Huntingdon. After her decease it fell to her son John Baliol, the unfortunate King of Scotland. Passing into the hands of the crown of England, it was granted to the Earl of Richmond during the king's pleasure. In the reign of Edward II., the castle being previously granted to this earl and his heirs, he was created Lord Fotheringhay. The Earl of Richmond dying without issue, the castle was granted by the crown to his granddaughter, Mary de St. Paul, daughter of Guido de Châtillon, the betrothed wife of Odemare de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, who fell in a tournament on the day of their nuptials, whence she is characterized by Gray as the

> "Sad Chatillon on her bridal morn
> That wept her bleeding love."

She spent the greater part of her time in religion, and employed her estate in founding Denny Abbey, near Ely, and Pembroke Hall in the university of Cambridge, to which she gave the name of Maria de Valentia. Her residence at Fotheringhay is thus described:—The

castle with a certain tower is built of stone, walled in, embattled, and encompassed with a good moat; within are one large hall, two chambers, two chapels, a kitchen, and bake-house, all built of stone, with porter's lodge and chamber over it, and a drawbridge beneath. Within the castle walls is another place called the manor, in which are offices, out-houses, and an outer gate with a room over it, the site of the whole containing ten acres, according to survey in 1624. "To the castle also belongeth a large house built with stone, with two fair courts, and a back part with barns and stables, standing at the east end of the town, called the New Inn, containing a hall, a kitchen, and divers other chambers." The front of this building, injured as it is by time, preserves its original form, and presents a ruined specimen of domestic architecture of the fifteenth century.

The entrance is under a Gothic arch, decorated with roses and armorial bearings, and above it is a window, also ornamented. On the left is or was a shield bearing France and England quarterly, for Edward IV.; on the right the same impaling a saltire (Nevile of Ruby), for Richard Duke of York and Lady Cicely. On the right of the gateway is Mortimer, for the Countess of Cambridge, mother of Richard Duke of York; and on the left, Castile and Leon, for Isabel wife of Edward of Langley, the younger daughter of Peter King of Castile and Leon, and mother of the Earl of Langley.

These represent four generations in succession, and we may fairly infer that this edifice was erected by King Edward IV. The galleries mentioned by ancient writers as running round the inner court have been removed, and no part of the interior presents anything to attract attention. The greater part of it has been converted into barns and granaries, and only a small portion of it is inhabited. It forms three sides of a quadrangle.

Upon the death of Mary de Valentia the castle and lordship again reverted to the crown, and were granted by Edward III. to his fifth son, Edmund of Langley, who as already mentioned re-erected the tower or keep, which during his minority had fallen to decay. At the death of Edmund, who had been successively created Earl of Cambridge and Duke of York, it descended with the family honours to his son Edmund Earl of Rutland, who fell at the battle of Agincourt, and who, dying without issue, the castle and lordship descended to his nephew Richard, son of his brother Richard Earl of Cambridge, who, being engaged in a conspiracy against King Henry V., was beheaded in the third year of that reign. It thus became the residence of the house of York, and was the birthplace of Richard Plantagenet, afterwards King Richard III., which event is alluded to in the following lines :—

Lo! on that mound, in days of feudal pride,
Thy towering castle frown'd above the tide;
Flung wide her gates, where troops of vassals met
With awe the brow of high Plantagenet.
But, ah! what chiefs in sable crests appear?
What bright achievement marks yon warrior's bier?
'Tis York's—from Agincourt's victorious plain
They bear the fallen hero o'er the main:
Thro' all the lands his blooming laurels spread,
And to thy bosom give the mighty dead.
When from thy lap the ruthless Richard sprung,
A boding sound thro' all thy borders rung:
It spoke a tale of blood,—fair Nevill's woe,
York's murderous hand, and Edward's future foe.[1]

King Edward IV. resided for some time at Fotheringhay, in which castle he had an interview with Alexander, styling himself King of Scotland, when he received his promise to do fealty and homage to the English king for the realm of Scotland within six months after he should have possession of the crown. Covenants were accordingly ratified by each party in the twenty-second year of the reign of Edward IV. Henry VIII. gave the castle and lordship as a dower to Catherine of Arragon, his queen; and in the reign of Elizabeth it was confided to the keeping of Sir William Fitzwilliam. William Fitzwilliam, the ancestor and founder of the present family, was Alderman of Bread Street ward, London, in 1506. Before his death he forgave all his debtors, and wrote in the erased accounts of each, "Amore Dei remitto." Cardinal Wolsey was the chief means of the worthy Alderman acquiring his fortune. After the fall of that great man, Mr. Fitzwilliam hospitably entertained him at his family seat of Milton. Henry VIII. was so enraged at this, that he sent for him and said, "Ha! ha! How comes it, ha! that you dare entertain a traitor? Ha!" Mr. Fitzwilliam modestly replied, "Please your Highness, I did it not from disloyalty but gratitude." The angry monarch here interrupted him with "Ha! ha!" the usual interjection of his rage. Mr. Fitzwilliam, with a tear of gratitude in his eye, and the burst of loyalty in his bosom, continued, "From gratitude, as he was my old master, and the means of my greatest fortunes." The impetuous Harry was so much pleased with the answer, that he shook him heartily by the hand, and said, "Such gratitude, ha! shall never want a master. Come into my service, worthy man, and teach my other servants gratitude: but few of them have any." He then knighted him on the spot, and swore him in a privy councillor.

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[1] Antonas Banks, MS., 1797.

The castle, or rather palace, of Fotheringhay, was afterwards converted to a new and different purpose, that of a state prison. This occurred first in the reign of Mary of England, in May, 1554, when Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, was removed from the Tower of London, to which he had been committed upon suspicion of having consented to Sir Thomas Wyatt's conspiracy, and remained there under the custody of Master Chamberlain, of Suffolk, and Sir Thomas Tresham, Knight, until he was released in 1555, when the earl again appeared at court.

The castle of Fotheringhay, connected with the lives and fates of princes, must ever be interesting to the topographer and traveller, and will to the latest period be conspicuous in the page of history, while its name will ever be associated with sentiments of horror and melancholy. Mary of Scotland entered this fatal castle as a prisoner in September, 1586, having been removed from Chartley, where she was closely confined, under the custody of Sir William Fitzwilliam of Milton. She was already treated as a condemned criminal, although she only knew that her secretary had been arrested, and her most confidential papers seized and carried off by order of Elizabeth, for the guilty purpose of establishing obvious wrong.

Mary had scarcely arrived within these gloomy walls when Elizabeth wrote her a letter, which proves at once her gross vulgarity and domineering temper. Mary's guilt consisted in continued endeavours to free herself from long and indefensible imprisonment and privation. Elizabeth, by inflicting so long an imprisonment, avowed her deep rooted and unchangeable hostility to the Scottish queen; while Mary, by that hostility, acquired an undoubted right to act with equal hostility towards her implacable adversary, whom she had in vain implored and entreated, and who had exercised, as Queen of England, a feudal and unjust superiority over the fortunes and life of her kinswoman, the Queen of Scots.

On the 11th of October, 1586, the commissioners appointed for the trial of the Queen of Scots arrived at the castle, where a sermon was preached to them by Dr. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough. The following day Sir Walter Mildmay, Sir Amias Paulet, and Edward Barker, a notary public, delivered to the Queen of Scots Queen Elizabeth's letter, in which her offences were stated, and received her reply.

On the 13th a deputation of the commissioners, at the head of which were Bromley, lord chancellor, Cecil, lord treasurer, and Hatton, vice chamberlain, waited upon her, and endeavoured in vain to convince her of the legality of their commission to enter upon her trial: she insisted "that she was no subject of Elizabeth's, and would rather die a thousand

deaths than by such an acknowledgment to wrong the sublimity of royal majesty, and withal confess herself to be bound by the laws of England, even in matters of religion; nevertheless she was ready to answer all things in a free and full parliament. As for this meeting, it was, for aught she knew, devised against her, being already condemned and prejudged to die, purposely to give some colour of a just proceeding. She warned them therefore to look to their consciences, and to remember that "*the theatre of the world is much wider than England.*"

But next Wednesday, October 14th, she changed her purpose and determined to appear, and accordingly entered the hall, which had been prepared for the purpose, and hung with cloth of state. In the upper part, and down along both sides, forms were placed, with green baize, for the earls and lords on the right side, and barons on the left; somewhat below the middle of the hall was a bar, set within which was a form for the knights of the privy council, and before the forms was a chair with a foot carpet for the Queen of Scots. Directly against the chair of state, which was under a canopy below the middle of the chamber, was a table, at which sat the queen's attorney, solicitor, and sergeant, the clerks of the crown, and the two notaries. Immediately above that table, in the midst of the chamber, were two forms, whereon sat on the right side Sir Edmund Anderson, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench; Sir Roger Manwood, Knight, Lord Chief Baron; Dr. Dale, and Dr. Ford. Over against them were Sir Christopher Wray, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Justice Clinch, and Justice Periam. Below the bar were such gentlemen as came to witness the trial.

RIGHT SIDE OF THE LORDS.	LEFT SIDE OF THE LORDS.
The Lord Chancellor.	The Lord Abergavenny.
The Lord Treasurer.	The Lord Zouch.
The Earl of Oxford.	The Lord Morely.
The Earl of Kent.	The Lord Stafford.
The Earl of Derby.	The Lord Grey.
The Earl of Shrewsbury.	The Lord Lumley.
The Earl of Worcester.	The Lord Sturton.
The Earl of Rutland.	The Lord Sands.
The Earl of Cumberland.	The Lord Wentworth.
The Earl of Lincoln.	The Lord Mordant.
The Earl of Pembroke.	Lord St. John of Bletsoe.
Viscount Montague.	Lord Compton.
	The Lord Cheney.

KNIGHTS.

Sir Walter Mildmay. Sir Ralph Sadler.
Sir Francis Walsingham. Sir Christopher Hatton.
Sir James A. Croft.

The court being assembled, the Scottish queen took her seat. There was never perhaps an occasion throughout the whole of Mary's life on which she appeared to greater advantage than the present.

Amidst all the pomp, learning, and talent of which England could boast, she stood alone and undaunted; evincing, in the modest dignity of her bearing, a mind conscious of her own integrity, and transcendently superior to the malice of fortune. Elizabeth's craftiest lawyers and ablest politicians were congregated together to probe her to the quick,—to press home every argument against her which ingenuity could devise and eloquence embellish,—to dazzle the eyes of Mary with a blaze of erudition,—and, if possible, to involve the devoted captive in a maze of technical perplexities. The undaunted Mary had no counsellor—no adviser—no friend. The very papers to which she might have had occasion to refer in her defence had been wrested from her; and here stood the amiable but friendless Mary, undismayed, conscious that she had a higher Judge than her implacable relative, and that, great as was the array of lords and barons that were leagued against her, posterity was greater than they, and that to its august decision all things would finally be submitted. Her bodily infirmities, instead of diminishing, imparted a greater lustre to her mental pre-eminence; and, in the assembly of the myrmidons of Elizabeth, Mary Stuart defended herself with dignity of manner, great presence of mind, and vigour of intellect.

The court at length adjourned till the 25th of October, when the Commissioners met in the Star Chamber, Westminster, where sentence of death was pronounced upon the Queen of Scots. Meantime, Mary's bodily complaints returned upon her, and she was confined to bed throughout the month of October, though she seemed not to be much moved by the solemn proceedings which had her death for their end.

The parliament had scarcely been prorogued when Lord Buckhurst, and Beal, the clerk of the privy council, were sent to the Queen of Scots to inform her that sentence of death was pronounced upon her, which the parliament had approved. The publication of this sentence of death being made known to the queen on the 4th of December, 1586, far from being dismayed, she, with steady countenance and uplifted hands, gave thanks to God for her speedy relief. On the 17th of December Queen Mary addressed the following letter to Elizabeth:—

The Queen of Scots to Queen Elizabeth.[1]

"Madame,

"Having with difficulty obtained leave from those to whom you have committed me to open to you all my heart, as much for exonerating myself from any ill-will, or desire of committing cruelty or any act of enmity against those with whom I am connected in blood, as also kindly to communicate to you what I thought would serve you, as much for your weal and preservation, as for the maintenance of the peace and repose of this isle, which can only be injured if you reject my advice, you will credit or disbelieve my discourse as it seems best to you.

"I am resolved to strengthen myself in Christ Jesus alone, who, to those invoking Him with a true heart, never fails in his justice and consolation, especially to those who are bereft of all human aid; such are under his holy protection; to Him be the glory! He has equalled my expectation, having given me heart and strength, *in spe contra spem*, to endure the unjust calumnies, accusations, and condemnations (of those who have no such jurisdiction over me), with a constant resolution to suffer death for upholding the obedience and authority of the apostolical Roman Catholic Church. Now, since I have been on your part informed of the sentence of your last meeting of parliament, Lord Buckhurst and Beale having admonished me to prepare for the end of my long and weary pilgrimage, I beg to return you thanks on my part for these happy tidings, and to entreat you to vouchsafe to me certain points for the discharge of my conscience. But since Sir A. Paulet has informed me (though falsely) that you had indulged me by having restored to me my almoner and the money that they had taken from me, and that the remainder would follow, for all this I would willingly return you thanks, and supplicate still farther, as a last request, which I have thought for many reasons I ought to ask of you alone, that you will accord this ultimate grace, for which I should not like to be indebted to any other, since I have no hope of finding aught but cruelty from the puritans, who are at this time, God knows wherefore, the first in authority, and the most bitter against me.

"I will accuse no one; may I pardon with a sincere heart every one, even as I desire every one may grant forgiveness to me, God the first! But I know that you, more than any one, ought to feel at heart the honour or dishonour of your own blood, and that moreover of a queen and the daughter of a king.

"Then, Madame, for the sake of that Jesus to whose name all powers bow, I require you to ordain, that, when my enemies have slaked their black thirst for my innocent blood, you will permit my poor desolate servants all together to carry away my corpse, to bury it in holy ground, with the other Queens of France my predecessors, especially near the late queen my mother; having this in recollection, that in Scotland the bodies of the kings my predecessors have been outraged, and the churches profaned and abolished; and that I shall suffer in this country, I shall not be given place near the kings your predecessors,[2] who are mine as well as yours; for, according to our religion, we think much of being interred in holy earth. As they tell me that you will in nothing force my conscience nor my religion, and have even conceded me a priest,[3] refuse me not this my last request, that you will permit free sepulchre to this body when the soul is separated, which when united could never obtain liberty to live in repose, such as you would procure for yourself, against which repose, before God I speak, I never aimed a blow,—but God will let you see the truth of all after my death. And because I dread the tyranny of those to whose power you have abandoned me, I entreat you not to permit execution to be done upon me *without your knowledge;* not for fear of the torment, which I am most ready to suffer, but on account of the reports[4] which will be raised concerning my death, unsuspected, and without other witnesses than those who would inflict it, who I am persuaded would be of very different qualities from those parties whom I require (being my servants) to stay spectators and witnesses of my end, in the faith of our sacrament, of my Saviour, and in obedience to his Church; and after all this is over, that they together may carry away my poor corpse (as secretly

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[1] Des Mesmes, MS., No. 9513. Original State Letters, Bibliothèque du Roi. The letter is written in French.

[2] Westminster Abbey.

[3] She was deceived here, for, although Dr. Preau was in the castle, he was not permitted to speak to her.

[4] She dreads imputation of suicide.

as you please) and speedily withdraw, without taking with them any of my goods, except those which in dying I may leave to them. . . . which are little enough for their long and good services.

"One jewel[1] that I received of you I shall return to you with my last words, or sooner if you please. Once more I supplicate you to permit me to send a jewel and a last adieu to my son, with my dying benediction, for of my blessing he has been deprived since you sent me his refusal to enter into the treaty whence I was excluded by his wicked council. This last point I refer to your favourable consideration and conscience, as the others; but I ask them in the name of Jesus Christ; and in respect of our consanguinity, and for the sake of Henry VII., your grandfather and mine, and by the honour of the dignity we both have held, and of our sex in common, do I implore you to grant these requests.

"As to the rest, I think you know that in your name they have taken down my *dais*,[2] but afterwards they owned to me that it was not by your commandment, but by the intimation of some of your privy council. I thank God that this wickedness came not from you, and that it serves rather to vent their malice than to afflict me, having made up my mind to die. It is on account of this and some other things that they debarred me from writing to you; and after they had done all in their power to degrade me from my rank they told me 'that I was but a mere dead woman, incapable of dignity.' God be praised for all!

"I would wish that all my papers were brought to you without reserve, that at last it may be manifest to you that the sole care of your safety was not confined to those who are so prompt to persecute me: if you will accord this my last request, I would wish that you would write for them, otherwise they do with them as they choose. And moreover, I wish, that to this my last request you will let me know your last reply.

"To conclude, I pray to God, the just Judge, of his mercy, that he will enlighten you with his Holy Spirit, and that he will give me his grace to die in the perfect charity I am disposed to do, and to pardon all those who have caused or who have co-operated in my death. Such will be my last prayer to my end, which I esteem myself happy will precede the persecution which I see menaces this isle, where God is no longer seriously feared and revered, but vanity and worldly policy rule and govern all: yet will I accuse no one, nor give way to presumption; yet, while abandoning this world and preparing myself for a better, I must remind you that one day you will have to answer for your charge and for all those whom you doom, and that I desire that my blood and my country may be remembered in that time. For why? From the first days of our capacities to comprehend our duties, we ought to bend our minds to make the things of this world yield to those of eternity.

"From *Forteringhay*, this 19th of December, 1586.

"Your sister and cousin,

"Prisoner wrongfully,

"MARIE (Reyne)."

On reading this letter the stern Elizabeth burst into tears. Leicester writes to Walsingham, "There is a letter from the Scottish Queen *that hath wrought tears*, but I trust shall do no further herein; *albeit the delay is too dangerous*."

When Mary found her fate inevitable she composed several touching verses descriptive of her bereaved situation, and left them as a legacy to her friends. The following is a translation of the most interesting of these productions:—

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[1] Miss Strickland thinks that this was probably a diamond ring which Elizabeth sent her as a token of amity when she first came to England. It was an English custom to give a diamond, to be returned at a time of distress, to recall friendship.—*Melville.*

[2] Scotch for chair, chair of state, canopy.

"Ah! what am I? and in what estate?
A wretched corse bereaved of all its heart;
An empty shadow, lost, unfortunate,—
To die is now in life my only part.
Foes to my greatness, let your envy rest;
In me no taste for grandeur now is found;
Consumed by grief, with heavy ills oppress'd,
Your wishes and desires will soon be crown'd.
And you, my friends, who still have held me dear,
Bethink you that, when health and heart are fled,
And every hope of fortune good is dead,
'Tis time to wish our sorrows ended here;
And that this punishment on earth is given,
That I may rise to endless bliss in heaven." [1]

Queen Elizabeth having signed the warrant for Queen Mary's execution, the Earls of Kent, Shrewsbury, Derby, Cumberland, and others, came to Fotheringhay, on the 7th of February, 1587, and imparted their mission, admonishing her to prepare for death on the morrow. The queen, though somewhat surprised, undauntedly said, "I did not think that the queen my sister would have consented to my death, who am not subject to her laws; but seeing her pleasure is so, death shall be to me most welcome; neither is that soul worthy of the high and everlasting joys above, whose body cannot endure the stroke of the executioner."[2] And having thus spoken, she wept bitterly and became silent; then, turning round, she added, "I did not think the queen my sister would have consented to my death, who am not subject to your law and jurisdiction."

She now prayed them that she might have conference with her almoner, her confessor, and her master of household, Melville. The earls flatly refused her confessor, and recommended to her the Dean of Peterborough; whom she refusing, the Earl of Kent said, with great passion, "Your *life* will be the *death* of our religion, as contrariwise your *death* will be the *life* of it."

When the earls departed, she commanded supper to be hastened, that she might the better dispose of her concerns. Being at supper, and observing all her servants in tears, she comforted them with great magnanimity, bade them leave off their mourning, and rather rejoice that she was now to depart out of a world of miseries. Towards the end of supper she drank to all her servants, who pledged her in order, upon their knees, mingling tears with the wine. After supper she perused her will, read over the inventory of her goods and jewels, and wrote

[1] Seward's Anecdotes, p. 155, vol. i.
[2] Camden's Life and Reign of Queen Elizabeth, p. 382.

down the names of those to whom she bequeathed each particular. To some she distributed money with her own hands, and, after writing letters to her confessor, the King of France, and the Duke of Guise, she retired to bed at her wonted time, slept some hours, and then, awaking, she spent the rest of the night in prayer.

THE EXECUTION.

See the last sun on Stuart's eye descends,
And night her curtain o'er the scene extends;
Her watchful train in speechless anguish weep,
The captive's eyes alone are closed in sleep.

See the last morning break with mournful state,
Forth comes the royal captive to her fate;
Death could not move her grief—the sighing breath
Of pitying bosoms gave the sting to death.

"Be calm," she said—"for Stuart soon shall be
Above the sphere of mortal majesty;
Her little triumphs and her wrongs be o'er:
Weep no more, *Melville*, weep no more!"

A trembling hope her last sad words express;
"Scotland admonish, ruthless England bless."
But oh! the pause that follow'd, and the groan,
Struck ev'ry nerve, and froze the blood to stone![1]

The morning of the 8th of February, 1587, being come, she dressed herself as gorgeously as she was wont to do on festival days, and, calling her servants together, she commanded her will to be read. The sheriff Andrews then entered to acquaint her that she must now appear in the last scene of her devious life. She came out with state, her countenance and presence majestically composed, with a cheerful look and a matron-like habit, her head covered with a veil which hung down to the ground, her prayer-book and beads hanging at her girdle, and carrying a crucifix of ivory in her hands. In the porch she was received by the earls and other noblemen, where Melville, her servant, falling upon his knees, and pouring forth tears, "bewailed his hard hap, that he was to carry into Scotland the woful tidings of the unhappy fate of his lady and mistress." She thus comforted him: "Lament not, but rather rejoice: thou shalt by-and-by see Mary Stuart freed from all her cares. Tell them that I die constant in my fidelity towards Scotland and France. God forgive them that have thirsted after my blood, as harts do after the fountain. Commend me to my son, and assure him that I have done nothing which may be prejudicial to the kingdom. Admonish

[1] Antonas Banks, 1797.

him to hold in amity with the Queen of England. And see thou do him faithful service."

And now, the tears falling from her eyes, she bade farewell to Melville, who was more affected than herself. She with difficulty prevailed on the earls to grant the presence of her physician, apothecary, surgeon, Melville, and her two women-servants. Melville bore up her train; the two earls, the sheriff, and others, going before her, she came to the scaffold, which was built at the upper end of the hall, formerly occupied by the chair of state erected for Elizabeth, and in which were placed a chair, a cushion, and the block, all covered with black cloth. As soon as she sat down, and silence had been commanded, Beal read the warrant; she heard it attentively, yet as if her thoughts were taken up with somewhat else.

Fletcher, the Dean of Peterborough, made a long speech concerning her past life; she interrupted him once or twice as he was speaking, and begged him not to trouble himself, as she was firmly fixed in the ancient Catholic religion, in which she was born, bred, and was ready to die. The dean was then appointed to pray, with whom, while the multitude that stood around were praying, she fell on her knees, and, holding the crucifix before her in her hands, prayed in Latin with her servants. After the dean had ceased, she in English words recommended the church, her son, and Queen Elizabeth to God, beseeching him to turn away his wrath from this island; and, kissing the crucifix, she said, "As thy arms, O Christ, were spread out upon the cross, so receive me with the stretched-out arms of thy mercy, and forgive my sins."

When her female attendants had taken off her upper garments, and were lamenting, she bade them with a cheerful countenance forbear their womanish lamentations; "for now," said she, "I shall rest from all my sorrows;" and, smiling to her men-servants, she bade them all farewell. She then bared her neck, and took from around it a cross of gold, which she was about to present to one of her favourites, Jane Kennedy, but the executioner with brutal coarseness interposed, and said that it was one of his perquisites. "My good friend," said Mary, "she will pay you much more than its value." Heedless, however, of the queen's mild remonstrance, he snatched it rudely from her hand. After kissing her female attendants in the most affectionate manner, she desired Jane Kennedy, who was nearest to her, to bind her eyes with a handkerchief, which the queen had prepared for the purpose. And now, laying herself on the block, she repeated from the Psalm, "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be confounded." Then stretching out her body, and repeating many times, "Into thy hands, O Lord, do I commend my spirit," the executioner, either from want of skill, or because

the axe he used was blunt, struck three blows before he separated her head from her body. His comrade lifted the queen's head by the hair, which, falling in disorder, was observed to be quite grey, and called out, "God save Elizabeth Queen of England."[1] The Earl of Kent cried out, "So let Elizabeth's enemies perish!" but, overpowered with the solemnity and horror of the sight, none *were able* to respond Amen.[2] It is recorded that one of the lords, on poor Mary's head being cut off, tossed up his cap and huzzaed.

A circumstance occurred which added greatly to the interest of the truly affecting scene. When they were about to remove the body of the unfortunate queen, her little dog, which had followed her to the scaffold, unobserved amidst more striking objects, was found under her clothes, and could not be got forth but by force, and afterwards would not depart from her dead corpse, but lay down between her bloody *head* and *shoulders*,—a thing diligently noted; and while fidelity shall be considered as a virtue, this remarkable instance of affectionate attachment will be regarded with admiration. The block, the scaffold, the aprons of the two executioners, one of whom held her hands, and everything stained with her blood, were reduced to ashes.

We have thus beheld how the Queen of Scots could die; and if we look how Queen Elizabeth could live, we shall see that the life or death of her unfortunate victim made her equally miserable. Had Mary, however, enjoyed a more tranquil life, it is probable that she would have possessed much less of that peace and resignation which she displayed at the hour of death, and which appears totally incompatible with the guilt with which she has been charged. The Rev. John Moore, in allusion to the death of Mary, states that the most innocent person that ever lived, or the greatest hero recorded in history, could not face death with greater composure than the Queen of Scots. She supported the dignity of a queen while she displayed the meekness of a Christian.

On reading and reflecting on the lives and deaths of the two rival queens, one can scarcely avoid exclaiming, "Remember," Elizabeth, "that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Mary her evil things; but now at the hour of death she is comforted, and thou art tormented."

Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, died in the forty-fifth year of her age, after nearly nineteen years' imprisonment in England. To great natural endowments—to feelings constitutionally warm—and to a disposition

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[1] Chambers states that the Dean of Peterborough pronounced this part of the tragic ceremony.
[2] Jebb, vol. ii., p. 640. Bell, vol. ii., p. 256.

spontaneously excellent, were added all the advantages which education could confer, or wealth purchase. That she was one of the most talented and accomplished women of the age, even her enemies allow. But talents do not always ensure success, nor accomplishments command felicity; and this was fatally experienced by Mary, who met

> ——————"The strange fate
> Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns."[1]

Mary's remains were immediately taken from her servants, who were anxious to pay them the last sad office of affection, and were carried into an adjoining apartment, where a piece of old green baize, stripped off a billiard-table, was thrown over that form which had once lived in the light of a nation's eyes! It lay thus ignominiously covered for some time, but was at length ordered to be embalmed, and buried with royal pomp in the cathedral of Peterborough,—a vulgar and shallow artifice adopted by Elizabeth to make empty atonement for her cruelty, and if possible to stifle the horror with which her conduct was viewed by the greater part of both nations.

In August, 1587, six months after her death, the Scottish queen was interred in the cathedral church of Peterborough. The procession, passing from the hall of the palace to the church, was met at the entrance thereof by the prebendaries and choir, who sang an anthem. Dr. Wickham, Bishop of Lincoln, preached from Psalm xxxix., verses 5, 6, and 7, "Lord, let me know my end."[2] In the prayer, when he gave thanks for such as are translated out of this vale of misery, he used the following remarkable words:—"Let us give thanks for the happy dissolution of the high and mighty Princess Mary, late Queen of Scotland and Dowager of France, of whose life and death at this time I have not much to say; because I was not acquainted with the one, neither was I present at the other." The Dean of Peterborough afterwards performed the funeral service at the vault, the officers breaking their staves and casting them on the coffin. The ceremony being thus ended, the procession departed to the bishop's

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[1] Byron. Mary died on the scaffold; Elizabeth of a broken heart; Charles V. a hermit; Louis XIV. a bankrupt in means and glory; Cromwell of anxiety;—the greatest is behind—Napoleon died in exile! Spenser (in his Fairy Queen) is said to have shadowed forth the trial of Mary; but he has avoided the catastrophe of her death, and, with a poet's licence, has converted the duplicity and hypocrisy of Elizabeth into reluctance and tenderness.—Book V. Canto IX.

[2] In his sermon, after alluding to the death of Mary, he said, "I will not enter into judgment further; but because it hath been signified unto me that she trusted to be saved by the blood of Christ, we must hope well of her salvation; for, as Father Luther was wont to say, 'Many a one that liveth a Papist dieth a Protestant.'"

palace, where a splendid banquet was prepared, and in the afternoon the nobility quitted the scene of their mourning and their festivity. The concourse of people amounted to several thousands. Shortly after the interment a Latin epitaph, composed by Mr. Blackwood, was placed near the tomb, but it was soon after stealthily taken down, by whom it has never been ascertained. The following is a translation of the epitaph:—

"Mary Queen of Scots, a king's daughter, widow of the King of the French, cousin and next heir to the Queen of England, adorned with royal virtues and a royal mind, (the royal authority being often employed in vain,) by the barbarous cruelty and tyrannical sentence of the English, the ornament of our age and the true royal light is extinguished. And by the same nefarious judgment both Mary Queen of Scots hath suffered a *natural* death, and all other princes (made plebeian) suffer a *civil* death. A new and unheard-of tomb is this in which the living are included with the dead. Know that, with the sacred ashes of the divine Mary, here lies prostrate and violate the majesty of all kings and princes: and because this silent royal monument abundantly admonishes kings of their duty, traveller, I say no more."

The queen's tomb was between two pillars on the south side of the choir, where is now an iron gate, close by the Bishop's throne; over the tomb a monument was placed, which remained entire until about 1643, when a regiment of horse, arriving at Peterborough, commanded by Colonel Cromwell, entered the cathedral, destroying all the stalls, organ, high altar, and other ornaments, defacing the monuments and breaking the stained glass windows. The historical paintings shared the same fate; the soldiers charged their muskets and fired upon a painting of our Saviour over the high altar. The helmet and escutcheon placed above the tomb of Mary, from the altitude of their position, were untouched, and remained pendant over her sepulchre in Dugdale's time, who took a drawing of them in 1641; but they were afterwards destroyed during the rebellion.

On the accession of James VI. to the throne of England, an order was issued for the demolition of Fotheringhay; and nothing now remains but the site marked by the moats, with the agar on which the keep was erected, which has now become nearly levelled. The Great Hall, in which the queen was beheaded, was taken down by Sir Robert Cotton, who removed the stones and other materials to Conington, in Huntingdonshire, where the arches and columns are to be seen in the lower part of that castle. The rest of the stone and other parts of the structure were purchased by Robert Kirkham, Esq.,

to build a chapel at Fineshade, in the neighbourhood; and the remains dug from the foundation were used for the purpose of repairing the navigation of the river Nen. When the castle was demolished several pieces of stained glass were removed from the windows and inserted in those at Abbey Milton. Fuller, the historian, when he visited this castle, records that he read in one of the windows the following distich written with a diamond by the unfortunate Mary:—

> "From the top of all my trust,
> Mishap has laid me in the dust."

Abbey Milton also contains several pictures and other objects of beauty and rarity which belonged to Fotheringhay. Among the portraits is one of Mary Queen of Scots, painted in 1582, and another of James VI. when a boy, with the following inscription:—"This picture was given to William Fitzwilliam, by Mary Queen of Scots, on the morning of her execution, for the humane treatment she had met with from him at Fotheringhay, whereof he was governor." Another portrait of the Queen of Scots, at Boughton, in Northamptonshire, is said to have been in the possession of Lord Montague of Boughton, who was one of the peers at her trial. This portrait was no doubt the most accurate likeness which his lordship could obtain. Other portraits represent her in the zenith of beauty; this shows her at an age when time and care had changed her once lovely countenance. The portrait by Janet,[1] selected for this volume, has been found fault with for the very same reason; but it has been admitted that it is an excellent one, and exhibits the real features of a Stuart.[2]

Twenty-five years after the death of Mary, King James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, wishing to perform an act of tardy justice to the *manes* of his persecuted and murdered mother, ordered her bones to be removed to Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey, where two small aisles present a touching picture of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the unfortunate Mary. Not an hour passes during those of admission to that venerable pile, but some ejaculations of pity are uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at the conduct of her oppressor,[3] and

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[1] Sometimes spelled *Janette*, a native of France.

[2] Another portrait by this artist was purchased at the sale of Stowe, by Earl Spencer, who at the same time became possessed of a portrait of Mary and Lord Darnley by Zuccero, which are now added to his splendid collection at Althorp, in Northamptonshire.

[3] Glory and Shame of England, by C. E. Lister.

the walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival. A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where the ashes of Mary rest; a light struggles dimly through the dusty casement, investing the greater part of the place with a deep shadow, while the walls are stained and tinted by time and the weather. An elegant marble figure is stretched upon the tomb, representing the ill-fated queen, round which is an iron railing much corroded, bearing the national emblem of the Thistle. All is silence around; but here, silence is greater than speech.

Sleep on, unhappy queen, sleep on,—
Thy wrongs and wretchedness are gone,
Thy errors with them sleep!
I know the crimson spot of shame
Is vivid on thy woman's fame,
Yet,—yet,—I love thy very name,
And, loving thee, could weep.

APPENDIX.

HOLYROOD.

Letter to the Duke of Hamilton.

"London, 2nd Oct., 1848.

"THE CASTLES, PALACES, AND PRISONS OF MARY OF SCOTLAND.

"MY LORD DUKE,

"As Author of the forthcoming work, I am accustomed to receive many pieces of information touching those interesting remains which I am attempting faithfully to describe, and, as is usual with such promiscuous contributions, they are not always to be relied on. From the inquiries I have however made I find sufficient evidence to induce me, in duty to your Grace, respectfully to lay before you the following statement in connexion with Holyrood Chapel.

"When in Edinburgh last year, I certainly was told that a jaw-bone with the teeth, and a piece of a leaden coffin, part of the Regalia Sepultura, had been taken from the royal vault and sold, but I treated the story as mere gossip, until I received a letter from Edinburgh, stating that a piece of a leaden coffin, with an inscription, had been sold to a gentleman belonging to the Antiquarian Society for thirty shillings! The copy of this letter is prefixed. I have, since receiving that letter, been informed that Mr. S—— of H——[1] was the purchaser of the regal relic—that the sexton knew of it afterwards, and with much ado forgave the servant, but the property is said never to have been claimed or restored. The jaw-bone is missing, but the purchaser is unknown. Having faithfully reported this affair, I feel confident that your Grace will not only be pleased to approve of the line of conduct I have pursued in first addressing your Grace, but also that this disagreeable affair will be rigidly investigated and the property restored to the sanctuary from which it has been improperly abstracted.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord Duke,

"With the utmost possible respect,

"Your Grace's most obedient and most humble servant,

"CHARLES MACKIE.

"His Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, &c. &c."

The Duke of Hamilton's Answer.

"SIR,

"Hamilton Palace, Oct. 15th, 1848.

"Owing to a blunder of some of my people, I did not receive your letter of the 2nd instant until three days ago. In reply to the same, all I can say at present is, that the subject-matter it contains is quite new to me. I never heard of anything being taken away belonging to the *Regalia Sepultura* from the Royal vault. I will, however, take care that all due inquiries are made forthwith, and I will desire my Deputy-Keeper to convey to you such intelligence as, after careful inquiry, he may be able to obtain.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient, &c.

"Charles Mackie, Esq.

"C. H. & B.

"P.S. If I have not expressed my thanks to you in my letter, for the *interest* you have shown in a matter which *interests* me so particularly, do not suppose that in leaving it to my Deputy-Keeper I am the less obliged for the part you have taken.

"C. H. & B."

[1] We decline publishing the gentleman's name.

Extract from the Deputy-Keeper's Letter.

"Edinburgh, 3rd November, 1848.

"The Duke of Hamilton has sent me the letter you addressed to him on the 2nd of October last, and I have since made inquiry into the facts of the case, both at Mr. S—— and the sexton and his servant. It is more than fourteen years ago since Mr. Courtoy was appointed sexton, and at the time of his appointment the floor of the Royal vault was covered with mud and dirt. He got it cleaned out, and in doing so two pieces of lead, about a finger length each, were found. These Mr. S—— happened to see, and asked the servant for them, when she agreed to give them, and he in return gave her, as Mr. S—— thinks, and the servant herself says, from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.*, but certainly not more, and Mr. S—— believes the former. This took place more than fourteen years ago, so it is not surprising *the exact sum may have escaped his recollection.* These pieces of lead, of the size mentioned, were laid aside with other antiquarian collections, and Mr. S—— thought no more about them, till, about a year ago,[1] the servant who gave them to him called, and expressed great anxiety to have them returned. Mr. S—— looked *among the mass of his collections*, but Mr. Courtoy *does not consider them, I believe, to be the bits of lead he missed, and which he thought had a letter upon them.*" The jaw-bone referred to, it would appear from the above letter, did not belong to the Royal vault; and the Deputy-Keeper says "that a dentist sawed off the upper part of the bone (the teeth being entire), and carried it off, the remainder being restored to the ground."

Such is the explanation we received. No witnesses were examined; we have therefore only the lame defence of interested parties to contradict the information on which we were solicited to act.

FREE ADMISSION INTO HOLYROOD HOUSE.

It has long been a matter of grievance to strangers, as well as to the people of Scotland, that Holyrood continues shut against the public, unless they yield to the demands of the various greedy domestics. During the Provostship of Sir James Forrest, the magistrates addressed an application to the Hereditary Keeper to have the demands of the servants reduced, by at once fixing a gratuity, to which Sir James Forrest received the following reply:—

"My Lord Provost, "Hamilton Palace, Sept. 20, 1841.

"I have had the honour of receiving a letter, dated September, 1841, from your Lordship, addressed to me at the request of the Magistrates and Town Council of Edinburgh, concerning Holyrood House. To them I have only to acknowledge the receipt of the same; to your Lordship I beg leave to subjoin my best thanks.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord Provost,

"Your Lordship's most obedient servant, &c.

"The Right Hon. Sir James Forrest, Bart., "C. H. & B.

"Lord Provost of Edinburgh, &c."

The Magistrates, nothing daunted, passed a resolution, expressive of their opinion that the payment of one shilling by each party, not exceeding six, to each of the exhibitors, should be regarded as an adequate remuneration; but we have seen the women dissatisfied with a much larger gratuity.

It is high time that such a Gothic tax upon public curiosity should be abolished; and we shall feel happy if this note should meet the eye of Our Sovereign Lady the Queen, through whose benignity and condescension *free admission* is given to *every other palace and public institution in the kingdom.*

[1] Exactly about the time we received our information, the knowledge of which led to the alleged restitution of the relics.

BOLTON CASTLE.

We have been induced to add to the letters of Mary Queen of Scots the following literary curiosity, being the Queen's first attempt to write in what was then termed the English language :—

"Master Knoiels, y haue har sum new from Scotland, y send zou the double of them. Y wreit to the Quin my gud sister, and preys zou to do the lyke conforme to that y spak zesternicht unto zou, and snt hasti ansur. Y refer all to zour discretion, and will lipne[1] better in zour gud dalin for me nor Y kan persuad zou nemli in this langasg excus mi ivel wretein, for Y nevver used it afor, and am hasted ze schal si mi bel whiulk is opne it is sed Saterday mi unfriends will be vth zou. Y sey nothing but trast weil, and ze zend one to zour wiff zo may asur her schu wald a bin weilcome to a pur stranger hua nocht bien aquainted vth hir, wil notch bi ouer bald to wreit bot for the acquantans betwix ous, Y will send zou little tokne[2] to rember zou of the gud hop y hauu in zou ques ze send a met messager y wald wysh ze bestouded it reder upon her nor ain uder, thus after my commendations y prey God hauu zou in his kipin. "Your asurede gud frind,

"Excuse my ivel writin this furst tyme. "MARIE R.

"Bolton, Sept. 1st, 1568."

FOTHERINGHAY.

THE LAST PRAYER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Oh! my God and my Lord,
I have trusted in thee;
Oh! Jesu, my Love,
Now liberate me.
In my enemies' power,
In affliction's sad hour,
I languish for thee;—
In sorrowing, weeping,
And bending the knee,
I adore, and implore thee
To liberate me.

It is now two hundred and sixty-two years since Queen Mary died, and all traces of her fair form have been lost for ages; yet her veil, a slight and tender fabric, the veil in which she appeared in the last sad scene, is still in existence, and we understand is in the possession of Sir J. Stuart Hippisley, Bart. How dear, how invaluable must such a relic be!

Historic Notices in reference to Fotheringhay.—Oundle, 8vo. 1821.

Against a pillar in the church of St. Andrew, Antwerp, is a monument in memory of Mary, of which the following is an account:—

"Barbara Moubray and Elizabeth Curle, both ladies of the bedchamber to Mary Queen of Scots, and faithful companions of her various fortunes, after her execution

[1] Rely. [2] Probably a ring for his lady.

were permitted to retire hither, and to take the head [1] of their mistress with them, which they interred near a pillar opposite to the chapel of the Holy Sacrament. On the pillar they placed the portrait of the queen, of which I herewith send you a copy;—it is in an oval frame, and about 20 inches high, well executed,—the face extremely beautiful, and much differing from any other I have seen; her hair is represented as bright flaxen. It is said this portrait was painted in France, soon after she became a widow,—under it is a tablet of black marble with an inscription in gold letters."

LETTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH TO JAMES VI. AFTER THE EXECUTION OF HIS MOTHER.

"My dear Brother,—I would you knew (though not felt) the extreme dolour that overwhelms my mind for *that miserable accident*, which, far contrary to my meaning, hath befallen. I have now sent this kinsman of mine (Sir Robert Cary), who ere now it hath pleased you to favour, to instruct you truly that which is irksome for my pen to tell you.

"I beseech you that, as God and many *moe* know how innocent I am in this case, so you will believe me, that, if I had *bid* aught, I would have abided by it. I am not so base-minded that the fear of any living creature, or prince, should make me afraid to do that were just, or when done to deny the same. I am not of so base a lineage, nor carry so vile a mind. But as not to disguise fits not the mind of a king,[2] so will I never dissemble my actions, but cause them to show even as I meant them. Thus assuring yourself of me, that, as I know this was deserved, yet if I had meant it I would never lay it on others' shoulders; no more will I *not*[3] damnify myself that thought it not.

"The circumstances [4] it may please you to *have* of this bearer, and for your part, think not you have in this world a more loving kinswoman nor a more dear friend than myself, nor any that will watch more carefully to preserve you and your state. And who shall otherwise persuade you, judge them more partial to others than to you. And thus in haste I leave to trouble you, beseeching God to send you a long reign.—The 14th of February, 1586 (7).[5]

"Your assured loving cousin and sister,

"Elizabeth R." [6]

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[1] The carrying off of Queen Mary's head is an absurd tradition. They had much difficulty in obtaining a lock of her hair.

[2] A double negative.

[3] Another double negative, contradicting her own meaning.

[4] Meaning how Davison despatched the warrant.

[5] Seven days after the execution of Mary.

[6] MS. Cotton.: Calig., c. ix., fol. 161. Miss Strickland, vol. iii., p. 243.

London: Printed by William Clowes and Sons, Stamford Street.

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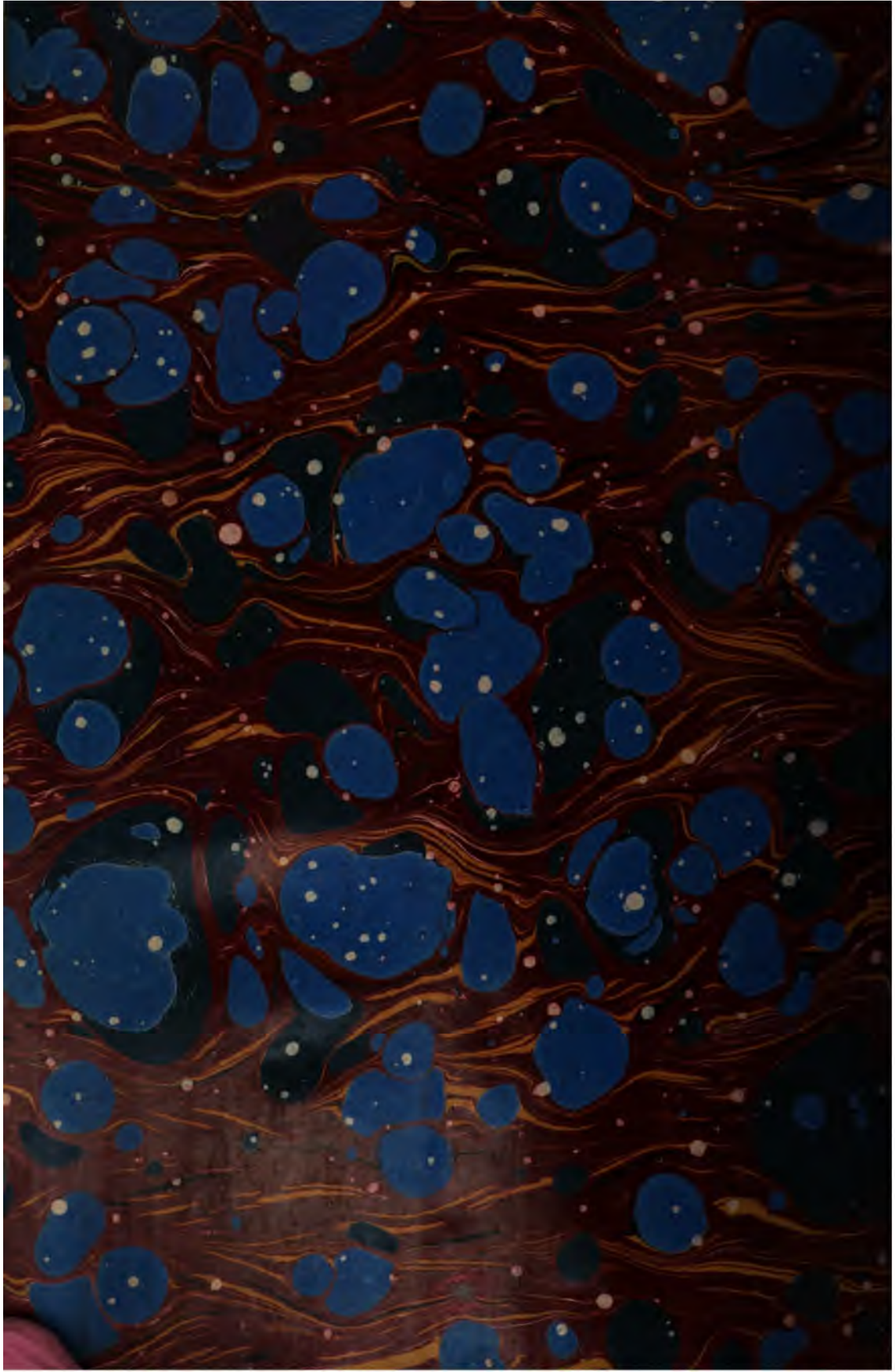

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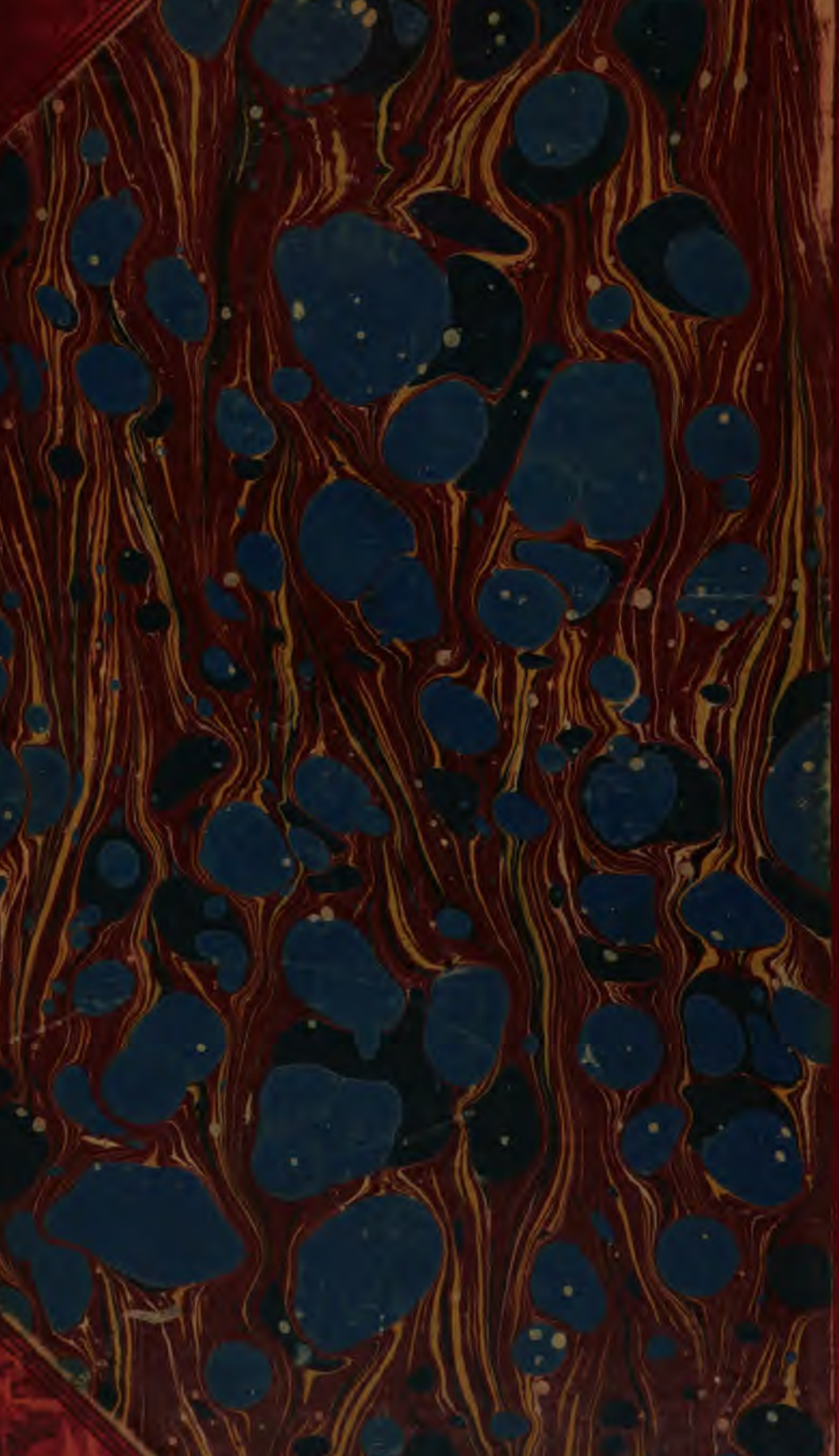
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